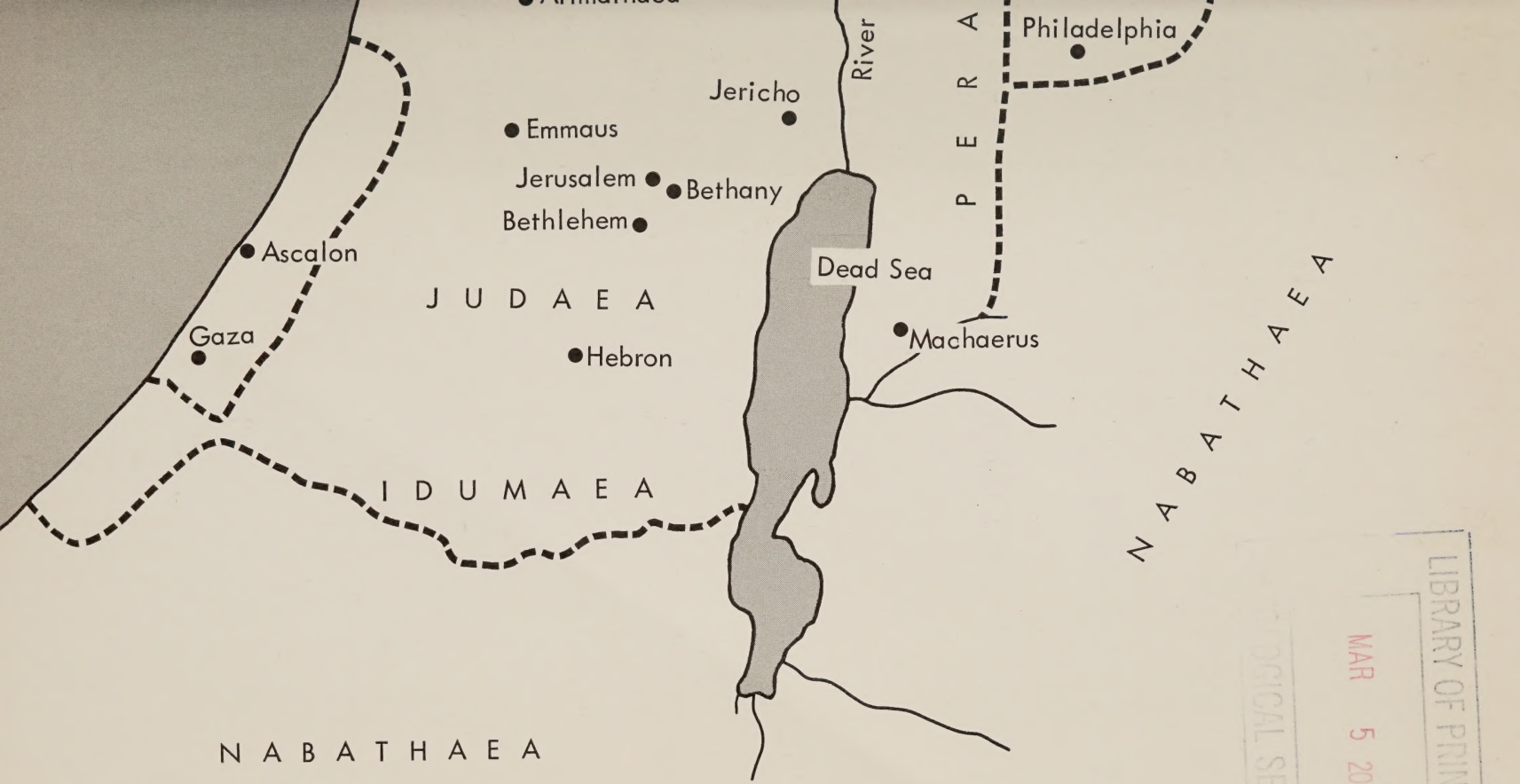
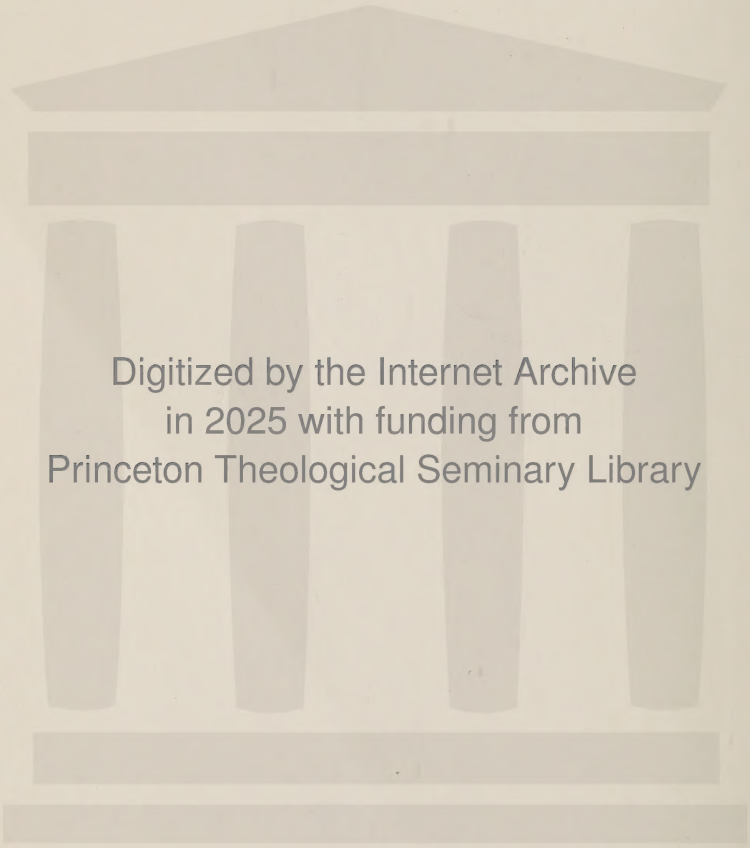
DS117 .S[illegible] 1963
Sanger, Richard H. (Richard
Harlakenden), 1905-
Where the Jordan flows /



LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
MAR 5 2010


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

https://archive.org/details/wherejordanflows00sang

WHERE THE JORDAN FLOWS

WHERE THE JORDAN FLOWS

by Richard H. Sanger

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
MAR 5 2010
THEOLOGICAL SEMIN

THE MIDDLE EAST INSTITUTE
WASHINGTON, D.C.
1963

Copyright 1963 by the Middle East Institute

To my wife,
with much gratitude

Acknowledgements

THE AUTHOR is much indebted to many persons who have helped him with the preparation of this book. Among them he wishes to mention Lester D. Mallory, the American Ambassador to Jordan, and various members of his staff including Carl Walstrom, Frederick Cook, Paul Hughes, John Merriam, John G. Panos, Lt. Col. James L. Sweeney, and Major Lawrence Evans. Also, Harold S. Nelson, the Director of the ICA Mission, Ralph Workinger, the Deputy Director, and Elizabeth Hilborn, and William A. Wolffer, of that Mission to Jordan and Andrew Kilgore, Slater Blackiston, and William Cole of the American Consulate in Jerusalem.

Other members of the foreign community in Jordan whose interest and help are much appreciated include Sir Gerald L. Harding, the former Director of Antiquities of Jordan, Heath Mason, the Counselor of the British Embassy in Amman, and Miss Diana Kirkbride, the well-known British archeologist. Also, Sir Alex Kirkbride, former British Minister to the Court of King Abdullah, and Father Pierre De Vaux, of the Palestine Archeological Museum.

Among the many Jordanians who were helpful, I wish to thank particularly Dr. Joseph Saad of the Palestine Archeological Museum in Jerusalem, and Dr. Shawkat Mufti, for his original contribution on the Circassians.

In Washington I wish to express gratitude to Dr. Harold W. Glidden, Miss Charlotte N. Morehouse, and Mr. Richard Parker, of the Department of State.

The author also wishes to thank the secretaries who worked many long hours at night, on week-ends and holidays, typing this book.

They include Marian N. Fteha and Despina Ackall in Jordan, and Mirinda Fiske, on Guana Island. In Washington, Diane Kozelka, Carole Hartsook, Dorothy Jones, Irma Ballard, Dorothy McNutt, Grace Byers, Barbara Mete, Maxine Manago, Christine Hawkins, Thayal Hall, Helen Hall.

I want to thank Mr. William Sands, the Editor of the *Middle East Journal,* for his great assistance in going over this manuscript and making useful suggestions.

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
Introduction		
Prologue—Jordan Before History		
I.	In the Tents of the Patriarchs	1
II.	Where the Children of Israel Marched	12
III.	And Jehovah Gave Victory to David	22
IV.	Solomon in All His Glory	32
V.	Petra—The Rose Red City	44
VI.	Greek Ideas and Maccabaean Heroes	66
VII.	The Fall of the House of Herod	76
VIII.	Where Jesus Walked	93
IX.	Where Jesus Wept	109
X.	The Dead Sea Scrolls	132
XI.	Rome Crosses the Jordan	156
XII.	The Christian Years	179
XIII.	The Coming of Islam	192
XIV.	The Clank of Crusader Mail	220
XV.	Sunset on the Crusades	239
XVI.	Four Hundred Years of Turkish Rule	253
XVII.	The West Rediscovers the Holy Land	270
XVIII.	Lawrence and the Arab Revolt	289
XIX.	Abdullah's Bedouin Amirate	309
XX.	Glubb and the Arab Legion	330
XXI.	Abdullah, Talal and Hussein	350
XXII.	Storm over Jordan	370
Sources of the Work		389
Index		393

Illustrations may be found between pages 80 and 81, and pages 296 and 297.

Introduction

In the following pages I have tried to tell the story of the lands along the Jordan. It is a tale that runs from a stone tower raised in Jericho three thousand years before the Pyramids were built, to the night King Hussein saved his kingdom by a speech from an armored car in the Legion Camp at Zerka. As the reader will soon discern, this book is not a history in the textbook sense of the word. Various events that happened where the Jordan flows have been omitted because I do not think them to be of general interest, while some minor incidents have been treated in detail because of their dramatic nature. Thus the book is not written primarily for scholars, although every effort has been made to make it accurate.

Secondly, this is in part a guide book. It has been my experience that visitors to the Holy Land usually ask what places they should see, and then want to know what happened there to make a visit worth while. Lastly, having visited a Holy or historical spot, they want an explanation of the ruins. This book is an attempt to answer these questions. It is in short a narrative which I hope will be of interest to all visitors to the Holy Land, to Bible and other students seeking an introduction to the area, and to readers concerned with the Near East in general and the area now known as Jordan in particular.

In this connection I should point out that the boundaries of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan are only a generation old. A high percentage of the events covered in this book took place within their limits. However, since the boundaries are both recent and artificial, it is impossible to limit this story to the present frontiers. When it was necessary to round out an incident or the life of a man, I have dealt briefly with persons, places, and events in adjoining countries.

I wish also to clarify my handling of Arabic names and words. I realize that there are several "scientific" systems of transcription for Semitic languages, as well as the fact that consistency is a virtue. But all of these systems make use of signs and symbols which are of meaning only to the professional orientalist, to whom this book is not addressed. I have, therefore, used the spellings, particularly in familiar Arab names and words, to which the newspaper reader has become accustomed. When an Arabic phrase is transcribed the words are written without the confusing paraphernalia used to indicate letters that have no equivalent in the Roman alphabet.

Another point which some readers might question concerns the miracles described in the Bible as happening in this part of the world. I have recorded these events as they are told in the Bible. In addition, where I have come across a modern or scientific explanation, I have included it along with the original story. This has been done not to pass judgment on either version, but merely to set forth what I feel to be an interesting sidelight on the happening. Whether one believes the Bible is "the word of God revealed to man," or merely an interesting group of tales regarding certain tribes and peoples, the events it chronicles are among the most significant in history and I hope my story will appeal to both types of thinkers.

Some persons may choose to read this book as an introduction to the history of Jordan; others may use it as a guide book when visiting that area. My hope is that, whether it is considered as historical material, guide book, work of reference, or simply a collection of stories, readers will find it interesting and enlightening. It is hard to think of a place on earth where so much drama occurred in so small an area, for in the hills, valleys, and deserts past which the Jordan flows have walked some of the most compelling figures in the history of mankind.

There Abraham pitched his tent in the grove of Mamre. Lot and his daughters fled from burning Sodom while his wife lingered behind to become in death a pillar of salt. Isaac grazed his flocks below Jerusalem and, not far from Ramallah, Jacob dreamed of a ladder reaching to Heaven. Standing on Mount Nebo, southwest of Amman, Moses looked longingly into the promised land he was never to reach. In the heart of the Jordan Valley the walls of Jericho were flattened by the trumpets of Joshua, while in the eastern hills across the Dead Sea, Ruth the Moabite maiden told her mother-in-law, "Whither thou

goest I will go."And, creeping through the underground water main from a spring in the Valley of Kidron, "David took the stronghold of Zion; the same as the city of David" and made Jerusalem his capital.

Uriah the Hittite was done to death before the walls of Amman in order that King David might marry his widow, the beautiful Bathsheba. Upon the hills of Jerusalem now crowned by the Dome of the Rock, King Solomon raised his Temple of shining marble and cedar wood of Lebanon; and to his nearby palace came the Queen of Sheba bringing a caravan of spices and a mission to solve the problem of East-West transit trade.

From caves in the Palestinian highlands the brothers Maccabee freed Israel from Syrian oppressors, founding a kingdom that flourished until Pompey rode up from Jericho and took over the Jewish capital. Thanks to the might of Rome, Herod the Great ruled Jerusalem, building a kingdom and vast fortresses while his family disintegrated in a web of lust and intrigue. In the grim fort of Machaerus high above the heavy waters of the Dead Sea, the daughter of Herodias danced away the life of John the Baptist.

At their monastery at Qumran, a band of dedicated brethren collected a library of religious manuscripts and, to save them from the oncoming Roman Legions, scattered in a score of nearby caves the papyrus and leathern pieces now known as the Dead Sea Scrolls.

In the fields east of Bethlehem shepherds watched one night before walking over to a cave that was the stable of an Inn. In the waters of the Jordan Christ was baptized by John and, in a grotto west of that river, he was tempted by the devil. In the suburban town of Bethany Jesus dined quietly with his friends Mary and Martha and raised their brother Lazarus from the dead.

The olive trees under which Christ prayed the night he was betrayed still grow in the garden of Gethsemane. The pavement in the cellar of the convent of the Sisters of Zion is the original courtyard of the Praetorium where Christ was scourged. The medieval Via Dolorosa follows the route along which Christ carried the cross. And the much rebuilt but deeply moving church of the Holy Sepulchre encloses both the rocky mound of Calvary and what is left of the walls of the cave where Christ was buried.

Past the rose red temples of Petra the incense of South Arabia and the gold and spices of the East flowed to the Mediterranean world. And, in the centuries that followed, this same stream of wealth en-

riched such Greco-Roman trading cities as Jerash, Amman and Gadera.

Then, after 632, the Moslem tide swept over Jordan and a "honey-tongued patriarch" handed over Jerusalem to a Caliph who owned but a single robe. Mosques rose in the Holy Land and stately pleasure domes blossomed in the eastern desert. But, when the power of Islam moved to Baghdad, strength and piety gave way to weakness until, one spring morning in 1099, the Moslems on the walls of Jerusalem saw in the distance the banners of the First Crusade.

Once again Jerusalem fell, this time before the "iron men of the cross" who waded in blood through its street before kneeling together in prayer at the site of the Holy Sepulchre. Godfrey De Bouillon, who would not wear a crown of gold where Christ had worn a crown of thorns, was chosen defender of the Holy Sepulchre. For almost two hundred years the Knights, the Bishops and Holy Men strode in colorful pageant across the bare hills. Battle followed battle, Crusader castles fought off Moslem hosts, and scheming queens wove tapestries and intrigue, until the last Christian standard fell in the dust on the hill of the Horns of Hattin, and victorious Saladin rode in triumph through the gates of Jerusalem.

As the years passed, new overlords took over the Holy Places and Suleiman the Magnificent ringed Jerusalem with its present Turkish walls. But all power lay in Constantinople and neither the swords of the Janissaries nor the bribery of local officials could check the downward trend. Jericho became a handful of huts, grass grew tall in the forums of the deserted Roman cities, while the towns of the Palestinian highlands dozed through the years. Few Christians made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem and Bethlehem, where only a handful of monks prayed in the decaying churches as the Levant sank into stagnation.

In the spring of 1798 Napoleon landed in Egypt and Europe rediscovered the Near East. Burckhardt became the first European to see Petra since the Crusades, and an American naval officer named Richard Lynch sailed down the Jordan River in two metal boats made in Brooklyn. Before the nineteenth century was over Circassians had settled in east Jordan, explorers had become tourists, and Mark Twain and his "Innocents" had made a grand tour, complete with servants and silk lined tents. Not long afterwards the German Kaiser rode through the Holy Land on the most elaborate of modern pilgrimages.

For months the fighting of World War I swirled around Jerusa-

lem's walls; Lawrence of Arabia and his Bedouin fought their way north across Transjordan; and in December 1917 General Allenby walked humbly under the Jaffa Gate to complete the last Crusade.

In March 1921 Amir Abdullah was driven across the Jordan in a Rolls-Royce to Jerusalem, where Winston Churchill persuaded him to settle down as Amir of Transjordan, thus beginning twenty-seven years of constructive cooperation between the Jordanians and their British allies — a cooperation whose most striking feature was the development by Glubb Pasha of Jordan's renowned fighting force, the Arab Legion.

In 1948 Jordanian skies were darkened by the war with Israel, after which Transjordan took over Arab Palestine and became the Kingdom of Jordan. Three years later Abdullah was shot down by an assassin as he entered a Jerusalem mosque and, in August 1952, his grandson Hussein was proclaimed King. After a few years of relative calm Jordan became the scene of a series of plots and counterplots in which only the extraordinary personal bravery of the young King saved the country from disintegration. Outward calm was at last restored but the storm clouds remained. What lay ahead for the brave young King and his storied Kingdom only God could say.

Such, then, are the main figures around whom this story revolves. I wish that I had more time to do them justice, for such a cast deserves the most special of treatments. But this book, which is based on unofficial sources, had to be written at night, during week-ends, and on vacations. The views expressed in it are my own and do not necessarily represent the view of the Department of State. I hope that my readers will be kind enough to overlook its shortcomings and see instead the color and excitement, the tragedy, the victory and the glory of the lands where the Jordan flows.

Washington D. C.
April, 1963

Richard H. Sanger

Prologue—
Jordan Before History

In 1950 Gerald Harding, then the able British Director of Antiquities of the Hashemite Kingdom of Transjordan, was studying the Arab desert castle at Kharanah which lies some fifty miles southeast of the city of Amman. While there Sir Gerald—he has since been knighted—found his attention drawn to a dark mass about thirty feet high and more than one hundred feet long which was situated across a small wadi about a quarter of a mile south of the castle. On closer inspection he was amazed to find that the entire surface of this hill was made up of skin scrapers, arrow-heads, hand-axes, knives and unfinished triangular flakes lying one on another in tens of thousands. The desert rains, light as they are, had been sufficient to wash away the earth from the mound, exposing layer on layer of these artifacts. Harding had found a "factory" for stone-age weapons and tools, a prehistoric Manchester whose remains dated from about 150,000 to perhaps 10,000 B.C.

Here was proof that Jordan had been an important way station on man's first wanderings from Africa to Asia and back again. As the Ice Ages came and went primitive man not only lived in Jordan but became a civilized human being there at a very early date. The wide extent of this habitation explains why travelers—from Charles Doughty, who picked up seven flints near Maan in 1876, down through Lawrence of Arabia, who, when other knives were lacking, sometimes used sharp flints to cut his meat—found artifacts in widely scattered parts of the Jordan desert.

How dense this population may have been was not realized until

very recently. In the winter of 1956 American Point Four technicians were working in the area of the Azrak oasis some seventy-five miles east of Amman. While they were clearing one of the wells, known locally as the Lion's Spring, they ran across a stone hand-axe. Several more were dug from the same spring, and the technicians sent for American Ambassador Lester Mallory, a keen amateur archaeologist, and the knowledgeable Gerald Harding. During a stay of two hours at this spring they saw sixty artifacts, mostly chipped or flaked flints, hatchets, and scrapers, brought out of the dark brown mud. In the next three months a total of 1,100 more hand-worked flints were taken from this one water hole alone, the greatest number ever to be found in a single spring.

Soon after 10,000 B.C. primitive man began to polish the stone implements that he made. This new culture has been called the Mesolithic, or Middle Stone Age, and in Jordan it lasted about 4,000 years. The people of this period were mighty hunters and the skeletons of dogs found in the caves suggest that they were both hunting companions and watchdogs. These years also saw the first beginnings of agriculture, for sharpened tooth-like objects of flint have been found lying in rows in their caves. The wood had rotted away, but these early sickles show that man was even then harvesting wild wheat and barley.

By now the last Ice Age was ending. The climate was getting drier, and for both warmth and water man moved into the Jordan Valley which had previously been a swamp. And there man has stayed until this day. The modern town of Jericho is of relatively little interest, but the large tell, or man-made mound, which lies west of it between the town and the Mount of Temptation has drawn archaeologists for more than half a century. The mound is referred to by the Arabs as Tell al-Sultan because it is close to Ain al-Sultan, which we call the Fountain of Elisha. It was here that the Prophet made the water drinkable by casting in a handful of salt, though some believe the improvement was due to an earthquake which changed the direction of an underground stream.

In 1907 a "dig" of the German Oriental Society in this mound proved that the height of the tell was the result of the destruction of a whole series of mud or brick towns built one upon the other. Then, working on this tell in the early 1930's, Professor Garstang of the British School of Archaeology determined the outline of the fortifications of several of these ancient cities.

But it remained for Miss Kathleen Kenyon, the Director of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem, to show the true age of Jericho whose stone buildings are now believed to antedate those of any known settled community. Beginning in 1952 and working each winter for as long as the weather and the political situation allowed, Miss Kenyon and her assistants dug a series of deep trenches that finally penetrated as far as the bedrock on which the earliest buildings rested. The story told by these diggings is one of the most dramatic in the history of early Near Eastern archaeology. Digging down through clearly marked strata, Miss Kenyon first came to the remains of an early Bronze Age settlement dating from about 2500 B.C. Further digging through another thousand years of gravel brought the expedition to the earliest levels having pottery. Most excavators would have stopped at this point, but Miss Kenyon chose to push deeper, cutting through another 2,500 years of gravel overlay and coming upon a series of defensive walls and the remains of a pre-pottery neolithic city of a period before 5000 B.C. The sides of its square houses were made of bricks shaped like flattened cigars and marked with the thumb-prints of the makers. Because the walls and floors of the main ruins of this town were plastered and highly polished, Miss Kenyon, for want of a better name, called the inhabitants the "plastered-floor people."

Digging still deeper she came upon a layer of sand and gravel which showed that for a while the site was overrun by a stream, perhaps during a series of wet years which must have occurred at a time when Jericho was deserted. Below the gravel of the watercourse Miss Kenyon reached the remains of quite a different town. In it the houses had circular rooms whose floors were sunk below the ground level. The ceilings were domed and some wood was used in the walls, along with primitive bricks shaped like the back of a hog, which led Miss Kenyon to refer to these earlier dwellings as having been built by the "hog-back brick" people.

An extension of Miss Kenyon's main trench, now over sixty feet deep, disclosed three different city walls, the lowest of which rested on bedrock. It was more than twelve feet high with a six-foot ditch beyond, which had been hacked from the solid rock, showing how much thought and energy the hog-back brick people had been forced to put into the defense of their city. Far more striking than either the

wall or the ditch, however, was a round stone tower, the central keep of the fortress of early Jericho. More than twenty feet across and thirty feet in height, its workmanship compared favorably to that found in some English castles of about 900 A.D. This extraordinary tower had been built in two stages. Outside of the main wall there was an outer stone veneer going entirely around the building, put up to strengthen the fortress against attackers or perhaps to repair it after a serious earthquake.

There were several flat stones on the top of the tower which covered a stairway leading down into its center. Twenty-eight steps, each made of one piece of stone worked to a smooth finish, led to a passageway heading east in the direction of Elisha's Spring. The walls of the stairway and passage were smooth, and the finger marks of the men who had made it so long ago could still be seen in the plaster. When first entered by Miss Kenyon, most of the passageway was blocked by earth. Only a small space remained open below the plaster ceiling, and in this eleven skeletons were crammed. Because these bodies were not put into the passage until it had had time to fill up almost completely, it seems likely that they are not the bodies of early warriors who died defending the tower, but rather dead men pushed into this abandoned "cellar" at some much later time.

One of the earliest dates for a stone city discovered up to this time had been 4750 B.C., the first pre-pottery level at Jarmo in Iraq. However, the evidence of the many layers of strata in the walls of Miss Kenyon's trench put this tower at a date some 1,500 years earlier. In order to get as accurate a dating as possible, in the spring of 1956 she sent samples of wood and charcoal from plastered-floor houses to different laboratories in England for Carbon 14 dating. As most readers are probably aware, all live organic matter absorbs radioactivity. When the matter dies as, for example, when a tree is cut down, its organic matter starts losing this quality. In recent years it has become possible to determine the rate of this loss with considerable accuracy. The average date reported by the British experts for the wood and charcoal sent from Jericho was just before 6000 B.C. Thus the hog-back brick city and massive tower could be dated even earlier. Nowhere else in the world has a sizable stone building with its dressed stone staircase been found of anything like this age; it pushes back the dawn of stone architecture by more than 1,500 years. Miss Kenyon has proved that,

more than 3,000 years before the Pyramids were built in Egypt, Jericho was a thriving city whose houses were surrounded by a strong stone wall and ditch and were guarded by a solid stone tower.

Skeptics have wondered why no other such stone tower has been found in the Jordan Valley. A possible reason is that almost none of the many tells there have been fully explored. From the Sea of Galilee down to the Dead Sea there are many mounds such as Tell Damia, the biblical Adamah, and Tell Din Allah, which Jacob called Succoth, that cry out to be excavated. Someday they may show that there were a series of prosperous and well protected cities not far from Jericho by 6000 B.C.

War was not the only preoccupation of the citizens of early Jericho. Another of Miss Kenyon's discoveries was a group of seven human skulls whose faces had been overlaid with plaster masks. Eyes of shell give each face an individual character and even a life-like expression. They may have been the remains of sacrifices or perhaps the "pure art" of that day; more probably they were the masks of some of Jericho's earliest kings. They suggest that 8,000 years ago the Jordan Valley was a cultural as well as a military center.

Somewhere around 5000 B.C. the Neolithic or New Stone Age drew to a close in this part of the Near East. Some observant hunter, possibly in the Wadi Araba south of the Dead Sea, had noticed beads of metal coming from the heated stones of his camp fire, and man's mastery of metal began. Copper ornaments and instruments appeared, and the next 2,000 years are referred to as the Chalcolithic, or Copper and Stone Age.

An excellent example of a town of this period was unearthed in the Jordan Valley in 1929-32 by the Jesuit Fathers Mallon and Koeppal of the Pontifical Biblical Institute. Digging in the mound known as Teleilat el-Ghassul just above the northeast corner of the Dead Sea and about fifteen miles east of Jericho, they unearthed the remains of a settlement that had flourished about 4000 B.C. If one leaves the new highway from Amman to the Dead Sea soon after it comes out of the hills onto the Plains of Moab, one can proceed north for about a mile to the ruins of this Copper Age town. Not too much is left to be seen, but what there is shows that man had come a long way in the previous two thousand years. The houses were much larger than those of earliest Jericho and often contained a courtyard or patio. The foundations were of uncut stones on which were raised walls of mud bricks topped by reeds

covered with mud. Apparently, there were no walls around the town.

Teleilat el-Ghassul also shows that by about 4000 B.C. man in Jordan had learned to paint as well as to make copper. The inner side of several walls there had been given as many as five coats of paint. And, whereas many of the house walls were colored with paint, frescoes of surprisingly modern design were found on the walls of several of the larger buildings which may have been temples. One surface about thirteen feet long shows an undressed god attended by seven lesser deities basking in the light of a brilliantly colored sun. Another picture portrays a group of strange-looking gods surrounding an eight-pointed star. Still a third surface bears the well preserved painting of a natural-looking bird. What sort of religion gripped the minds of the men and women who worshipped beneath these temple walls so long before the first pyramid had been raised? The emphasis was probably on fertility in men, in animals, and in crops. Some of the houses at Ghassul contain clay bins, moisture-proof storage places for grain. Stone mortars and pestles were found nearby, along with flint and copper knives for cleaning skins and cutting meats. Remains of pottery jars in which they carried water and possibly wine were also much in evidence. Another less pleasant use for jars was as a burying place for children. Pottery containing little skeletons was found under many houses in Ghassul and particularly under the temples where the burials may have had religious significance. And scattered widely in the ruins of houses and public buildings were copper ornaments, jewelry and some implements of war. Copper was king in Ghassul.

As the years passed, man's mastery of metal including a working knowledge of gold and silver increased. Sometime about 3000 B.C. an early genius discovered that the natural softness of copper could be corrected by adding to it a little tin, thus producing bronze. Given equal size and strength, a man with a bronze sword could always defeat a man with a sword of copper. Before long the secret of making bronze had spread so widely that the period from 3000 until around 1200 B.C. is called the Bronze Age, usually divided into early, middle and late periods.

Legend, not only in Jordan but throughout much of the western world, has it that there were giants in those days. This may be because the strength of a bronze weapon made it possible for an ordinary man to accomplish in war or peace what would, in the past, have required a giant. A more probable reason for these persistent stories, however, is

the existence in Jordan, as in many parts of Europe, of huge prehistoric monuments called dolmens. These tombs consist of massive stones set edgewise or on end and supporting gigantic flat stones which served as roofs. The blocks were originally covered with earth which has long since washed away. It is believed that dolmens were not set up in Europe until the second millennium B.C., but in Jordan, as in some other parts of the Near East, they may go back to before 3000 B.C.

Travelers in east Jordan can see dolmens near the Wadi Mujib and on a hill overlooking the Lisan Peninsula; the road north from Shuneh passes a dozen of them, while in southern Gilead there is one group of eleven. Truly the east Jordanian chieftains who died around 3000 B.C. were buried with all due consideration of their rank.

Even more striking than these dolmen tombs are the literally dozens of prehistoric stone ruins to be found from one end of Transjordan to the other. No one who has lived in Amman and motored in the neighborhood has failed to observe the ruins of stone towers on many hilltops. Driving west out of Amman on the Wadi Seir road, one passes a massive tower a little to the northeast of the palace of the Queen Mother. The first hill to the north of the road is topped by a similar fortification, and there are two particularly fine towers to the south of Wadi Seir crossroads. These are about fifty feet in diameter and in some cases still rise to a height of thirty-five feet above their foundations. They are made of colossal blocks of stone about six feet long, three feet wide and two feet high, roughly shaped by hand. There is no evidence of doors or windows, and the top courses of all the towers have been knocked down.

Some of the ruins which stand alone were watch towers commanding routes of travel or dominating important valleys. It is always possible to see at least one other tower from each of these ruins, and in some cases six towers can be counted. Around most of them are mounds of stone about a foot square that cover acres of ground. The hurried motorist may view them as natural piles of rock, but anyone taking the trouble to leave his car will see that they are ruins of once sizable towns, most of them dating from about 1600 to 1100 B.C. These are the fortifications which proved too strong for the children of Israel as they fought their way northward across Transjordan and down to Jericho. Other ruined towns of this same period can be seen in the valley below Sweileh and northeast of the Roman walls at Jerash, to mention only some of the more accessible sites. Armed with weapons

of the late Bronze Age, their warriors were able to beat off the Bedouin raiders who tried to attack from the desert.

Not all the invaders, however, depended on strength of arms. As early as about 2000 B.C. a clan of Semites had come peacefully to Jordan and Palestine from the valley of the Euphrates, moving slowly along the well-watered arc known as the Fertile Crescent. They were led by a patriarch named Abram who left the Mesopotamian city of Ur of the Chaldees and went up the Euphrates to the town of Haran northeast of modern Aleppo. After living there for some years he came down into Palestine. It is possible that Abram is a figurative name for the leader of one of the bands of Semites who moved into the Levant at this time. But the detailed Bible description of his character and actions makes it more probable that such a man really existed. With him the prehistory of Jordan ends.

In the Tents of the Patriarchs

ALMOST 2,000 YEARS before the Christian era there lived in or near the city of Ur of the Chaldees, in what is now southern Iraq, a prominent man by the name of Terah. He traced his ancestry back to Noah's son Shem, and he himself had three sons, Nahor, Haran and Abram who was later known as Abraham. After his son Haran had died Terah decided to emigrate northward. He left his son Nahor but took with him Abram and Abram's wife Sarai and Lot, Haran's son. Like a present day Bedouin tribe in the Syrian desert, Terah's caravan moved northward, going no faster than its donkeys, goats and sheep could move. Slowly they advanced along the caravan trail that runs beside the Euphrates River, a route that was ancient even in those days. When they came to a place they called Haran on a tributary of the Euphrates, the caravan stopped for a while. There Terah, the father, died and was buried.

Whereupon God, whom Abram called Jehovah,[n.] said to him, "Get thee out of the country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will make of thee a great nation . . ." According to the Bible Abram was by now seventy-five years of age, though he was probably much younger by our way of reckoning. But he left most of Terah's relatives and went south and west, following the road that ends in Egypt. Along with him Abram took his wife, his nephew Lot, and a considerable number of cousins and servants, plus his livestock. From the upper Euphrates he may have passed through Tadmor, the conveniently located oasis that we know as Palmyra. Thence they progressed by easy stages to the great and ageless city of Damascus.

From there they followed the road south between the desert and the sown until, possibly at the gorge of the Yarmuk, they turned east and crossed the River Jordan. They found Palestine occupied by Canaanites, an earlier wave of the same Semitic migration as themselves, whom the Greeks came to call Phoenicians. The Canaanites did not stop them, and they moved south to the town of Shechem at the foot of Mount Gerizim close to modern Nablus. There Abram and his companions pitched their black tents in an oak grove on the plain of Moreh.

While Abram was camped in the grove Jehovah appeared to him and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land." Abram commemorated this by building an altar to Jehovah. He next moved south to Bethel, where the modern Arab village of Beitin now stands.

Bethel was a pleasant enough spot, but soon after this the Bible tells us that Abram was on the move once more heading south. On this trip he ran into poor grazing during a dry year. There was not enough food for him or his flocks and herds, so he and his companions pushed on along the caravan route into Egypt. What happened next seems strange to us, for on arriving in Egypt Abram was afraid the Egyptians would kill him and take his beautiful wife, so he declared that Sarai was not his wife, but his sister. Since she was "very fair" she was taken to the palace and became one of Pharaoh's wives. This was an arrangement not without profit to the traveler from the land of Canaan, for Pharaoh "entreated well with Abram for her sake, and he had sheep and oxen and he-asses and menservants and maid-servants and she-asses and camels."

Eventually the truth about Sarai came to light, and Pharaoh had his men escort Abram out of the country along with Sarai, while all the flocks and herds went with them.

Then Abram recrossed the Sinai Peninsula and came back "from the south even to Bethel, unto the place where his tents had been at the beginning." This is just the way the nomads of Palestine do today, often pitching their tents year after year in exactly the same spot when they return from a seasonal migration. The emergence of Abram may mark the beginnings of patriarchal organization.

Apparently the biblical description of all the flocks that Abram acquired in Egypt was no exaggeration, for soon there was not enough grass in and around Bethel for Abram's herds and those of his nephew Lot, and the respective herdsmen began fighting among themselves.

Whereupon Abram showed himself a wise leader and suggested they divide the land. "Then Lot chose him all the Plain of the Jordan, and Lot journeyed east; and they separated themselves the one from the other. Abram dwelt in the land of Canaan and Lot dwelt in the cities of the Plain, and pitched his tent toward Sodom."

This excellent arrangement solved the grazing problem among the Hebrews and Abram continued to find favor in the sight of his God. After a while he "moved his tent and came and dwelt by the oaks of Mamre which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord." Hebron was not a town in Abram's day but was founded some 200 years later, about 1750 B.C. It originally was called Kirjath-Arba and the first settlement was located west of the present city where its ruins can still be seen.

For a while after this, Abram and Sarai, his "very fair" wife, and their kinsfolk lived a happy pastoral life in the hills. But then his nephew Lot got into difficulties and, as befits a good patriarch, Abram went to his aid. The cities of the Plain had been paying tribute to the King of Elam for twelve years. But in the thirteenth year they refused to pay, perhaps because he lived far to the east in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley near Babylon. Whereupon the King of Elam and various rulers who were allied with him set out to punish these towns, including the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. One of the allies, incidentally, was Hammurabi, the famous king and law-giver of Babylon. Since we know Hammurabi lived just after 2000 B.C., we can set a date for this campaign with some accuracy.

With such powerful allies, it is not surprising that the King of Elam defeated the armies of the city-states in the Valley of the Jordan. We do not know exactly where Sodom and Gomorrah were located, for their ruins have never been identified, but it is believed that the Valley of Siddim where they were situated was what is now the shallow southern end of the Dead Sea below the Lisan Peninsula. In any case, the battle apparently took place near the slimy marshes at the south-eastern edge of the inland sea. The invaders captured Lot and his possessions.

Abram did not get on well with his nephew Lot, nor with Lot's wife who was clearly a very temperamental woman. But family ties meant a great deal to Abram and he could not let his nephew be carried off into captivity without trying to help him. When he learned of Lot's misfortune, Abram and his friends pursued the King of Elam and

harried him all the way to the suburbs of Damascus. There the King of Elam was killed and Abram freed his nephew Lot, his wife, and all his people and took much wealth besides.

After this successful campaign Abram continued to camp in and around Hebron. Ten years passed and he and his wife Sarai had no children. She was as unhappy about this as he and finally suggested that Abram take Hagar, her Egyptian servant-girl, as his second wife. When Hagar found she was going to have a child she put on all sorts of airs and treated Sarai so badly that she had to be punished. Whereupon Hagar fled into the wilderness. Going to a spring of water below Beersheba she had a vision of an angel who said to her, "Behold, thou art with child and shall bear a son, and shalt call his name Ishmael, because the Lord hath heard thy affliction . . . and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren." And all came about as the angel said, and Ishmael had many offspring, later known as Arabs, who lived in the northern Hejaz of Arabia. As in the days of Mohammed, some 2,600 years later, the Arabs still claim to be descendents of Ishmael.

At Jehovah's direction Abram was now called Abraham. One day he was sitting at the door of his tent when three strangers came walking towards him. In his usual hospitable way Abraham ran out to meet them and offered them food and a place to rest. The strangers accepted and the older of them said to Abraham that his wife Sarah, as Sarai was now called, would have a child in spite of her age. Sarah, listening behind a flap of the tent, burst out laughing; but the stranger, who was none other than Jehovah, rebuked her, and the guests rose up and left the tent and Abraham went with them.

Together they walked out of the grove and onto a hilltop from which they could overlook the Dead Sea, with Sodom and Gomorrah in view on its southeast bank. Then Jehovah spoke of the wickedness of Sodom and said that he planned to destroy the city. But Abraham, thinking of his nephew Lot, bargained with him until Jehovah agreed that if he found even ten good men in the whole of the city he would spare it. The visitors went away and the two angels went down to Sodom to find Lot, who took them into his house. But they were unable to find ten good men in all of Sodom.

That night the angels warned Lot to collect his relatives and leave Sodom immediately, but his sons-in-law would not listen to him. So the next morning Lot and his wife and his two daughters hurried out of the city alone. The angels told him to move fast, not even taking time to

look back to see what was happening to Sodom. But Lot's wife was a woman of great curiosity. When the volcanic eruption burst out and "rained upon Sodom, and upon Gomorrah, brimstone and fire," she stayed behind, fascinated by the fiery spectacle. Soon she was overcome by poison gases from the volcanic eruption, and her body may have remained propped against the rock where she had been sitting until it was covered with a layer of salty volcanic ash, or as the Bible puts it, "she became a pillar of salt." The volcanic eruption and the earthquake that accompanied it changed the geography of the southern end of the Dead Sea, thus covering the site of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Time passed and Abraham and Sarah had the son promised them by Jehovah, whom they called Isaac. But God had one final test for Abraham: to offer his son Isaac as a burnt offering. So Abraham took Isaac to the mountain on which Jerusalem was later to stand. On the highest point of the rocks Abraham heaped up stones for an altar and put on them the dry wood he brought. Then he bound Isaac his son and laid him on the stone altar which he had built. But just as he reached for the knife to kill Isaac an angel of God called him saying, "Lay not thy hand upon the lad . . . for now I know that thou fearest God," and when Abraham raised his eyes he saw behind him a ram that was entangled by its horns in a thicket. Abraham caught the ram and offered it as a burnt offering to Jehovah in place of his son Isaac. And he called the name of that place Jehovah-Jireh; but we know it as the Sacred Rock of Jerusalem, the summit of Mount Moriah on which once stood Solomon's Temple and where now stands the Moslem sanctuary of the Dome of the Rock.

More happy and uneventful years passed, until Abraham's beloved wife Sarah reached the biblical age of "one hundred and seven and twenty years." And then Sarah died in the fields of Kirjath-Arba (later known as Hebron) in the land of Canaan, the hill country of southern Palestine. The question of biblical ages is a puzzling one, with so many Old Testament figures recorded as living to be 150 or 180 years old. It is possible, but most unlikely, that these were their real ages. One explanation is that the ages given refer to wet and dry seasons and so should be divided by two to give age in years. Another possible explanation, however, is that according to ancient records in the Near East it was considered flattering to expand upon a man's age. Thus some of the Pharaohs were recorded as having lived much more than

100 years, and some of the rulers in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley, where Abraham came from originally, were also credited with unnaturally long lives.

After Abraham had mourned a proper time, he purchased from a Hittite named Ephron a field in which there was a double cavern known as the Cave of Machpelah. And this was the first property in the Promised Land which was owned by Abraham. In this cave he buried Sarah, his wife.

Abraham grew old fast after this, but before he died he wished to be sure that his favorite son Isaac married a woman of his own kindred rather than one of the daughters of the Canaanites. So Abraham sent his trusted servant with ten camels all the way north through Damascus to the Euphrates River and brought back Rebecca from his cousin's home at Haran.

At last the time came when Abraham was to die, and he dispatched his concubines and their children to the country east of the Jordan where, like Ishmael, they became the ancestors of some of the Arabs. To his son Isaac and Isaac's wife he gave all that he had. And then Abraham died at the biblical age of one hundred and seventy-five. Isaac and Abraham's other son Ishmael, who had come across from east Jordan for the occasion, mourned for him and buried him beside his wife Sarah in the cave of Machpelah in the field of Ephron near the oaks of the grove of Mamre.

In the modern town of Hebron is a large stone enclosure called by the Arabs Haram Al-Khalil, the Sacred Enclosure of the Friend (of God). Its massive walls some sixty-five meters long and thirty meters wide are built of the huge embossed stone blocks so characteristic of the time of Herod the Great. There are buttresses running up to the walls which support heavy battlements. On top of them the Arabs built crenelated shelters and placed a minaret at each corner, though only the two southern minarets still stand. Inside the enclosure is a building which was originally a basilica built before the time of Justinian, but was converted to a mosque when the Arabs took Palestine. The basilica was restored and again made into a church in the twelfth century by the Crusaders and became a mosque once more on their departure. The cenotaphs of Abraham and Sarah, covered with splendidly embroidered tapestries, stand in the double portico, while in its courtyard are to be seen those of Jacob and Leah. One is shown a small grill covering the entrance to the cave of Machpelah,

but no visitor has entered it for centuries.

The modern tourist leaving Hebron will see a track on the right side of the road leading to what is left of the Haram Ramat Al-Khalil, the Garden of the Friend. It marks Abraham's favorite camp-site, and the place has been venerated ever since Herod the Great built there an imposing enclosure which attracted visitors from all over the Near East. One of the original oaks grew there as late as the time of the mother-in-law of the Emperor Constantine. She visited the place as a pilgrim in about 330 A.D. and was much upset to find idols under the old tree; so Constantine had them thrown out and replaced by a church. After the takeover of Palestine by the Arabs, pilgrimages to Mamre became less frequent and the site was forgotten until, in 1927-28, a German archeological expedition excavated it. Their digging showed that the buildings in the stone exclosure could be dated from top to bottom. They identified walls made by Arabs above those of a Christian patriarch who had restored the basilica built by Constantine. Below was the temple raised by Hadrian, all on top of the ruins of a massive structure built by Herod the Great. Two towers guarding the entrance to the sanctuary could be dated as belonging to the Israelite period of perhaps 1000 B.C. And the deepest levels of all produced terracotta jars and potsherds which went back to about 1900 B.C., the days when Abraham lived there.

More years passed and twins were born to Isaac and Rebecca, one Esau, a hunter and out-of-doors man, the other Jacob, who liked to stay quietly in his tent and think deep thoughts. Esau was no match for his wily brother and even sold Jacob his birth right for a mess of bread and a pottage of lentils one day when he was too tired to prepare his own meal.

When Isaac's eyesight began to fail Jacob tricked his father into giving him his blessing, causing Isaac to say, "The voice is Jacob's, but the hands are the hands of Esau." When Esau found out that he had lost his father's blessing he became so angry he announced that he would kill his brother; so Jacob fled to Haran, the early home of his mother Rebecca. During his flight he stopped for a night at Bethel. There he put a stone under his head for a pillow and wrapped his coat about him and slept. And while he slept Jacob dreamed that he saw a ladder reaching to heaven with angels ascending and descending on it. And Jehovah stood above the ladder and said, "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father and the God of Isaac." ... And early the next

morning Jacob got up and took the stone that had been under his head and put it on top of a pile of rocks as an altar, and he poured oil on it and called the place Bethel, "The House of God".

Although many visitors to the Holy Land go to Ramallah, few of them make the short trip three kilometers past Bira to Beitin, the Moslem village which occupies the site of Bethel, which has been a place of pilgrimage throughout the centuries. One of the sights shown to pilgrims long ago was the stone on which Jacob was supposed to have rested his head. It is said that this stone was taken from Bethel to the Irish town of Tara and thence to Scone in Scotland, where it became the coronation stone of the Scottish Kings. Edward I took it to England and placed it under the coronation chair where it can still be seen in Westminster Abbey. The "Stone of Scone" is really the "Stone of Bethel."

Jacob soon located his relatives, including a delightful young cousin about ten years old called Rachel whose flocks he helped to water. After a month the young visitor went to work. When asked what his wage should be Jacob said that he would serve seven years in order to marry Rachel, "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." We know from the way he stole Esau's birthright that Jacob was a crafty man, but he was no match for Laban, his mother's brother. When the seven years were completed a wedding ceremony took place. But it was to Leah, the older and not very attractive daughter, to whom Jacob found himself married. Jacob had to serve another seven years before the hard-hearted Laban would give him Rachel for a wife.

And although Jacob loved Rachel the more, it was Leah who bore him six sons while Rachel was barren. But Rachel gave Jacob her maid Bilhah to be his third wife, and she bore him two sons. Not to be outdone, Leah produced her maid Zilpah to be Jacob's fourth wife, and she also had two sons. Whereupon Rachel at last had two sons of her own. All these marital complications would normally not be worth recording; but these boys were destined to be famous, for the children of Leah were Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, and Zebulon. The children of Leah's maid Zilpah were Gad and Asher. The sons of Rachel's maid Bilhah were Dan and Naphtali. And the sons of his favorite wife Rachel were Joseph and later Benjamin. These twelve were the fathers of the twelve tribes of Israel.

In spite of his interesting family life the time came when Jacob

could no longer put up with the trickery of his father-in-law Laban. He therefore collected his wives and children and livestock and slipped away to make his peace with his brother Esau. When they reached Palestine Jacob sent some of his servants on ahead, but they came back with the bad news that Esau was coming out against him with 400 armed men. Jacob decided his only chance was to placate his brother, so he sent forward three droves of sheep and goats and camels and cows and bulls and colts as a gift, but Esau continued to come on. When the news of Esau's further advance reached Jacob he was camped at a ford of the River Jabbok. This is the stream that starts in Amman, flows past Zerka and then turns westward through the mountains of Gilead and empties into the Jordan River near the Tell al-Adamah. That night Jacob collected his two wives and two hand maidens and eleven sons, for Benjamin was not yet born, plus some uncounted daughters and sent them across the ford of the Jabbok.

And as the angel prophesied, the next day when they met, Esau ran and embraced him, and they both wept. Then after a day of talk Esau turned back to his home in Seir, better known as Edom, in southern Transjordan, while Jacob went down the Jabbok River to found the town of Succeth at its mouth. From there he crossed the Jordan and climbed up into the highlands of Palestine, going to Shechem near Nablus, where he bought a parcel of land for a hundred pieces of silver.

After a while Jacob and his ever-growing family moved south again until they came to Bethlehem. There Rachel died as she gave birth to Benjamin, the youngest of Jacob's twelve famous sons, and Jacob set up a pillar of stones above her grave. The tourist coming down from Jerusalem passes, on the right of the road, just beyond the "Field of Gray Peas," a little white building which marks her tomb. The graceful Moorish dome is only about 200 years old, but part of the building at least goes back to the fourth century A.D. Since then it has always been a place of prayer and weeping for both Jewish and Moslem women. At Mamre Jacob found his father Isaac with his black tents pitched in the shade of the oak trees. And after they had all lived together for a while Isaac died, being in biblical language 180 years old, and Jacob and Esau buried him in the cave of Machpelah, along with Abraham and Sarah.

After the two brothers had given their father a splendid funeral, Jacob continued to pitch his tents in the general area of modern

Hebron. With both his father and his favorite wife Rachel dead, Jacob centered his affection on Joseph, who by now was a very conceited lad of about seventeen. His conceit was increased when the Patriarch gave him a coat of many colors which made his brothers very jealous, for then, as now, among the Bedouin such robes were for grown men. This jealousy was increased by Joseph's boasting that in his dreams he ruled over his brothers. Jacob had so many flocks and herds that his tribal grazing area reached from the well at Beersheba in the south to Shechem near modern Nablus in the north. It was his practice to keep Joseph in the home tent with him while the other brothers wandered up and down through the hill country of Palestine, grazing their flocks and herds.

One day Jacob told Joseph to go and bring him word how his brothers and their flocks were faring. Most unwisely Joseph wore his many-colored robe, and his appearance at Dothan (Tell Dotha) made his brothers particularly angry. "Behold this dreamer cometh," they said to one another. When he came up to them, very possibly with some condescending remark of greeting, they seized him, took off his coat and threw him in a pit. And as they were having lunch a caravan passed, loaded with spices and balm and myrrh, on its way to Egypt from the mountains of Gilead in Transjordan.

The brothers had originally planned to kill Joseph. But at the suggestion of Judah who liked Joseph, they sold him to the traders who, as descendents of Abraham's son Ishmael, were distant cousins. Then the brothers took Joseph's coat of many colors and dipped it in the blood of a he-goat and took it to Jacob, who was convinced that his son had fallen prey to a lion and the "evil beast had devoured him."

The story of Joseph's adventures in Egypt, his involvement with Potiphar's wife, and his rise to the directorship of Pharaoh's food supplies is all well known. The Bible tells of a famine "in all lands," including Hebron area, where Jacob said to his sons ". . . I have heard that there is corn in Egypt, get you down thither and buy for us from thence, that we may live and not die." At first Joseph toyed with his brothers, who did not recognize him, but he eventually gave them grain and sent them back to Hebron. The famine must have been very severe, for soon again the brothers had to go back to Egypt for more grain, and again Joseph kept them waiting. At length he made himself known and there was a great reunion. The Bible says that word of this reached the Pharaoh, who was so pleased he told Joseph to send for

his father and all the sons of Israel in order that they might come to Egypt and eat the fat of the land. So the Israelites settled down as keepers of cattle in the land of Goshen, which lies in the rich delta country west of Suez.

The biblical description of this famine or series of famines so widespread in the Near East suggests many dry years. If the rains failed in Palestine they surely failed in Transjordan also, for the east bank gets only the rainfall that does not drop on the coastal hills. It may well be that this dry period was the cause of the collapse of the early Bronze Age farming communities in and around Amman, a period of dryness which allowed the Bedouin to take over the marginal farm lands for several hundred years.

After he had been in Egypt for seventeen biblical years Jacob's health failed. As he was dying, he asked to be buried in the cave at Machpelah in Hebron. This was why, although it was not the usual Israelite custom, Joseph had his father embalmed. Then, having obtained Pharaoh's permission, he took the body and went back with it to Palestine; and with him went Joseph's brethren and their families, "only their little ones and their flocks and their herds, they left in the land of Goshen." And many prominent Egyptians went with Joseph in their chariots, a very great company which undoubtedly impressed the simple shepherds of the Jordan. The calvacade did not go directly to Hebron but made a ceremonial tour, possibly to spots where Jacob had particular friends. For the Bible says, "and they came to the threshing floor of Atad, which is beyond the Jordan, and there they mourned with a very great and sore lamentation." Then Jacob was buried in the cave of Machpelah, and the Israelites once again returned to Egypt, where they multiplied until Joseph saw his great-grandchildren.

(n.) Or so we pronounce it. Actually, the name was written in Hebrew characters as Y-H-W-H and no vowels were put into the texts. The name was so awe-inspiring that it could not be spoken. When a Hebrew reader came to the word he said "Adonai", "My Lord" or simply "El", a synonym for God. For this reason, the name YHWH often had the vowels for Adonai put above the letters. When the Bible was first translated into European languages, the scholars mistook the vowelizing and wrote "Jehovah", which was almost certainly not the "current" pronunciation. According to the Jewish tradition, one of the signs of the Messiah is that he will pronounce the dread name without retribution.

Where the Children of Israel Marched

THREE HUNDRED YEARS PASSED and in that time the Israelites ceased to be favorites with the rulers of Egypt. The Pharaohs under whom the children of Israel had prospered had been Hyksos, "rulers of foreign cities", and Easterners like themselves. But with the ending of Hyksos rule the special position of the Israelites ended also. Now they had become slaves, working long hours making bricks for cities in the eastern Nile Delta. The Egyptians feared their numbers so much they ordered that boy babies be drowned.

At last a leader arose who saw that if the Israelites were to survive they must get out of Egypt and return to the hill country of Palestine, to the plains and mountains of the Jordan. When Moses returned from his famous confrontation at the burning bush in Sinai, he used a series of disasters such as plagues of frogs, lice, flies, boils, hail, locusts, darkness, and the death of Egyptian first-born to break the children of Israel loose from their Egyptian bondage. Even after they left Egypt the Pharaoh Amasis changed his mind and chased them with his chariots, until a sudden rise in the water level of the lake of Timsah, probably brought about by a shift of wind, drowned the pursuers. Free at last, Moses led his refugees south along the coast of the Sinai Peninsula beside the Gulf of Suez.

Adventures there were, and many, for the Israelites had grown soft in the land of the Pharaohs. Early on the trek they ran out of food, and Jehovah provided them with quail to eat and with "manna from heaven." This story is puzzling to one who has not been in Sinai. But in the spring numerous quail, along with other birds, migrate from Egypt

and the Sudan to Europe and the Balkans. Some of these take a route that crosses the Gulf of Suez. The smaller birds such as the quail, exhausted by the long flight over the water, often fall by the hundreds on the shore of the Sinai Peninsula, where each year they are picked up by the wandering Bedouin.

The manna mentioned in the same story was investigated in the 1920's by Bobenheimer and Theodor from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. These botanists found that in the spring a species of plant-louse attacks the tamarisk trees of the southwest Sinai Peninsula. When they do this the trees exude little drops of a resinous secretion which is white when it falls to the ground but later becomes brown. The experts reported it could be found under the trees in drops about the size of a coriander seed and that it tasted very sweet. As the Bible says, "... it was like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey." The Bible goes on to say that "when the sun waxed hot, it melted," a statement confirmed by the professors, who noted that if the resin of the tamarisk tree was not collected early in the morning it was eaten by ants. The amount of resin falling from a tamarisk tree varies with the winter rains, but as much as four pounds of it has been collected by a man in one morning. "And the children of Israel did eat manna forty years, until they came to a land inhabited ... until they came unto the borders of the land of Canaan."

Halfway down the Sinai coast they turned inland to Dophkah, an ancient Egyptian copper and turquoise mine. There the Israelites learned of a new and much simpler type of writing, which was neither the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians nor the cuneiform of the Babylonians, but which had a relatively simple alphabet. Thanks to this their history could now be written down rather than passed on from generation to generation by word of mouth.

From Dophkah they marched southeast to Mount Sinai. Moses climbed the peak to seek guidance from Jehovah and came down with two tablets of stone in his hand; on them were written ten basic rules of behavior which had to be followed if the children of Israel were to reach the Promised Land. It was at Sinai also that the old Tent of Meeting, where sacrifices were offered and holy books kept, was replaced by a beautiful new tent in which there was a central Holy of Holies. The golden Ark of the Covenant stood therein when the children of Israel were not on the march, and in it rested the stone tablets bearing the Ten Commandments. The caravan spent fourteen months in the

plain of Sinai, fourteen months that crystallized Israeli religious thought for all time.

From Mount Sinai the Israelites went to the head of the Gulf of Akaba and thence to the oasis of Kadesh Barnea, east of the Wadi Araba. There Moses again halted his followers in order to prepare for what he thought would be the relatively short northward trek which would take the wanderers out of the desert and into the camping grounds of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the hills of Hebron and Beersheba. He realized it was going to be necessary to take the Promised Land by force, and the number of men at his disposal was far from great considering the strength of the towns they had to conquer. Some estimates suggest that about sixty thousand persons accompanied Moses on the exodus, while other scholars put the total as low as six thousand.

With relatively few men at his command Moses had to be careful about the size and numbers of the towns he attacked. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, 'Send thou men, that they may search the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel. . . .' So Joshua and the other spies went north out of the wilderness, past Beersheba to Kirjath-Arba which is now Hebron, where they undoubtedly scouted Abraham's old camping ground. Then after forty days, which is biblical language for a good length of time, they returned to the waiting Israelites. They were full of information and carried a bunch of grapes they had cut in the valley of Eshcol southwest of Hebron which still produces some of the finest grapes in Palestine. In their report to Moses they said, "We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it. Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled and very great. . . . We be not able to go up against the people; for they are stronger than we."

The report made by Joshua and his fellow spies was correct. Palestine of approximately 1250 B.C. was very different from the pastoral, sparsely settled country known to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The Canaanites, or Phoenicians, had multiplied greatly in the last three hundred years. Although the biggest centers of population were along the coast or in the valley of the Jordan, cities such as Jerusalem, Kirjath-Arba (Hebron), Bethel and Shechem (Nablus) dominated the higher wooded countryside. Moreover, the population of Canaan had become increasingly mixed. Joshua reported finding many peoples there be-

sides Canaanites: there were Hittites, representatives of a powerful iron-using state in southern Turkey; there were Jebusites, the inhabitants of the city of Jebus, or Jerusalem; and there were the Amorites, the descendants of Bedouin from the Arabian Desert who had come in to Palestine about the time of Abraham. There were also frequent references to Khabiru, a word which comes from the same root as Hebrew. Some scholars believe that the children of Israel under Moses were only a segment of the total Khabiru people, a group who went to Egypt and stayed there for three hundred years while other Khabiru remained in Palestine and Transjordan.

The report that the walled towns of Palestine were too strong to be attacked was a bitter blow to the children of Israel. Moses soon had a rebellion on his hands when he told them they must wander for many more years in the wilderness and grow much stronger before they could enter the Promised Land. But his decision was proved correct when the Canaanites, who by now had become alarmed at the threat of invasion from the south, came down from the hills and stopped an attempted Israelite advance at Hormah below Beersheba.

We do not know too much of what went on during the next years. Unable to move north into Canaan the children of Israel spent many years in the Negeb, part of it near the springs at Kadesh. At another time they moved down the Wadi Araba to the copper center of Ezion-Geber. Compared to Egypt or Palestine this area is a wilderness. But Bedouin live and move about there today, and the children of Israel learned how to live in a desert. The results of their sojourn were to toughen them up, to give them discipline and to allow their flocks to increase in size, thus providing wealth which could be exchanged for copper weapons.

Once he felt his people were ready, Moses again led them in a move on Palestine. But this time, instead of trying to come up into the Hebron hills from the south, he took a route up the Wadi Araba and east of the Dead Sea in order to get to Jericho and Jerusalem via the mountains of Transjordan. Southern Transjordan is cut by two gigantic canyons running from east to west, dug by streams dropping out of the eastern highlands into the Dead Sea. The southernmost of these is the Brook Zered, known today as the Wadi Hasa. North of it, cutting into the middle of the east bank of the Dead Sea, is the River Arnon which flows at the bottom of the awesome canyon now known as the Wadi Mujib. The country east of the Wadi Araba and south of

the Brook Zered was then the Kingdom of Edom, the location of what later was to become the trading center of Petra. From the Brook Zered north to the River Arnon was the Kingdom of Moab with its capital at Kir-hareseth, the modern Kerak. Its inhabitants claimed descent from Lot's son Moab. North of the great canyon of the River Arnon was the Kingdom of Sihon. Its capital was Heshbon, just a little above modern Madaba, and it included the town of Dibon. East and north of Sihon was the Kingdom of Ammon, founded by the descendants of Lot's other son, Ammon. Its chief city was Rabbath-Ammon, a series of stone towers and walled settlements on the hills around the spring from which modern Amman gets its water. Above Sihon and Ammon was the Kingdom of Bashan, which ran northeast of the Jordan River all the way to the foothills of Mount Hermon.

Even in the thirteenth century B.C. there was a well-traveled trade route running north from the head of the Gulf of Akaba to Damascus and eventually reaching the Euphrates after passing through Tadmor, the modern Palmyra. It was called the King's Highway and followed the route of the present mountain road through Kerak, past Dibon and north to Madaba and Heshbon. Moses' plan was to take the children of Israel up out of the Wadi Araba into the hills of southern Transjordan and follow this King's Highway. He hoped to be able to move north along it without opposition from the people of Edom, Moab and Sihon by promising them that he would pass through their kingdoms as fast as possible.

Thus the children of Israel went east and south into the Wadi Araba and came to Mount Hor. This mountain is on the eastern side of the Wadi Araba and separates it from the valley in which the town of Petra later grew up. At Mount Hor Moses' brother Aaron, the High Priest of Israel, became sick. Moses took Aaron and Aaron's son Eleazar, "and they went up into Mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar, his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount. . . ."

Moses, Aaron and his son had come up the west side of Mount Hor. Most visitors to the site today, however, come up from Petra climbing a steep ascent to the tumbled-down building which marks the site of Aaron's tomb. This tomb played an important part in the rediscovery of Petra in 1812. Burckhardt, who was traveling disguised as a Moslem, did not dare say that he was going to look for the ruins of Petra. In-

stead he announced that he had vowed to make a sacrifice to the memory of Aaron on Mount Hor. Since Aaron is highly regarded by the Moslems, this did not strike his guide as strange, and on the way to the mountain Burckhardt became the first modern European to visit Petra. He did not have time to get to the top of Mount Hor, but sacrificed his goat at its base without exciting undue suspicion.

There was a settlement at Petra in the time of Moses called Sela which Moses probably visited. But the story is questionable that Wadi Musa is named after Moses because that was where he struck the rock. The best evidence suggests that the remarkable incident of Moses' making water gush from a rock occurred much earlier during the wanderings of the children of Israel at a place called Rephidim, which was a little west of Mount Sinai.

Rephidim is probably the modern oasis of Efiran, now referred to by the Bedouin as the "Pearl of Sinai." As in the case of the manna from heaven, there appears to be a reasonable explanation of how Moses brought water out of the rock. In the 1930's the British Governor of Sinai was watching a group of men from the Sinai camel corps who were digging for water at the foot of a limestone cliff from which a few drops were trickling. The men were not making much headway, so their sergeant seized a shovel. On his first blow he hit a piece of weathered limestone which broke off, permitting a stream of clear water to pour out of the face of the cliff. This is perhaps just what Moses did at Rephidim and may have done on other occasions as he led his followers through the Sinai Peninsula, for *Numbers* 20 tells of his getting water by the same method "when the people abode in Kadesh."

From Mount Hor the Israelites went north to the copper mining town of Punon, which is now called Fainan, halfway between Petra and the southern end of the Dead Sea. Moses may have gone to Punon, which is southwest of the modern town of Tafileh, to get water for his thirsty followers, but it is also likely that he went there for copper in order to beat out more swords and spears for the fighting which he knew lay ahead.

Moses had hoped to go east from Punon and pick up the King's Highway which ran only a little way beyond, but the King of Edom refused to allow passage through his border.

Punon was explored in the spring of 1934 by Nelson Glueck who found there an extensive ruin with many heaps of copper slag nearby. The remains of pottery found on the site showed that it was inhabited

both at the time of Abraham, around 2000 B.C., and again in the thirteenth century when the children of Israel visited it. Glueck also saw evidence of an important trade route connecting the Sinai Peninsula with the highlands of Edom to the east. This ancient trade route may have been the road by which Moses planned to reach the King's Highway.

When the idea of getting onto this highway had to be abandoned, Moses took his people back down from the mines of Punon into the Wadi Araba to the waterhole and copper town of Oboth. From there he went north to the southern end of the Dead Sea and thence eastward up the valley of the Brook Zered which flows into the Dead Sea near its southern end. The name Brook Zered does not sound very formidable, but this stream has cut a canyon over two thousand feet deep through the mountains of Transjordan. Moses chose this route because the Brook Zered formed the boundary between the Kingdom of Edom in the south, still populated by the descendants of Esau, and Moab which lay just to the north of it. Going east up the Zered they crossed the King's Highway approximately where the present mountain road familiar to modern visitors to Petra now runs. Then they continued east to the edge of the desert, where they turned north along the approximate route of the present desert road. By following this route for about fifty miles they kept clear of the inhabited regions of Moab which, like Edom, had refused to give them transit privileges on the King's Highway.

The northern border of the Kingdom of Moab was the River Arnon, now known as the Wadi Mujib. It is the deepest and most spectacular of the canyons of Transjordan, more than two and a half miles wide and half a mile deep at its mouth. Proceeding halfway down this wadi the Israelites climbed onto the Transjordan plateau at the ancient city of Dibon, whose extensive ruins can be seen west of the mountain road about a mile and a half north of the Wadi Mujib.

The Kingdom of Sihon lying north of the River Arnon and running to the River Jabbok was squeezed between the country of the Ammonites to the east and the River Jordan to the west. Nevertheless, it included the fertile plain of Madaba, with the city of Heshbon just north of it and Mount Nebo with its wonderful view of the Jordan Valley a few miles to the west. This section of Transjordan was then inhabited by the Amorites with a warrior called Sihon as their king. "And Sihon would not suffer Israel to pass through his border; but

Sihon gathered all his people together, and went out against Israel. . . ."

This time there could be no turning east for passage along the edge of the desert. If the children of Israel were to get down into the lower valley of the Jordan they had to transit the plains and hills of stern King Sihon. The day of battle had come. It was for this that Moses had kept his people wandering in the wilderness—wandering so that those who were soft and old might die, and a new desert-hardened generation could grow up, warriors who were armed with sharp new copper swords and spears from the smelters of Ezion-Geber, of Punon and of Oboth. So when King Sihon fought against Israel ". . . Israel smote him with the edge of the sword, and possessed his land from Arnon unto Jabbok, even unto the children of Ammon: for the border of the children of Ammon was strong. And Israel took all these cities: and Israel dwelt in all the cities of the Amorites, in Heshbon, and in all the villages thereof."

This first military victory of the Israelites took place near Madaba. If they had lost this battle Moses and his followers might well have disappeared from history. South of them lay the hostile Kingdoms of Moab and Edom, while the hill country to the northeast around Ammon, as can be seen today by the ruins of its Bronze Age forts, was far too strong for the Israelites to conquer. This battle not only gave a rich part of Transjordan to the children of Israel but it opened the road to the Promised Land. The Amorites were an advanced people who lived in stone villages guarded by massive stone fortresses and circular watch towers. After conquering them the children of Israel had good reason to feel that they could retake the Promised Land.

But before doing this Moses and Joshua decided it was necessary to conquer all the Transjordan hill country from the Dead Sea north to the Sea of Galilee, except for the heavily fortified area around Ammon. Pushing north they found themselves in the hills of Gilead, the Kingdom of Bashan. There they defeated Og, the king of Bashan. His country dominated the headwaters of the Yarmuk River, which flows through another awe-inspiring canyon from the edge of the Syrian desert into the Jordan just below the Sea of Galilee, making a natural frontier. With his northern border thus secured by the virtually uncrossable canyon of the Yarmuk, and his southern flank based on the great canyon of the Wadi Mujib, Moses felt it was safe to move at last down into the flat land along the east bank of the River Jordan. "And the children of Israel set forward, and pitched in the plains of

Moab on this side Jordan by Jericho." The new Point Four road from Amman to Jerusalem cuts across these plains and during the winter months affords a splendid view of a huge Bedouin encampment, whose rows of black tents look today much as did the tents of the children of Israel pitched in the same spot about 3,100 years ago.

Israel's conquest of the Kingdoms of Sihon and Bashan caused great concern to the people of Moab whom they had bypassed. A certain Balak who still held a few hill towns north of the Mujib was king of Moab at this time. Balak did not feel equal to trying to stop the spreading conquests of Moses and Joshua by force of arms, but he was a man who put much faith in sorcery and curses. He called upon a mighty sorcerer and doer of magic by the name of Balaam to put a curse upon the children of Israel. It came to naught, but as time went on a much more dangerous threat developed to the religious integrity of the Israelites—the appeal of the worship of Baal.

During the summers in the hills the young men saw the people of Moab going up to their "high places" to worship Baal and little by little began joining with them. After the austere years in the wilderness the riotous festivals of the devotees of Baal, the emphasis on strong wine, and priestesses beckoning before the altars of Baal had an irresistible appeal for the young Israelites. Moses was faced with a major threat to the stern worship of Jehovah. "And Moses said unto the judges of Israel, 'Slay ye every one his men that were joined unto Baal-peor.' " Thus the heresy was put down and undoubtedly most of the temples of Baal were destroyed in the process. But the visitor to Mount Nebo who has a little time to wander in his jeep may choose to bump across the fields to some of the massive stone ruins that mark the sites of Bronze Age towns and meditate upon the course of history had Moses not stood firm against the wicked charms of the priestesses of Baal.

This was the last great achievement of Moses, who died soon thereafter and was buried somewhere in "a valley in the land of Moab . . . but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

Jehovah had told him, "Thou shalt not go over this Jordan"; and the prophecy was borne out when the children of Israel found that they were not strong enough to move at once across the river. But, though he could not die in the Promised Land, Moses was allowed to see it from afar.

The reason for not allowing Moses to go over into the Promised Land was his blasphemy in striking a rock for water a *second* time in

the desert and doing this, not in the name of the Almighty, but in his own name. As we read in *Numbers*, for this act of presumption he was allowed only to see, not to live in the land to whose edge he had brought the children of Israel.

The visitor to modern Transjordan would do well to follow Moses and, turning south across the Plains of Moab, pursue the winding track that leads up to Mount Nebo and its companion summits in the Pisgah range. Or, if he wishes to reach the top by an easier route, he should go south on the paved road from Amman to Madaba and thence ten kilometers west along the unpaved track to Mount Nebo. There he will find the ruins of the church of the "Memorial of Moses' View of the Promised Land," a site belonging to the Franciscan monks who excavated it in 1932. Although few of the walls still stand more than ten feet in height, local guides can help the visitor to visualize the various buildings that have stood upon this site.

Entering the ruins from the south, the visitor climbs a flight of stone steps and finds himself in what is left of a church with three naves which was built about 550 A.D. The "Lady Chapel" and baptistry were added to its south side somewhat later, and sections of its beautiful mosaic floors can still be seen if the guide can be persuaded to scrape off the mud and sand which usually cover them. Proceeding eastward down the main nave of the church, one comes to the clover-shaped ruins of a much smaller church. A pilgrim who visited Mount Nebo about 390 A.D. tells of this building being used by Egyptian monks, making it one of the earliest churches built in Transjordan. Outside of these two churches which formed a single unit are the remains of a monastery, including cells, common rooms, kitchens and storehouses.

The ruins are certainly worth half an hour's inspection, but Mount Nebo's real attraction lies in the magnificent view to the west. On a clear day the blue waters of the Dead Sea seem very close, as does the dark winding line that marks the River Jordan, and the still darker spot that is the oasis of Jericho. Across the stark valley floor rise the hills of Palestine: first the land of Beersheba with Hebron in the south; then the region of Bethlehem; the twin towers of the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus; and the Russian tower on the Mount of Olives above Jerusalem. Further northward the eye travels over the highlands of Samaria, the waters of the Sea of Galilee, and the snow-capped peak of Mount Hermon rising above the town of Dan. From Nebo on a clear day one can in fact see the length of the Promised Land, from Dan to Beersheba.

And Jehovah Gave Victory to David

And it came to pass that Moses was buried, and the children of Israel wept for him thirty days in their black tents on the Plains of Moab east of the Jordan. Then Joshua, who was known as the Minister of Moses, took up the leadership of Israel and prepared for the long-awaited move into the Promised Land. Politically speaking, the time was ripe. Egyptian power over Palestine had faded to a mere shadow, and the Canaanite city-states were weak from oppressive taxation and long drawn-out fighting among themselves. The period of Egyptian domination of Canaan had been an economic disaster. Under it, wealth had been drained away and the size of many towns had shrunk. As a result, the relative position of such of the Hebrews as had not gone to Egypt, but stayed on in Palestine, had improved. Thus the stage was set for the valiant band who had marched with Moses through the wilderness and captured most of northern Transjordan to cross the River.

Then Jehovah spake unto Joshua saying, ". . . now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel . . . as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee. . . ." Some of the tribes had already settled in Transjordan: Reuben in the Madaba district, Dan around Salt, and Manassah in the Ajlun hills. But Joshua ordered the fighting men of these tribes to help the other Israelites in their conquest of Palestine.

Because the children of Israel had been camped in the Plains of Moab for a long while, Joshua had found plenty of time to work out the strategy of his campaign. It was clear that the first objective must be Jericho with its ever-flowing spring and strategic location at the foot

of the Wadi Qilt. So, when the time to move came, Joshua sent out two spies who crossed the Jordan River and entered the heavy stone walls of Jericho. They were sheltered by a harlot named Rahab. In exchange she obtained a promise from the visitors that she and her family would be spared when the city was taken by the Israelites, "for her house was upon the town wall. . . ."

Three days later the spies got back to Joshua's camp and told him that the people of Jericho were afraid. Then Joshua rose up early in the morning and gave the order to advance.

Next comes a marvelous event, the drying up of the Jordan River to let the children of Israel cross. On its way down the Jordan Valley from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea (the Salt Sea, as it was then called), the Jordan has cut many little canyons. Small landslides occur frequently, and when there is an earthquake the soft banks cave in sufficiently to stop the flow of the river for quite a period of time. We know that this hapepned in 1927, in 1924 and in 1906, and on each of these occasions the water stopped flowing below the landslide for about a day.

From his first camp at Gilgal Joshua led his men against the fortified city of Jericho. His tactics there were the most unorthodox on record. Acting on direct orders from Jehovah, the people circled the city for six days with the priests blowing their trumpets. The seventh day they circled the city seven times; on the seventh time the people shouted when the priests blew the trumpets, "and it came to pass . . . that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city."

Perhaps this is just what happened, due to the impact of vibrations from the sound of the trumpets. Or perhaps the earthquake which blocked the Jordan River was only one of a series of earth tremors. If this were the case at that time, all the children of Israel had to do was to move into battle stations around Jericho, keep blowing their trumpets, and wait for another earthquake in the series of tremors that would be strong enough to knock the wall down.

There is not yet enough evidence to be conclusive about the battle, so every reader of the Bible can develop his own theory on why and how the walls of Jericho came tumbling down. All that is clear is that Jericho once had very strong stone walls which were knocked down sometime between 1400 and 1200 B.C.; and that soon after they had crossed the Jordan River the children of Israel were in possession

of the strategically located city of Jericho and its perennial spring.

When it was all over, Rahab the harlot became a convert to Jehovah, the God of the Hebrews. The Bible tells us that she married one of the children of Israel by the name of Solomon. It is pleasant to speculate that he may have been one of the two spies whose life she saved. But the most interesting thing about the incident is that her great-great-grandchild was King David. Thus she was a direct ancestress of Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

The children of Israel came back to the Promised Land about 1230 B.C., but it was several hundred years before they conquered the whole of Palestine. The pages of the Book of Judges and the Song of Deborah are full of heroic deeds and bloody battles against the peoples who occupied the Promised Land. But, before the Israelite conquest of Canaan could be completed, danger threatened the newly established farmers from the east. Bedouin raiders came riding out of the Arabian desert to rob, massacre and burn the western settlements. These were the Midianites, Arab Bedouin from the land of Midian, now the north Hejaz east of the Gulf of Akaba. The children of Israel had been attacked by Bedouin raiders before, but these descendants of Midian, the son of Keturah, the wife Abraham married when his beloved Sarah died, had a new mode of transport which gave them mobility in the sandiest and driest of desert. For centuries the Bedouin had kept camels in their flocks; now, for the first time, they had learned to ride them. As succeeding generations of camel-riding Bedouin continued to do, the Midianites raided the towns of the Israelite settlers and fled into the desert, where they could not be followed.

Jehovah heard the Israelite cry and sent them an able general in the person of Gideon. After weeding out the timid and the weak, he divided his force into three companies of 100 and gave each man a trumpet and a lighted torch hidden inside an empty pitcher. "And the three companies blew their trumpets and broke the pitchers and held their torches in their left hands . . . and they cried, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon' . . . and they shouted and put them to flight."

Apparently the use of trumpets was something of an Israelite "secret weapon" at this time, probably brought with them from Egypt, and the simple Bedouin Midianites had never heard such noise before. Furthermore, the sudden brandishing of 300 lighted torches, appearing out of nowhere in the middle of all that noise, was enough to terrify the Bedouin raiders. In confusion they saddled their camels and fled.

Gideon set out in relentless pursuit of the rest and he "came to the Jordan and passed over, he and the three hundred men that were with him, faint yet pursuing." Then Gideon followed the retreating Midianite Bedouin up into the Transjordan plateau. They never thought that he would follow them into the desert, but he kept on past Zerqa and Azrak until he surprised their camp at the north end of the Wadi Sirhan, where he defeated them. As trophies of his victory over the raiders he "took the crescents that were on the camels' necks," the first recorded instance of a decorated camel bridle serving as a trophy of war.

But the children of Israel were faced with an even greater threat than that posed by Arab camel raiders. In 1188 B.C. a non-Semitic people from the Island of Caphtor, which was probably Crete, settled along the coastal plain of Palestine. They were numerous, they were tough, they were technically advanced—they were the Philistines. They brought with them their own brand of beautifully decorated pottery, a type widely known in the eastern Mediterranean as Mycenae ware. From the number of drinking mugs found in ruins of their homes they were clearly a people who appreciated a cool glass of beer. More important was the fact that the Philistines, from whose name the term Palestine is derived, were the first to live in the Levant with the secret of making and working iron. Many iron nails, ornaments and pieces of weapons have been found in the excavations of their towns and graves. Strong iron swords and breastplates gave the Philistines a tremendous advantage over the Israelites, who were still equipped with softer bronze weapons. The invaders guarded their iron monopoly as carefully as atomic secrets are held today.

Against this back-drop of wars and rumors of war life still went on peacefully in many places. There was marrying and giving in marriage, and one of the most beautiful of love stories is told in the chapters of the short Book of Ruth. It seems that about 1100 B.C., "in the days when the judges ruled," a widow from Bethlehem named Naomi was living in the hills of Moab. Life was hard east of the Dead Sea and, when Naomi heard that there was now bread in Bethlehem, she decided to return to her home and her people. Since their husbands were dead, Naomi urged her two daughters-in-law to go back to their Moabite families rather than follow her. One of them kissed her mother-in-law and went back to her home. But the second girl, Ruth, had become very fond of Naomi and she said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, and

to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people and thy God my God, where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. . . ."

So the old and the young widows returned to Bethlehem, where Ruth asked her mother-in-law if she might go out to where the men were harvesting the grain and glean behind the reapers. Naomi agreed and she found herself in one of the fields of her rich middle-aged cousin named Boaz. Her mother-in-law was delighted and urged her to keep on gleaning there until the end of the harvest, an occasion when the farmers held a feast, often washed down with a full flagon of wine to the accompaniment of song and dancing—a Levantine version of Thanksgiving.

Naomi had had hard luck in her life, losing her husband and both her sons and wandering all the way to Transjordan and back. But she had learned much about men and harvest festivals in the process; so she said to her daughter-in-law as they were talking about Boaz, " 'Behold he winnoweth barley tonight in the threshing floor. Wash thyself therefore, and anoint thee, and put thy raiment upon thee. And get thee down to the threshing floor, but make not thyself known unto the man, until he shall have done eating and drinking. And it shall be, when he lieth down, that thou shalt mark the place where he lie, and thou shalt go in, and uncover his feet, and lay thee down; and he will tell thee what thou shalt do.' And Ruth said unto her, 'All that thou sayest I will do.'

"And she went down unto the threshing floor . . . and when Boaz had eaten and drank, and his heart was merry, he went to lie down at the end of the heap of grain: and she came softly, and uncovered his feet, and layed her down. And it came to pass at midnight, that the man was afraid, and turned himself; and, behold, a woman lay at his feet. And he said, 'Who art thou?' And she answered, 'I am Ruth . . . Spread therefore thy skirt over thy hand-maid . . .' And he said, 'Blessed be thou of Jehovah . . . inasmuch as thou followest not young men whether poor or rich . . .' And she lay at his feet until the morning: And she rose up before one could discern another. For he said, 'Let it not be known that a woman came to the threshing floor.' . . . And when she came to her mother-in-law . . . she told her all that the man had done to her."

Boaz was an honorable man and soon married Ruth. Months later,

when they saw Ruth's son, the women of Bethlehem said to Naomi, " 'Blessed be Jehovah, who hath not left thee this day without a near kinsman; and let his name be famous in Israel. . . .' " And the prayer of Naomi's friends was answered, for the child's name was Obed. He was the father of Jesse, the father of David.

While the bucolic idyll of Ruth and Boaz was being enacted in the fields of Bethlehem, the Philistines were strengthening their hold on the Palestinian hills. As the years passed it became clear that the only way the children of Israel would ever be able to drive them out was to unite, and the best way to unite was under a king. The wisest man in Israel at that time was Samuel, a priest and a prophet. When the people asked him to appoint a king over them he painted a most unflattering picture of the kind of oppression they might expect from monarchs. But the people refused to listen to him.

So Samuel chose a young man of the tribe of Benjamin whose name was Saul, the tallest and best-looking youth among all the people, and anointed his head with oil. Although he was a magnificent-looking man and possessed of many points, he was given to moodiness and melancholy. Modern doctors would probably have diagnosed him as a schizophrenic with manic depressive tendencies.

For a while after his coronation Saul lived quietly at his home in Gibeah, the modern Tell al-Ful, "the Hill of Beans." Under the direction of the eminent Professor W. F. Albright of the American Schools of Oriental Research, the Tell was excavated in 1922 and again in 1933. Four corner turrets were uncovered, joined by a double wall enclosing various buildings with a courtyard in the center. The place shows it was built without benefit of an architect, but Saul's citadel, the first royal castle of kings of Israel, gives a feeling of rustic strength.

As time went on Saul showed flashes of brilliance, such as in his campaign against the Ammanites which saved the men of Jabesh from losing their right eyes. But he also committed so many unwise acts it became clear even to Samuel, the king-maker, that Saul would have to be replaced. Reluctantly, for he was fond of Saul, the aging prophet went to Bethlehem and sacrificed a heifer in the presence of Jesse, the grandson of Ruth, the Moabite maiden. And Samuel looked over Jesse's eight sons, and when the youngest was brought before him "he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said, '. . . anoint him; for this is he.' Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren; and the

Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward." But nothing more was done about David's kingship at that time.

Soon after this King Saul's schizophrenia took a turn for the worse. He became so melancholy that his doctors decided the only thing that could quiet him was good music. They looked about for a harpist and the choice fell on young David of Bethlehem. The cynic may see the clever hand of Samuel the Prophet in this selection, but there is no doubt it was a good choice for musical and medicinal reasons, quite apart from its political implications.

One day when David was off duty at the palace and down in Bethlehem with his father, Jesse told him to take some bread and cheese and grain to his brothers and "the captain of their thousand who were fighting the Philistines." While there he went to the front lines to greet his brothers. Just then Goliath, the champion of the Philistines and the biggest man in all of Palestine, came out and challenged anyone to fight him. David moved among the men in the Israelite line asking questions about this strong man who taunted them daily in his shiny armor of brass.

When the king heard that his young harpist was wandering around among the troops, Saul sent for him. To his amazement the youth asked permission to fight the champion of the Philistines. Thanks to David's skill with a sling, Goliath was laid low and the children of Israel won a great victory. But Saul's mind was fading rapidly, for when David was brought to him after the battle the King asked who he was. Saul's son Jonathan, however, took a great liking to the youth. After this David was given no more home leave to take care of his father's sheep, but spent all his time at the palace or on errands for Saul or Jonathan.

In spite of the musical therapy and Jonathan's approbation, Saul's jealousy grew steadily and showed itself whenever the King was in a fit of depression. Things came to a climax during one of these periods. David was trying to soothe the King by playing his harp one day when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw Saul reach for his spear. David ran out of the room just in time, and the spear buried itself into the wall behind the stool on which he had been sitting. Not long after this Saul had the door of David's house watched in order that he might be killed; but David's wife Michel, who was Saul's daughter, let him down through a back window. So he fled, coming at last to a cave southwest of Bethlehem.

During these years David's winning personality attracted to him a

growing number of followers. Some of these were outlaws themselves, while others joined his ranks because they felt David was the rightful leader of the people of Israel. The life of an outlaw in the wilderness must have been hard, but it was not without its compensations. David and his band lived off the country, sometimes attacking enemies such as the Philistines, but often begging food from the wealthy farmers, who ran their sheep in the south Palestinian hills. The wife of one of them not only brought him food but married him when her drunken husband had a stroke on learning that she was helping the outlaw leader.

When Saul next joined battle with the Philistines, the men of Israel fled, Jonathan and two other of Saul's sons were killed, and Saul fell upon his own sword and died. The Philistines found him and put his armor in the pagan temple of the goddess Ashtaroth, while they hung his headless body on the walls of the city of Bethshan, which is modern Beisan. But the men of Jabesh in Gilead, whom Saul had saved from the wicked King Nahash of Ammon, heard what had happened. They crossed the Jordan and marched all night to the city of Bethshan. There they took down the body of Saul from the city walls and carried it back to Jabesh and burned it.

In 1921 and 1923 a group of archaeologists from the University of Pennsylvania dug into the high Tell al-Susn near modern Beisan. In the south side of the ruins they found medallions and little statues of serpents, showing that this was the site of the temple of Ashtaroth, the Canaanite goddess of fertility. On the north side of the Tell they came upon ruined walls, the walls of ancient Bethshan on which the Philistines had fastened the body of Saul.

After mourning for Saul, David, his wives and his "band of mighty men" stopped being outlaws and went up to Hebron, where the men of the tribe of Judah anointed David as their king. Saul had been a member of the tribe of Benjamin, and the Benjamites backed one of Saul's surviving sons to be king of all Israel. Seven years of civil war followed until David's rival was murdered as he was taking a siesta. The king was furious with the men who had committed this crime, but it put an end to the civil war. "David was thirty years old when he began to reign, and he reigned forty years."

Then, as now, Hebron was the center of a relatively prosperous farming district. But it was a provincial town, located too far south to be the real center of Israel. David felt that the logical capital for his

new kingdom was the town on the top of Mount Moriah, the stronghold of the Jebusites. For some time the Israelites had been in control of the valleys around Jerusalem, but they had never been able to displace the Jebusites from their walled town which stood to the south of the present "Old City." The capture of so strong a place would have dismayed a lesser man, but David, the ex-outlaw, was resourceful. The Bible tells us that "David took the stronghold of Zion; the same is the city of David. And David said on that day, 'Whosoever getteth up to the gutter, and smiteth the Jebusites . . . he shall be chief and captain. . . .' "

The explanation of this unusual order became apparent in 1867 as a result of the curiosity and climbing ability of a British army captain in Jerusalem. He found an underground route to the Fountain of the Virgin Mary which lies in the Kidron Valley east of Jerusalem between the walls of the city and the modern Jericho road. More recent research has proven that this route dates back to before 1000 B.C. This was the "gutter" through which David captured Jerusalem.

Once secure there, David brought up the Ark of the Covenant which had been lying north of Jerusalem in a half-forgotten state since the Philistines had been forced to return it. David wanted to build a fitting Temple for the Ark, but the Lord told him his son, and not he, would do so. He therefore set out to consolidate the Israelite conquest of the Promised Land that lay on both banks of the Jordan, including all that Moses had seen from the top of Mount Nebo. He smashed the Philistine armies and freed the valleys around Jerusalem which they had held so long. He defeated the men of Transjordan and took not only the plains across the Jordan but also the Moabite highlands around Kerak. In the north his armies went to Lake Homs on the Orontes River, and the people of Damascus paid tribute to his garrison.

Most important of all, David conquered Edom, the land that lay east and south of the Dead Sea. Then, as now, the King's Highway ran through the highlands of eastern Edom to Akaba, Elath and Ezion-Geber at the head of the Gulf. The low country of west Edom, particularly the Wadi Araba, was rich in copper and iron. The deposits are too limited to be of much value today, but they were of great importance in 1000 B.C. Thanks to them David broke the iron monopoly of the Philistines.

Lastly, the conquest of Edom put Israel astride the incense trail,

along which an increasing amount of Arabian frankincense and myrrh, plus the silks and spices of India, China and the South Seas, moved to the markets of the Middle East.

By these conquests David changed Israel from a handful of tribes living precariously in the hills of Transjordan and parts of central Palestine to a small but strategically placed empire. It was an empire strong in copper and iron and one that dominated the meeting place of three great trade routes. "And the Lord preserved David whithersoever he went. And David reigned over all Israel; and David executed judgment and justice unto all his people."

Solomon in All His Glory

Sometime after this conquest of Edom by David, the cruel King Nahash of Ammon died and his son Hanun succeeded him. There had been bad blood for years between the children of Israel and the men who guarded the ring of stone forts around the plentiful springs of Ammon. But David was now so strong he could afford to show kindness to enemies as well as allies. So he sent a delegation to carry official condolences to Hanun and to represent Israel at the funeral. Unfortunately the leaders of Ammon were suspicious, "so Hanun took David's servants and shaved off the one half of their beards, and cut off their garments in the middle, even to their buttocks and sent them away." The delegation was ashamed to go up to Jerusalem with half their faces and all their behinds exposed. Instead they sent word to the king of what had happened and were told to stay in Jericho until their beards had grown out.

This was "singeing the beard" of Israel with a vengeance, and everyone knew it meant war. The rulers of Ammon needed reinforcement, so they hired mercenaries from south Syria and prepared for battle. They were only just in time, for soon David's battle-scarred General Joab and his "mighty men" came toiling up the gorge from the Jordan River to Salt, and on past modern Sweileh to the rolling country west of Ammon, where the heavy stone defenses of that Bronze Age city are still to be seen. The Syrians proved no match for the flower of the Israelite army and fled. At this the troops from Ammon did likewise, retreating through the outlying forts to their stone citadel.

After one more encounter the Syrians refused to help the people of

Ammon again. This left the city without allies, and the next spring after the rains King David sent his army under Joab east across the Jordan to settle once and for all with the cruel and suspicious men of Ammon. Joab's troops were now so strong that they were able to overrun or bypass the network of stone forts which then, as now, dominated the western approaches to the city. For the first time in history the Israelites laid seige to the citadel of Ammon itself. The ruins of this castle can still be seen in Amman, largely overbuilt by later fortifications. Any visitor who has looked up at the towering ramparts of the citadel can understand the long and difficult seige that lay ahead of Joab. David realized that the taking of Ammon was not going to be a quick victory, so he stayed in Jerusalem, encouraging his troops from afar.

During this time David saw Bathsheba, the wife of one Uriah, a Hittite, who was with the army in Ammon. David was impressed with her charms and arranged to have Bathsheba brought secretly to the palace. We do not know how long she stayed, but later she sent word to David that she was pregnant.

Although the moral code of those days was different from our own, it was strict insofar as other men's wives were concerned. If the truth ever came out, David's reputation as well as that of Bathsheba would suffer. David attempted several times to arrange for Uriah to spend time with Bathsheba. When he failed, he wrote General Joab: "Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die." Joab did as he was told and the valiant Uriah fell before the walls of the citadel of Ammon. One version is that Uriah died climbing up the steep slope of the citadel behind the present Hotel Philadelphia. But careful reading of the Bible makes it more likely that the honest Hittite was killed trying to storm a gate of the citadel, possibly the one which rises above the Jordanian Foreign Office.

When word of Uriah's death reached David in Jerusalem, he sent a very cynical letter to Joab saying, "Let not this thing displease thee, for the sword devoureth one as well as another; make thy battle more against the city, and overthrow it." And when Bathsheba had finished mourning for her husband David took her to the palace and married her and she bore him a son. Then Nathan the Prophet, "the conscience of Israel," came to David and told him he had sinned against Jehovah and that the child which Bathsheba had borne him would surely die.

As Nathan prophesied the child became sick and, despite all David could do, died after seven days. "And David comforted Bathsheba his wife . . . and she bare a son, and he called his name Solomon, and the Lord loved him."

Acting on David's orders General Joab pressed the seige of Ammon till the "city of water," the lower town, was taken and the citadel itself was about to fall. Then he sent word to David and told him to bring more troops and come to Transjordan and take part in the final capture, " 'Lest I take the city, and it be called after my name.' " So David called up his reserves and marched to Ammon, and the city fell to him with all its wealth.

Although David was a successful general and an able administrator, he could not keep his own children in line. One of his greatest problems was his son Absalom, a good-looking, long-haired youth of whom David was very fond. Absalom decided that he would make a better king than his father, and he put on a carefully organized drive for popularity. The culmination was a banquet of two hundred guests held at Hebron. By the time David learned of his son's plans, Absalom was too well established for David to move against him. Instead David and all his household, except for ten concubines whom the king left behind as housekeepers in the palace, set out from Jerusalem heading east across the Brook Kidron.

David walked up the Mount of Olives barefooted, weeping as he went, and Absalom and his followers took over Jerusalem behind them. When David got to the brow of the hill his friends brought him a donkey to ride and food for his followers, and they all went down to the Valley of the Jordan, being stoned and cursed on the way. But David hurried on across the Jordan River until he reached the town of Mahamain south of the River Jabbok.

After this both factions prepared for war. The decisive battle took place in the forest of Ephraim on the mountains of Ajlun, which are still the most heavily wooded section of east Jordan. Many of Absalom's followers proved to be disloyal, and it is believed that a great number deserted him.

Anyone who has walked through the forests of Ajlun will remember the many low branches. As things developed that day, those branches played an important role in the history of Israel. When the fighting started to go against him, Absalom ran into a party of David's men and he turned and fled on his mule. As he galloped off,

his mule went under a low tree and his long hair caught in its branches; "he was taken up between heaven and earth; and the mule that was under him went on." David's general hurried to the spot and killed the pretender to the throne of Israel. Then Joab blew his trumpet as a signal to his troops to stop their pursuit of the beaten enemy, and they took the body of Absalom and threw it into a pit in the forest and piled up a heap of stones to mark the spot. The peasants of Ajlun still point out a pile of stones which they call Absalom's grave.

David's rebellious son also has a monument in the Kidron Valley southeast of the walls of Jerusalem. This cube of solid rock supporting a square structure of large stones and topped by a funnel-like spire is shown to tourists as the Tomb of Absalom, or Absalom's Pillar. The Arabs call it Pharaoh's Peak, for they attribute most large and very old buildings to the Egyptians. The ornamentation of this structure dates from the Greco-Roman period, but must have been added after the monument was built. The Pillar is mentioned in a manuscript of the fourth century, though it was not until the sixteenth century that it was commonly associated with Absalom.

Once Absalom was dead, all the people of Israel asked David to come back and be their king again. With a heavy heart he rode slowly to the Jordan where "there went over a ferry boat to bring over the King's household, and to do what he thought good." On it the king's party crossed to the west bank, and David returned to his palace in Jerusalem where he took up residence as he had done before the uprising. Then David punished certain people who had rebelled against him and put down a revolt of the Philistines, after which he ruled peacefully over Israel. As he ruled he wrote much poetry, such as the beautiful Twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside still waters. He restoreth my soul . . . Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever. . . ."

Thus the days passed until "King David was old and stricken in years; and they covered him with clothes, but he got no heat." This problem was solved satisfactorily and platonically by the natural warmth of a faithful virgin named Abishag who ministered to David and kept him warm. But the problem of the succession to the throne was not settled so easily. David had planned to have his son Solomon, Bathsheba's second child, succeed him, but another son Adonijah made

a strong bid for the throne. Solomon spared the life of his ambitious brother for a while, but when Adonijah tried to marry Abishag, David's attractive foot-warmer, Solomon decided that things had gone far enough and Adonijah was put out of the way.

Then the time came for David to die, and he gave Solomon some last directions on walking in the way of Jehovah. And David "slept with his fathers" and was buried in the city which he had made the capital of Israel. No man knows the exact spot of his burial, but many think his tomb was in a cave on Mount Zion beneath the Mosque of David, the building known to the Christians as the Cenacle. He is believed to have reigned from 1004 to 965 B.C.

Solomon ruled well, walking in the statutes of David his father and burning incense in the high places. Once Jehovah appeared to him in a dream by night and said, " 'Ask what I shall give thee!' And Solomon said . . . 'Give thy servant therefore an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and evil'. . . . And the speech pleased the Lord."

Whereas David impressed his subjects with his intelligence and his human qualities, Solomon dazzled the men of his time with his clever sayings, his tremendous building projects, the luxurious way in which he lived, and his world-wide trade. His famous decision in the case of the two women who both claimed the same child, in which he awarded the infant to the one who did not want to see the baby cut in two, shows him as a clever judge. "And he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five."

Luckily for him Israel's largest neighbors, Egypt and Assyria, were both weak. Thanks to David even the Philistines were no longer a problem; therefore Solomon, who is believed to have reigned from 965 to 926 B.C., did not have to devote his wealth to wars.

He was thus free for building projects, of which the most famous was the Temple in Jerusalem. Solomon's Temple was destroyed long ago, and the site is now covered by one of the holiest places in all Islam, the magnificent Dome of the Rock.

In order to build the Temple, Solomon entered into negotiations with his neighbor, the Phoenician King Hiram, whose capital was the city of Tyre on the coast of what is now southern Lebanon. He sent messengers to Hiram asking for cedar from Lebanon.

"And Hiram sent to Solomon saying . . . 'I will do all thy desire concerning timber of cedar and concerning timber of fir. My servants shall

bring them down from Lebanon unto the sea; and I will make them into rafts to go by sea unto the place that thou shalt appoint me, and will cause them to be broken up there and thou shalt receive them; and thou shalt accomplish my desire in giving food for my household . . .'," which is an excellent description of the Lebanese lumber trade of those days as it moved by sea through the ancient Phoenician ports.

The milk-white stone used by Solomon in building the Temple came from the large quarries which can still be entered under the north wall of the Old City of Jerusalem. "And in the eleventh year [of his reign, about 954 B.C.] was the house finished. . . . So he was seven years in building it." Solomon continued for many years to add to the decorations and furnishings of the Temple.

Not only did he build this Temple in Jerusalem and furnish it magnificently, but he lived on an elaborate scale such as had not before been seen in Palestine. "Moreover the King made a great throne of ivory, and overlaid it with the finest gold . . . and all King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold. And they brought every man his tribute, vessels of silver, and vessels of gold, and raiment, and armour, and spices, horses and mules, a rate year by year."

Solomon gained wealth from all these presents, but the pattern of the East is such that he often had to give his visitors as much as he received. More important to him financially was the fact that for the first time during his reign all of Israel was systematically taxed, thus giving him far more revenue than even his father David had received. But the real sources of Solomon's wealth were mining and trade.

Most of his mineral wealth came from copper or gold, with many of the copper mines located in the Wadi Araba south of the Dead Sea. In 1934 the Transjordan Department of Antiquities, the American Schools of Oriental Research at Jerusalem, and the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati sent a joint expedition through this part of what is now called Jordan. Some thirty-six kilometers south of the Dead Sea the archaeologists came upon a large ruin called Khirbet Nahas, or Copper Ruin. At this site were found many walls, parts of large buildings that may have been storehouses, and remains of small stone huts which were probably once inhabited by miners. In the opinion of Professor Glueck, the mines at Khirbet Nahas, as well as others discovered further south in the Wadi Araba, were operated by prisoners or slaves. Mounds of copper slag lay scattered about and much cupriferous sandstone was found in the vicinity. Most striking of all, however, were the

ruins of two rough stone smelters in a good state of preservation. Both from the construction of the buildings and from pieces of pottery scattered about the site it was possible to date this copper center as having been operated during the reign of Solomon.

Another copper town, Khirbet Gheweibeh, was found by the joint expedition some five kilometers northeast of Khirbet Nahas, while still another similar ruin called Khirbet Jariyeh lies nearby. It seems likely that the copper ore was only partly smeltered in this area. From there it was shipped south by donkey or camel train to the large smelter of Ezion-Geber on the Gulf of Akaba. If the problem of food and water for the workers in the Wadi Araba was difficult, the problem of obtaining fuel to keep the furnaces going must have been even more so. Solomon's furnaces probably ran on charcoal made from the forests that then covered the hills of Edom and Moab.

The joint expedition of 1934 followed the caravan route south past the ruins of several other mining towns. This part of the Wadi Araba is dotted with the remains of caravanserais, many of which date from Solomon's time and must have been stopping points for his traders and copper caravans. The richest copper mines in the Wadi Araba were near Jebel Meneiyeh some thirty-eight kilometers northwest of Akaba. There Glueck found more than twenty furnaces in one group alone, along with a prison for slaves, all guarded by a walled acropolis.

Although David may have expanded the copper production of the Wadi Araba after enslaving the Edomites, it remained for Solomon to capitalize on its mineral resources. The key to his success was his planning and development of the extraordinary copper smelter of Ezion-Geber at the head of the Gulf of Akaba. At one time there was widespread belief that the Gulf of Akaba had dried up during the last three thousand years, so that nineteenth-century scholars and archaeologists looked for Ezion as much as twenty-five miles inland. Recent studies, however, show that the water line of the Gulf has retreated not more than five hundred meters in the last thirty centuries. The search for Solomon's seaport led the expedition of the American Schools of Oriental Research at Jerusalem to a mound near the water line which proved to be rich in datable pottery. From it Professor Glueck and his associates were able to prove that it was none other than Solomon's seaport of Ezion-Geber.

The site was excavated between 1938 and 1940 by the American Schools of Oriental Research. In the northwest corner of the Tell the

archaeologists uncovered a ten-room building made of mud bricks. Through the walls of this ruin ran two rows of flues with interconnecting air vents. The mud bricks of this part of the building had been vitrified by exposure to great heat. It was apparent that the building was a carefully constructed copper smelter where ores that had been previously roasted were made into bars of pure copper. There was evidence that iron was also treated in this smelter. Further research showed that this building was only one of many such nearby smelters which were surrounded by shops for the working of metal and the production of articles made of copper and iron. The city was without a doubt the high point of Copper-Iron Age industrial development and supplied Solomon with weapons for his armies and with the products of "heavy industry" on which much of his extensive trade was based. Rather than seek the shelter of the nearby valleys, Solomon's architects had placed the furnaces of Ezion-Geber so that their flues could catch the strong winds which blew from the north down the Wadi Araba, thus making them the world's first large-scale blast furnaces.

Glueck believes that ancient Ezion did not grow up slowly over the years but was built all at one time on the basis of carefully drawn plans. In Ezion-Geber Solomon's metal masters found just the combination they were seeking of large quantities of crude copper and iron ore, constant winds, and access by both land and sea. Once such an industrial center was built and in operation the basis of Solomon's power and wealth was assured. The conception, planning and construction of this ancient Pittsburgh is a great tribute to King Solomon and his advisers, a lasting proof that his wisdom covered more fields than determining the parenthood of babies or the relative merits of concubines.

Ezion-Geber with its two acres of refineries and workshops must have been a tempting prize for pirates or unfriendly kings. It was, therefore, heavily fortified by a strong outer wall some twenty-five feet high which was pierced by three gates, one inside the other, thus making a surprise attack virtually impossible. The design and construction of this entrance are similar to those found in other buildings known to have been ordered by King Solomon and are an added proof that he was their creator. Professor Glueck thinks that Solomon's industrial center of Ezion-Geber was destroyed by the Egyptian pharaoh who overran much of Palestine and parts of Jordan not long after Solomon's death.

The metallurgists of the Wadi Araba gave Solomon's empire its

power; land and sea trade moving south from Ezion-Geber produced its glitter. King Solomon's subjects were not sailors; but among the traders of Tyre ruled by Solomon's ally, good King Hiram, were to be found the greatest seafarers of the ancient world. It is now known from Phoenician records that the King of Tyre agreed "to deliver to the prince of the Judaeans building materials for a new palace, if he would concede him a port on the Ethiopian sea," and that in this connection Solomon "gave him the town and port of Eilotha (Eloth)."

When the seaport on the Gulf of Akaba had been built by Solomon and his allies, a fleet of ships was constructed from lumber reportedly brought down to the sea by camels. Then the captains of the partner-kings set sail with a fleet of ten ships for the rich and mysterious land of Ophir. Its exact location is unknown, but, wherever it was, the Phoenician navigators sailing for Solomon and Hiram reached Ophir and returned regularly to Ezion-Geber with their peacocks and ivory, their sandalwood, their silverware and bars of gold. Once his share of such cargoes had reached Jerusalem, it is not surprising that Solomon "exceeded all the Kings of the earth in riches," sitting on his throne of ivory and feasting from dishes of purest gold.

Parallel to this Phoenician-borne sea trade over the reef-dotted waters of the Red Sea, another river of wealth ran northward into Jerusalem along the camel trails of western Arabia. This was the traffic in spices, silks, frankincense and myrrh that moved overland on the ancient Incense Trail from India and southern Arabia. The route led from the Arabian seaports and the mountains of the Hadhramaut, past the eastern slopes of the mountains of Yemen, and north through what later became Mecca and Medina to Ezion-Geber.

The Arabian part of this route was largely in the hands of traders from cities in what is now southeastern Yemen. Several of these city states, including Saba or Sheba, are known to have flourished in King Solomon's times. As trade increased under Solomon and his allies, interest in the king who ruled in Jerusalem naturally developed along the Incense Trail. Undoubtedly trade delegations and caravan leaders came further north than had been their custom to see Solomon "in all his glory" and to make treaties of commerce and friendship with him. The leader of one of these trade delegations was the Queen of Sheba.

The problem troubling Sheba was probably the need for coming to terms with Solomon about the disposition of the east-west trade in spices, silk, and frankincense. Although this was at least two thousand

years old by the time of Solomon, its volume had previously been restricted because donkeys, the standard beast of burden in the ancient world, could not carry very much weight and could not go very far without water. Sometime during the eleventh century B.C. the Midianite inhabitants of northwest Arabia had solved the problem of keeping a saddle on the camel, and in the years that followed the merchants of Arabia found that they could replace the patient little donkey with the camel, the long-range "ship of the desert," on sandy caravan routes where water was scarce. This effected a revolution in east-west trade comparable to the change from sailing vessels to steamships carrying the same trade some 2,800 years later. Strengthened by this new discovery, the merchants in southeast Arabia cleaned out the bandits along the way, established caravanserais, and stepped up the volume of trade moving north along the Incense Trail. Just as profits began to skyrocket, however, they found the new Kingdom of Israel entrenched on the Gulf of Akaba and dominating the trade routes through Transjordan to the rich markets that lay beyond. The leads of Sheba wisely decided to send an ambassador "at the highest level" to study and find a solution to the Israelite problem.

From the Bible, from history and from legend it is clear that as an ambassador Sheba was good. As an added inducement to signing on her terms "... she gave the king an hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices very great store, and precious stones." She even tossed herself into the bargain. But it was not enough to sway the wisest of kings, especially when he had a storehouse full of gold, plus seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines of his own.

So a Treaty of Friendship, Commerce and Trade opening the north end of the incense trail to the Mediterranean and the land of the Fertile Crescent was signed on Solomon's terms. And if, after this, the bearded Solomon and the southern Queen relaxed together in the moonlight on the tiled roof of Solomon's palace above Jerusalem, who was to blame them? For they had settled for a generation the problem of how the riches of the Orient and the Indian Ocean were to reach the Mediterranean world. They had been given a preview of the Suez problem and had come to an understanding acceptable to producers, transporters and consumers alike. "And King Solomon gave unto the queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, beside that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty. So she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants."

The negotiations with Sheba marked the climax of Solomon's reign. As he grew older some of his wisdom left him; he turned toward other gods than Jehovah, and political discontent developed among his subjects. Nevertheless, he was able to surmount these difficulties and reigned for a goodly period of time before he "slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David his father: and Rehoboam his son reigned in his stead."

The king-designate went north from Jerusalem to Shechem—modern Balata, near Nablus—to be crowned in the presence of his subjects. And the people asked that he lighten the burden of their taxes and the amount of service they must do for the state. The old men of the court, who realized that Solomon had pushed his people very hard in order to build up the wealth of Israel, told him to agree. But Rehoboam's young friends, who wanted a share in the spoils, gave him opposite advice which he followed.

Ten tribes rebelled and chose a man of valor called Jeroboam to rule over them as head of the Kingdom of Israel. His capital was Shechem at the foot of Mount Gerizim. Only the tribes of Judah and Levi, the priesthood, remained under Rehoboam in the Kingdom of Judah with its capital in Jerusalem. The unity that had existed since Moses led the people of Israel out of the wilderness had been broken.

As soon as the Egyptians heard that the children of Israel were fighting among themselves they invaded Palestine. King Rehoboam in Jerusalem was able to save the little Kingdom of Judah only by giving the Egyptians the treasures of gold and silver from the Temple which Solomon, his father, had worked so hard to collect. Then the Egyptians, and possibly the Syrians, threatened the northern Kingdom also, and King Jeroboam of Israel had to move his capital from Shechem across the Jordan River to the town of Penuel. The mists of time hung heavily over these years with the two little Kingdoms, fighting sometimes alone and sometimes together, now against the Egyptians and now against the Syrians.

The next century and a quarter saw Israel ruled by eleven kings and its power weakened by palace intrigue and assassination. In 732 B.C. the Assyrian ruler, Tiglath-pileser III, swept over northern Transjordan and parts of Palestine. There he and his successor Sargon II carried out a policy of mass deportation, and in 721 B.C. twenty-seven thousand members of the ten tribes that made up the Kingdom of Israel disappeared into exile.

Throughout much of the seventh century B.C. the little Kingdom of Judah maintained a form of independence by paying tribute to Assyria, while the Prophet Jeremiah thundered about disaster to come. But his words went unheeded and an effort to revolt was quickly crushed by the Babylonian King Nebuchadnezzar. In 589 B.C. the men of Judah revolted again. This time Nebuchadnezzar utterly destroyed Jerusalem and the Temple and carried all the citizens of importance into exile in Babylon. Although a few Jewish exiles returned to Jerusalem after 538 B.C., centuries were to pass before Jerusalem again approached the strength of David or the glory of Solomon.

For many years after these events there was a lull in the lands along the Jordan. The history of the next centuries records only a dreary succession of unimportant rulers concerned with local wars and personal intrigues, which had little influence upon the Jordan area, and virtually none upon the world as a whole. I am, therefore, passing over them as not worth the time of the average reader, and moving on to more eventful years.

Petra-
The Rose Red City

One day in late August in the year 1812, two travelers pushed their donkeys along the dry bed of the watercourse that leads west from the small hamlet of Wadi Musa. The bare sandstone hills that make up that part of the east Transjordan plateau halfway between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Akaba were hot and dusty. But the leader was not a man to be stopped by dust or heat. Instead he reminded his guide that he had sworn to sacrifice a goat on Jebel Harun, the sacred mountain overlooking the Wadi Araba where, according to tradition, Aaron, the brother of Moses, died and was buried. The travelers jogged along in silence down the valley known as the Bab as-Siq, or Gate of the Siq. For a while they passed nothing to distinguish the Wadi from hundreds of other little valleys in the mountains of Edom. Then out of the corner of his eye the elder traveler noted the remains of a tomb on the north side of the road. His face brightened behind his dusty *kaffiyeh* and he hurried toward the line of reddish cliffs which appeared to block the end of the valley. Before reaching it he saw a square block cut out of the yellow limestone, standing like a great gate post about twenty-five feet high. His guide pointed to it, saying "sahrij," which means water cistern, although this particular monument seemed to have more religious or decorative significance.

Turning sharply to the west, the stream bed on which they were moving entered a narrowed cleft in the rocks. Now the excited traveler found himself in a gorge which varied from twelve to sixty feet in width. He concluded it had probably been opened in the first place by an earthquake, after which the water from the spring at Wadi Musa

had cut it deeper until it ranged from one hundred to three hundred feet in depth. The water had smoothed the limestone walls but left them uneven so that masses of rock hung over the trail. In several places the gorge widened to admit enough sunlight for oleanders, figs and wild olive trees to grow; then it closed in again leaving the floor in semi-darkness. The mules of the travelers picked their way carefully over the pebbles and small boulders of the stream bed, but occasionally the sharp eyes of the leader noted paving stones like those of a Roman road. He also spotted the remains of a small canal cut from the rock wall of the canyon by skillful engineers.

After winding westward about a mile and a quarter the gorge narrowed. Turning a corner the traveler blinked his eyes in amazement as the cliffs opened up and he saw before him in the clear Arabian sunshine the beautiful carved façade of a temple, standing almost as well preserved as the day it was cut from the rose red sandstone. The monument was two-storied with a row of six columns, one of which had fallen down, across the ground façade. The graceful columns were slightly eaten away by water at the base but their Corinthian tops were still perfect. The second story consisted of two side pavilions, complete with columns and pediments, flanking a round central pavilion whose tent-like roof culminated in a decorated urn. Pretending tiredness, the traveler dismounted and sat down upon a rock from which he could feast his eyes on the graceful design and intricate carving of this incredible monument. His guide eyed him suspiciously. How great would have been his surprise had he realized that his companion was not a pious Arab, but the intrepid Swiss explorer John Lewis Burckhardt. He was the first European to visit Petra since the last of the Crusaders cast a fleeting glance back over his shoulder when the knights of King Baldwin deserted Petra about 1188. After being lost to the West for more than six hundred years, Petra had been discovered again.

Remounting his mule, Burckhardt continued along the section of the valley now known as the Outer Siq. He found that the gorge widened and that there were openings and occasionally façades cut out of the rock walls. He could look behind them into rock-hewn chambers which must have been tombs. Many of these façades consisted of pillars with plain capitals and decorations across the top which looked like the footprints of crows. Before long the stream bed turned to the northeast, and Burckhardt passed an amphitheatre carved from the rock

on the left side of the road. He noticed that it had probably been cut over the openings of a series of earlier tombs which could be seen in places where the seats had fallen in. Some thirty-three rows of stone benches, each capable of holding a little over a hundred persons, indicated a seating capacity of around 3,500. A rule of thumb is that a Roman town had ten times the population of its amphitheatre, thus suggesting that in those days the inhabitants of Petra probably numbered between thirty and forty thousand.

Beyond the amphitheatre the weather-worn rocks of the outer area opened, forming an irregularly shaped valley or basin, its center partly covered with piles of stones. Burckhardt noted that a series of elaborate monuments had been carved out of the stone cliffs that formed the eastern wall of this valley, but he did not have the time to visit them. Instead he rode west to inspect what was clearly the ruins of a Roman temple, though called the Qasr Faroun, the Castle of Pharaoh, by his guide. There the Arab accused him of being a treasure hunter rather than a devout pilgrim. He thereupon hurried south along a side valley known as Wadi Thughra until he reached a terrace from which he had a good view of Jebel Horan. By now the sun was setting so Burckhardt dismounted, killed his goat, and uttered the proper prayers. Then he hastened back across the central valley of Petra and through the rapidly darkening canyons of the Outer and Inner Siqs. The next day the venturesome Swiss rode on to Maan whence he proceeded to Akaba and eventually to Cairo. In the second volume of his book, *Travels in Syria and the Holy Land*, he wrote, "Whether or not I have discovered the remains of the capital of Arabia Petraea, I leave to the decision of Greek scholars." Scholars, Greek and otherwise, agreed that Burckhardt had indeed discovered the long lost capital of the Nabataeans, and that summer day in 1812 ranks as one of the most exciting in the archaeological history of the Near East.

Burckhardt succeeded in reaching Petra where Seetzen, an even earlier Western traveler in Transjordan, had failed. As the years went by he was followed through the Siq, or the western canyon leading to Petra, by a growing number of explorers and travelers. Some of these merely viewed the wonderful edifices of Petra and moved on; others wrote in detail of the long lost city. Among the earliest of these were C. L. Irby and James Mangles, two commanders in the British Royal Navy, who traveled extensively in the Near East. In May of 1818 they reached Petra from the west and north and were able to spend two

days exploring its monuments and ruins. Before they left the area they climbed Mount Horan and, from its summit, became the first modern Westerners to see the magnificent Petraean monument known as Ad-Deir. Like so many nineteenth-century travelers in the Near East, they suffered from the food, water and exertion, and after a seventy-six days' voyage across the Mediterranean they returned to Europe to regain their health.

Another ten years went by and then, in 1829, an Englishman named David Roberts visited Petra while on a trip through the Near East. He was the first artist to work extensively in Petra, and fourteen of his excellent drawings of the more classical monuments appeared in 1849 in three folio volumes. Unfortunately his ability as a writer does not match his work as an artist, although a Mr. Kinnder who was with him wrote an entertaining little book about the trip called *Cairo, Petra, and Damascus in 1829.*

Doctor Robinson, who visited Petra in 1838, seems to have been the first to note that much of the floor of the valley inside the Petra basin covered the ruins of houses. He was followed by a British member of Parliament, Viscount Castlereagh, who spent four days in Petra in 1842. During this time he reached the High Place of Sacrifice although he apparently did not recognize it as such.

The first Western woman believed to have visited Petra was Miss Harriet Martineau who was there for three days in 1847. She described not only the better known monuments of Petra proper but called attention to the fact that there were many Nabataean monuments and tombs to be found in the valleys north of Wadi Musa.

The great English Arabist Charles M. Doughty left the Damascus pilgrimage with which he was traveling to Mecca and made a two-day survey of Petra in 1876. His chief interest was in looking for ancient inscriptions on the rocks and monuments. Doughty must be listed among the small number of travelers who visited the rock city and did not like it. Of Petra he wrote, in the preface to the second edition of his immortal work *Arabia Deserta*, "Strange and horrible as a pit in the inhuman deadness of nature is this site of the Nabataeans' metropolis. The eye recoils from that mountainous close of iron cliffs, in which the ghastly waste monuments of a sumptuous barbaric art are, from the first glance, an eyesore."

Archaeological research as we know it began in Petra only about sixty years ago. In 1896 Professor Aloys Musil, the discoverer of that

gem of the desert, Qasr Amrah, spent considerable time in Petra. He was particularly interested in temples, holy places and the so-called High Places of Sacrifice. He was followed the next year by Professors Brunhow and Domaszewski who put in ten days of research there in March of 1897, rounded out by two weeks of work the following year. In their massive volume they catalogue, locate, describe and classify some eight hundred of the monuments of Petra. The work is tremendously valuable as a reference source for scholars, but their elaborate system of nomenclature has in general not been followed by later writers. Another scholar who visited Petra several times between 1896 and 1907 was the German Professor Gustaf Dalman who also concentrated on places of worship. In his extremely detailed work, he considers the types of worship carried out in the various high places and proposes certain theories about the religions and cults followed there in ancient times.

From the point of view of the serious visitor who is nevertheless not a profound scholar, the archaeologist who has given us the best all-around account of the Nabataean capital is Sir Alexander Kennedy, who worked at Petra in 1923 and 1924. He summed up his findings in a readable and well illustrated volume, *Petra—Its History and Monuments*. The book is now difficult to find, but the many excellent photographs that it contains make it almost a substitute for a trip to Petra itself. For less serious visitors *Petra—The Rock City of Edom* by M. A. Murray is recommended.

Thanks to the Hejaz Railway, the motor car, and more recently the airstrip at Maan, a steadily growing number of persons visit Petra each year. Rewarding as it is, the trip is not for those of faint heart or for lovers of personal comfort. A rough count indicates that since Burckhardt rediscovered the site less than six thousand persons have been there, making it one of the least visited of the great sights of the Middle East.

The hidden valley of Petra would have attracted men no matter where it had been. By chance, however, this easily defended basin was strategically located on the northern portion of the Incense Trail which, since around 3000 B.C., had been one of the main routes of travel and trade between India, southern Arabia, and the West. In fact, like Solomon's seaport of Ezion-Geber, which is not far to the south of Petra, it is located at a point where the traffic on the Incense Trail broke into three separate streams, one heading west to Egypt, one

northwest to Palestine and the Mediterranean, and one north and east to Damascus and the cities along the upper Tigris and Euphrates. Such a natural fortress in such a strategic spot was certain to become important, and for the years from about 100 B.C. to 200 A.D. the international "Main Street" ran through the narrow Siq of Petra. In these years the masters of Petra became the richest robber barons and traders of their age.

Although Egyptian records mention the people of Edom as early as about 1225 B.C., the first reference to Petra is in *Numbers* 24:21, in which Balaam the Prophet is quoted as saying to the Moabites, "And he looked on the Kenites, and took up his parable, and said, 'Strong is thy dwelling place, and thou puttest thy nest in a rock.' " This rock which is mentioned so frequently in early references to Edom may have been the valley of Petra as a whole. It is more probably the stone mass of Umm al-Biyarah, the summit that guards the southwestern side of Petra on which the early inhabitants had a fortress.

The next important residents of Petra were the Edomites, the children of Esau, the son of Isaac. From that time until about six hundred years before Christ, Petra was in their hands. Moses, who incidentally had a Kenite wife, was rebuffed by the King of the Edomites when, about 1275 B.C., he asked permission to pass through Edom on the King's Highway, which we now call the Mountain Road. He and the children of Israel camped, however, west of Petra in the Wadi Araba. It was from there that Moses and his brother Aaron climbed Mount Horan just before Aaron's death and burial on the summit of that mountain. Whether or not Moses was actually in the valley of Petra we do not know, but a doubtful local tradition has him bringing water out of the rock just east of there in a valley known as Wadi Musa.

Some generations later the Israelites killed five Midianite kings, which in modern parlance means five Arab shaikhs, one of whom is believed to have come from Petra. As the years passed the Israelites had many other wars and battles with the people of Edom. But it was not until the time of David that the Edomites were finally defeated by David's famous field commander Joab, the conqueror of Ammon, who spent six months in southern Transjordan. After that campaign David was able to write, "Gilead is mine . . . Moab is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe. . . ."

When, about 587 B.C., the Israelites were taken in captivity to

Babylon, the Edomites moved west into southern Palestine. Their place in Petra was then taken by another semitic Bedouin tribe from the Arabian desert. These were the Nabataei, a primitive collection of nomads whose only previous mention in history was their inclusion some sixty years earlier by an Assyrian king in the list of his enemies. However, the name Naba-taei suggests that they may have been descended from Nabajoth, the eldest son of Ishmael. He was the son of Abraham and Hagar, cast out by his father from his grazing lands in southern Palestine.

Although the Nabataeans of that early period were primitive Bedouin they had, as successors to the Edomites in southern Transjordan, taken over part of the lucrative trade in frankincense, spices and myrrh that moved along the Incense Trail. At that time the main trading center at the north end of that trail was the rock-hewn city of Madain Salih. The ruins of this town, which lie in northwestern Saudi Arabia and which have been visited by Westerners infrequently, suggest a less elaborate Petra. Diodorus writes that the Nabataean traders went to Medain Salih for an annual fair while leaving their families in the safety of Petra.

Later, the Nabataeans made Petra their main center, gave up their Bedouin ways, and devoted themselves to trade. Of them the Greek geographer Strabo who traveled extensively in the Near East about 25 B.C. wrote, "The Nabataeans are temperate and industrious, so that a public penalty is imposed on the man who lessens his property, but to him that increases it (are given) honors. Having few slaves they are served for the most part by their relations, or by each other, or they serve themselves, so that the custom extends even to their kings."

The strict ways of the early Bedouin were later forgotten by the wealthy Nabataean merchants, for Strabo noted, "They form messes of thirteen men each, and two singing-girls to each mess. The king in his great house holds many messes. No one drinks more than eleven cups in one and then another golden beaker." One wonders how big were the cups.

Like other great trading nations such as the Venetians, the Dutch or the British, the Nabataeans were very law abiding in business and legal matters. This honorable conduct was apparently confined only to internal relations, for they are known to have practiced piracy against the shipping on the Gulf of Akaba and other parts of the northern Red Sea. In fact, their interference with the sea trade from east Africa be-

came so bad that more than once the Ptolemies had to send out their navy to stop it.

The Nabataeans also frequently attacked caravans going to Syria and Egypt. Petra's two powerful neighbors could not then retaliate properly because they were at war with one another. Thus the Nabataeans grew richer as their control over the traffic on the Incense Trail increased. This does not mean, however, that they stopped such trade completely, for this would have killed the goose that laid the golden egg. They merely kept some of the goods for themselves and eventually resold the rest to the Egyptians and Syrians at a high rate of profit.

About 97 B.C. the Jewish King, Alexander Jannaeus, clashed with the Nabataeans who in those days controlled most of Transjordan. In a series of wars this ruler gained control of Moab east of the Dead Sea and even some sections of Gilead in the Ajlun area. He fought a battle with the King of Petra in the rough terrain near the northern town of Gadara, the modern Umm Keis. There Jannaeus "fell into an ambush in the places that were rugged and difficult to be travelled over, he was thrown down into a deep valley by the multitude of the camels at Gadara, a village of Gilead, and hardly escaped with his life." As a result of this victory the King of Petra recovered his lost lands in Transjordan, and Jannaeus did not threaten the Nabataeans again. In fact, the next generation saw the Nabataeans involved in Israelite politics, with the King of Petra fighting at Jerusalem in support of the High Priest Hyrcanus against King Aristobulus until stopped by the Romans.

At this critical juncture a great "Western" power for the first time came upon the scene. The powerful Roman commander Pompey sent one of his generals to Judaea, where both High Priest and King offered him bribes. Although the bribes were of equal value the Roman decided in favor of King Aristobulus, "for he was rich, and had a great soul, and desired to obtain nothing but what was moderate." The Roman took the money offered him by Aristobulus and ordered the men of Petra back to their Rock.

Once his control of Palestine was complete Pompey sent his troops against Petra. The surrounding towns were captured and burned but Petra itself held out. The Nabataeans had carried out a scorched earth policy and the Romans ran out of food. The King of Petra then offered to pay three hundred talents of gold, a bribe worth about a million dollars now, and the Romans agreed to withdraw.

Some twenty years later, in 40 B.C., Herod the Great fled to Petra to escape the Parthians with whom he had been fighting. He had previously helped the King of Petra and he now asked for support in return. But the Nabataeans were allied with the Parthians and told Herod they could not help him. Herod made sure that the Romans learned of this, and as soon as Anthony had defeated the Parthians and therefore dominated Transjordan he forced the King of Petra to pay tribute to Rome.

When Anthony came under the spell of Cleopatra, he gave the Egyptian Queen parts of Arabia including the Nabataean kingdom, which then had to deliver tribute to the siren of the Nile. As Petra fell behind in its payments Anthony ordered Herod to move against the King of Arabia, and Cleopatra sent some of her own troops along to help in the battle against the Nabataeans. But she gave her general secret orders: if the Arabians won he was to do nothing, but if the Jews won he was to attack them. Herod's army was successful; whereupon the Egyptians fell upon the tired Jewish troops and killed most of them, Herod himself being lucky to escape.

The next year, 31 B.C. by our calendar, Herod the Great sent ambassadors to Petra to make peace. But when the Nabataeans heard that there had been a bad earthquake in Judaea and that some of Herod's cities had been damaged, they decided this was a good chance to get even with him while he was still weak. They killed the ambassadors, mobilized their troops and set out for Jerusalem. Herod's cities may have been weakened by the earthquake but his army had not. It defeated the men of Petra and took over control of much of Transjordan.

Four years later the Romans decided that they were paying too much for the frankincense and myrrh brought to them along the Incense Trail. The Emperor Augustus thereupon, in 24 B.C., sent out an expedition under Aelius Gallus with instructions to go down the Incense Trail and conquer the parts of southern Arabia from which the incense came. Had this expedition been successful Petra would have been bypassed and put out of the trade. At that time the King of Petra was a weakling, and the real power was in the hands of a Grand Vizier named Syllaeus, one of the trickiest characters ever to live in Petra. He could not stop the Romans by force, so he supplied them with an escort of a thousand soldiers and some treacherous guides. Obviously the men of Petra knew the route of the Incense Trail. But, acting on instructions from Syllaeus, the guides led the Romans through a water-

less part of the Arabian desert, where many of the Legionnaires died. Although the expedition finally reached northeastern Yemen, it was too weak to push on to the incense country, and the survivors had to be brought back by boat up the Red Sea. Petra's monopoly of east-west land trade was safe for another two hundred years.

It is not surprising that such a man as Syllaeus should have fallen in love with Salome, the sister of Herod the Great, who was the perfect partner for his rascality. He asked Herod if he could marry her, legend says, at Herod's Transjordan fortress castle of Machaerus, where another Salome later danced and received the head of John the Baptist as her reward. Herod argeed to the marriage if Syllaeus would adopt the Jewish religion, but the Nabataean refused and worked against Herod ever afterward. When Herod next sailed off to Rome Syllaeus organized bands of guerillas. Using Petra as a base, they made frequent attacks on the parts of Transjordan held by the Jews. When Herod came back from the Eternal City with his political position strengthened, he ordered the King of Petra to surrender these robbers along with the large sums of money which had been lent the Nabataeans. Syllaeus agreed but did nothing. Instead, he went to Rome himself where he became a friend of the Emperor Augustus. Meanwhile the exasperated Herod sent his troops into southern Transjordan, defeated part of the army from Petra and established garrisons in several key points of the Nabataean kingdom. When news of this reached Rome the smooth-tongued Syllaeus was able to talk Augustus into reprimanding Herod, and the Jewish troops were made to withdraw from southern Trans-Jordan.

In the Near East kings have to learn fast if they are to survive. Obodus II, the ruler of Petra, died in 9 B.C. and his son Aretas IV was in line to become king, but he was blocked by the scheming Syllaeus who tried to take the crown for himself. In a competition for Roman support Syllaeus reminded the Emperor of their previous friendship; but the Crown Prince sent him a crown of solid gold along with a letter accusing the Grand Vizier of having poisoned the late king. It was Herod the Great, no mean intriguer himself, who tipped the scales in favor of Aretas, and at long last the double-dealing Syllaeus received his just rewards and was executed.

Petra prospered under Aretas IV, growing ever richer on the caravan traffic that came up the Incense Trail and then fanned out into Egypt, the Levant and Syria. By this time the Nabataean kingdom ex-

tended from Madain Salih, in what is now Saudi Arabia, up to and including the city of Damascus. When Saul was converted to Christianity the authorities tried to arrest him, but as he writes in II *Corinthians*, 11:32-33, "In Damascus the governor under Aretas the king kept the city of the Damascenes with a garrison, desirous to apprehend me: And through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall, and escaped his hands." This was none other than Aretas IV of Petra.

Apart from a successful war against his son-in-law Herod Antipas, the rest of the reign of King Arets IV was peaceful and prosperous. He died in 40 A.D. and was known as the "lover of his people." The next important king of Petra was Malchus III. During his reign troubles broke out among the Jews, threatening Roman control of Palestine, and the Roman General Titus was ordered to restore order in the Near East. He called for help from various kings in the area, and Malchus contributed a thousand horsemen and five thousand foot soldiers, most of whom were archers. In all the Romans were able to collect sixty thousand troops, and Jerusalem fell after a long and bloody siege.

The last king of independent Petra appears to have been considerably under the influence of his harem. Coins of his reign, which lasted down to 106 A.D., at first carried his mother's name as well as his own and later that of his wife. When he died, the independent Kingdom of Petra became the Roman Province of Arabia Petraea. As time passed, more and more trade from India and the Far East moved all the way by sea across the Indian Ocean, where, about 50 A.D., the Romans had discovered the secret of the monsoon winds. In addition, many cargoes began to move up the Persian Gulf, go northwest along the Euphrates River, and then over the short trail from that river to the Mediterranean. The halfway house of this land route and the best waterhole between the Tigris and the Mediterranean was the oasis of Tadmor, which we know as Palmyra. The Romans came to the conclusion that the Euphrates route was both better and cheaper than the westward Arabian Incense Trail. So Palmyra's trade increased and Petra found herself bypassed. As the years wore on fewer caravans moved through the narrow canyon of the Siq into the security of the valley of Petra. With its source of revenue gone, the population of Petra shrank, while earthquakes and Bedouin raids began to level its houses and leave ajar the doors of its rock-cut monuments and tombs. Petra staged a small comeback when a Christian bishopric flourished there from about 400 to 700 A.D., but the days of its glories were past.

With the Arab conquest of Transjordan and Syria, only local traffic moved along the Incense Trail and the caravan city below "The Rock" became a ghost town. Only once did the light of medieval history illuminate its rose red walls. When Baldwin I became King of Jerusalem and Transjordan he visited Petra about 1100 A.D. He or his men built one and possibly two small castles in the Petraean hills. Then the Crusaders were driven from Transjordan and the last mailed knight rode out of Petra in haste about 1188. For six hundred years the rock-carved city slept in legend until Burckhardt rode through the Siq that hot day in August of 1812.

The trade up the Incense Trail was the life blood of Petra, but religion and burial played a large part in the lives of its people. In spite of the number of High Places, ruined temples, and other places of worship in and around Petra, we know little that is definite about the religion of the Nabataeans, which was in part a form of sun worship. There is reason to think that some of it was borrowed from their predecessors, the Edomites, such as their belief that gods dwelt in stones. Some of these objects of worship were unhewn pieces of rock of unusual shape or color, such as meteorites. These were put in prominent places, kissed, stroked ceremoniously and sacrificed to. As time went by religious stones were shaped, although they never were made to represent human forms. Sometimes the holy stones were square or oblong blocks, but more often they were round, or tapering monuments like obelisks. In many cases the stones were both god and altar and looked like petrified tree stumps with flat tops.

Although they had other gods, the chief Nabataean deity was Dhul Shara. Shara is the name of the range of mountains where Petra is situated, so that Dhul Shara really meant the Lord of the Shara. The other important deity of Petra was al-Uzza, "the Mighty One," who was also one of three principal goddesses of pre-Islamic Hejaz. In fact Mohammed smashed several statues of al-Uzza when he cleansed the Kaaba in Mecca. She was the mother of Dhul Shara: an example of the "Virgin Mother Goddess" complex to be found in many religions of the Near East. Al-Uzza was at first the more important of the two, but Dhul Shara gradually gained the power until he outshone his mother. He was the god of fertility and had special jurisdiction over wine and vineyards, so that much of the pottery found in the High Places in Petra is decorated with grapes and vine leaves.

When the Greeks penetrated to Petra they noted the similarity between the powers of Dhul Shara, or Dusares as they called him, and

their own Dionysios. He also was a god of fertility and a protector of vineyards, whose worship involved bacchanalism and orgiastic rites. Some students see the stone obelisks and tapered pillars of Petra as phallic symbols associated with this aspect of Dhul Shara; and they note that the hill on which the chief High Place stands is called Zibb Atuf, or the Phallus of Atuf.

The sacrifice of animals or human beings was an important part of Nabataean worship, and all the High Places of Petra had drains cut into the rock to carry off sacrificial blood. But whereas many Near Eastern religions emphasized the use of fire and burnt offerings, none of the High Places or holy symbols in Petra show signs of having been scorched by heat.

Dhul Shara was known as the "God of Kings," and eventually some of the kings of Petra were deified. Dhul Shara's mother al-Uzza was considered to have a connection with the morning star, and sacrifices to her were made before sunrise when that planet was still visible. As late as the fifth century the son of a holy man was captured by the inhabitants of this part of Arabia and everything was prepared for his sacrifice to al-Uzza. Luckily for the boy the Arabs overslept, the sun came up, and the time for sacrifice passed. The prisoner escaped before the morning star rose the next day. The fact that the Nabataeans sacrificed boys and girls as well as animals to al-Uzza is attested in various manuscripts and confirmed by a Nabataean inscription which tells of a young man being "consecrated for sacrifice."

Although many of the families of Petra had their own High Places on the roofs of their houses, these have all fallen down. It is probable that people worshipped in their houses on ordinary days and only went to the temples or High Places on feast days and holidays. There they found priests who acted as guardians of the shrines, leaders of services and interpreters of oracles. The priests also led in the dances which accompanied many religious ceremonies. These dances in which all the worshippers may have joined were marked by high leaps and bounds; on some occasions persons taking part in them tossed aside their clothes in order to contribute more completely to the ceremony.

From the number of rock-hewn tombs around Petra it seems clear that the Nabataeans gave particular care to important persons who died. Many of the monuments which can be visited in Petra are the tombs of wealthy families, while poorer persons were probably buried in a cemetery outside the valley. Since the Nabataeans were the masters

of the Incense Trail, it is reasonable to suppose that their occasions of sacrifice and worship were marked by the burning of much incense. Because of its pagan nature the worship of Dhul Shara, al-Uzza and the lesser gods and goddesses of Petra was highly offensive to the Orthodox Jews and was one of the many reasons for friction between them and the Nabataeans.

The trip to Petra no longer requires a prolonged excursion. The traveler in the Near East can now start at noon on Friday, sleep in Petra for three nights, and be back in the outside world again by Monday noon. The best way to get the feeling of remoteness surrounding Petra is to go from Amman on what is left of the Hejaz Railway to the south Jordanian city of Maan, motor for an hour and a half to the police post at Wadi Musa, and pick up horses there for the hour ride through the canyon of the Siq into the valley of Petra. This last stage of the trip is possible only on foot or horseback, and it is to be hoped that no future Jordanian tourist bureau will ever build a motor road through the canyon. An elaborate hotel inside the valley of Petra would also spoil its indescribable atmosphere, but the simple structure built there in 1958 is not out of keeping.

Because of the irregular shape of the valley of Petra and the way the chief monuments are scattered in and around it, it is best to divide one's stay into three separate excursions. This will not allow a visit to all the eight hundred ruins, but is suggested as a reasonable allocation of time to the points of greatest interest.

Having rested overnight after the eight-hour trip from Amman and dressed properly in rubber-soled shoes, light clothing, hat and sun glasses, one leaves the camp early in the morning of the first day for a trip to the southern monuments and the High Place. Turning from the stream bed of Wadi Musa, which was once enclosed with artificial embankments, and passing the ruins of one of the city's gates, one comes almost at once upon the massive remains of a square building, the only temple still standing on the valley floor. It is called by the Arabs Kasr al-Bint Faroun, the Castle of the Daughter of Pharaoh. Actually it dates from Roman times and was dedicated to the Goddess Venus who may have been associated with al-Uzza.

There is a legend about a princess who lived in the Kasr at a time

when Petra was greatly in need of water. She married a man who "by the power of God, men and camels" brought a stream of water to that part of Petra. Like most such legends it probably contains a grain of truth and may refer to the rewards, including marriage to one of the kings' daughters, bestowed upon the engineer who solved Petra's great need of water by building a series of cisterns and canals.

The walls of the Kasr al-Bint are windowless to a great height, and in places the ornate frieze and projecting corners that once surrounded the building can still be seen. The inside is piled high with fallen stone, as is the area near the outside wall, and excavation might well produce statuary, inscriptions, flooring, and other items that would tell us more about this only example of a free-standing Petraean temple.

Southwest of the camp and of the ruins of Kasr al-Bint rises the rocky hilltop known as al-Habis, the Prison. Many caves are cut into its lower slopes, including those used as extra bedrooms for the guests of the camp. Of more interest to modern visitors and architects is the unfinished tomb which shows how the stonemasons of ancient Petra cut its beautiful monuments by starting at the top. In this case the workmen had cut out and finished the entableture. They also finished work on the capitals and tops of four columns and had cut their way back along the roof of the future tomb. The rest is still unhewn rock.

Just beyond the unfinished tomb is one of the most unusual monuments in Petra. It is an oblong cave cut in the soft rock of the hill of al-Habis to a depth of some twelve feet. The back and two sides are covered with little square recesses, giving it the appearance of a sloppily made waffle. Nothing like it has been discovered elsewhere in Petra and its purpose is unknown. Among the theories suggested is that it housed the carrier pigeons with which the people of Petra communicated with distant parts of the city, watchtowers on inaccessible hilltops, or with bands of soldiers or travelers outside of the city proper. Another possible explanation is that the square hollows, which were undoubtedly deeper in ancient times, once held burial urns in which were placed the ashes of citizens of some prominence who were not rich enough to build themselves elaborate tombs. From this it gets its name Columbarium, which means a vault with niches for cinerary urns. It has also been suggested that this was some kind of a library for documents, probably of a business nature, written on bricks or small tiles. This too is questionable, and until more research has been completed the Columbarium supplies an interesting subject of speculation around the campfire after a day of sightseeing in Petra.

If one is feeling energetic a side trip can be made to the top of the hill of al-Habis, where can be seen an altar and the ruins of a small castle which probably date from the time of the Crusaders. If the defenders had time to store up sufficient food and water the fort must have been virtually impregnable.

The less energetic traveler, aware that he has a strenuous day ahead, will continue south to the Wadi Farasa which offers the easiest route to the top of the hill of Zibb Atuf. The trail leads past various monuments, among which are the pillar called Zibb Faroun (Pharaoh's Phallus) and one of the best-proportioned façades in Petra known as the Tomb of the Roman Soldier. There are two square and two rounded columns on the front of this monument, and in niches between them stand three statues of Roman soldiers or officers. They are the best-preserved statues in Petra, and, like the Tomb of Florentinus on the eastern wall of the valley, they stand in mute tribute to the far-flung glory of Roman arms. Nearby across the trail is the Tomb of the Fluted Columns which contains some of the most beautiful coloring to be found in Petra. Climbing still higher the traveler passes two large columns, or obelisks. They are generally thought to have been monuments to, and possibly symbols of, the god Dhul Shara and his mother al-Uzza. These obelisks have either weathered badly or were never finished, or perhaps they were crudely made in order to avoid the danger of creating and worshipping a graven image.

The goal of this part of the trip is the Place of Sacrifice or Great High Place on top of the hill, known as Zibb Atuf. It is an open air sanctuary, a smooth rock floor some forty-seven by twenty-one feet square. A small rock platform rises about five inches above the main floor of the Place of Sacrifice, possibly a table on which bloodless offerings such as flowers or grain were placed. It stands in front of the main altar which is located on the southwest side of the leveled stone floor in a recess cut from the solid rock. Three low steps lead to this stone block which is surrounded by a passageway cut out so as to permit the priests to move about in the performance of their duties. There is a square hole in the center of the altar which may have held the symbol of the god who was worshipped there. Three of the altar's corners are cut away, but the southwest corner was never trimmed, suggesting the structure was unfinished.

Just to the south of the main altar and approached by a small flight of steps is a rock platform in which was cut a round basin about a yard across. This may have held water for ablutions. Near the southern end

of the rock floor of the courtyard a tank was cut into the rock some ten feet across and four feet deep. It probably served as the main storage place for the substantial amounts of water needed to wash away the blood of the victims, whether animal or human, who were sacrificed at the High Place.

The best available evidence suggests that this, the highest and probably holiest of the sacred places of Petra, dates from the Nabataean period during the first two centuries before Christ and may well have been sacred to Dhul Shara or his mother al-Uzza. Except for the student of comparative religion this Place of Sacrifice, like the other though smaller High Places in and about Petra, is not particularly impressive in itself. But the ridge on which it stands rises some six hundred feet above the floor of the valley and commands a magnificent view of Petra's ruins and rocky hills. Rather than feel disappointed at the relatively unexciting nature of the altar, the visitor should picture for himself the scene presented by this High Place at dawn during a Nabataean festival, with brightly robed priests presiding at the altar, a procession of worshippers toiling up the main path from the valley, and the first rays of the Arabian sun touching with fire the unspoiled carvings of the tombs and monuments which gave Petra its glory.

Once the inspection of the High Place has been completed visitors usually go down from Zibb Atuf along the steep rock-hewn stairs which in ancient time constituted the main way up to the Place of Sacrifice. They then come out on the floor of the valley not far from the Roman amphitheatre. From there the tired visitor would do well to wander back to the camp for lunch, pausing on the way to observe the recently excavated paving of the Roman street with adjoining shops which once followed the general course of the stream bed of the Wadi Musa. It shows how "modern" Petra was in Roman times.

There is a widespread belief that the only entrance to the valley of Petra is through the Siq, or canyon coming from Wadi Musa. This is not the case, and many early travelers reached the rose red ruins from the west or north. Nowadays, however, almost everyone comes in through the Siq. This route is definitely recommended, for it is the easiest way into the valley, is the most scenic, and provides the traveler on his arrival with the greatest thrill of all, the view of the Khazneh, or Treasury. Of all the monuments in Petra this is the most beautiful and the most breath-taking. It is quite certain that it was never a treasury. It probably sheltered the body of King Aretas IV who reigned from

8 B.C. to 39 A.D., when Petra was at the peak of its wealth and when the Nabataean art of carving graceful façades from the many-colored sandstone cliffs around the city was at its height. Here, due to the amount of iron and manganese oxide in this part of Petra, the colors of the rock are the most brilliant to be found anywhere in the city.

Not far from the Treasury and across the stream bed from the amphitheatre rise the massive stone cliffs which make up the east wall of the central valley. This part of Petra is particularly rich in monuments, four of which are worth careful examination. Walking north with this hill at his right the traveler comes first to the Obelisk Tomb. This is an elaborate three-story structure surmounted by four obelisks. Below them the outlines of pillars, pediments and carving can still be discerned. However, the marvelously colored rock from which this tomb was cut is particularly soft, and some 1,900 years of rain, wind and sand erosion have worn away the sharp edges and smoothed the outlines of the façade until the whole has taken on a blurred and dreamlike effect, as if the tomb were being viewed through the waters of an enchanted sea.

A little to the north along the eastern cliffs rises the façade of the Urn Tomb whose former detail of classical beauty can still be discerned, though much chipped and rounded by the passing years. In this tomb is the longest Greek inscription in Petra. Painted in red on the back of the cave, it records that in 447 A.D. this monument was used as a Christian church by "the most holy" Bishop Jason.

A short distance further to the north rises what is left of the once magnificent Corinthian Tomb. Although there is a big hole around the center doorway and much of the detail has been damaged, this monument, like the Khazneh, shows the work of the Nabataean artisans at their classical best. Eight round pilasters, or attached columns, run across the front of the ground story. The porticoes of the second story are badly weathered, but the third floor design suggests that of the Treasury.

Just north of it rises the massive three-story façade of the Palace Tomb, or King's Palace. This is one of the few monuments in Petra whose upper story was originally made of masonry. The design suggests the façade of a Roman emperor's palace, with four large doorways enclosed by high pilasters supporting a heavy frieze. A complete row of eighteen attached columns runs across the second story. Still higher one can see the columns and carvings that covered the façade

of an attic, topped by still another row of columns, now almost all destroyed. Students have questioned if this were ever used as a tomb; it would seem more likely to have been a palace.

Three hundred yards to the north and across the entrance of a small wadi, one comes to the last of the important classical monuments on the eastern face of the valley. According to a Latin inscription which can still be read, this was the Tomb of Sectius Florentinus, a Roman officer who may have commanded the Petra garrison about a hundred years after the time of Christ. The monument is much smaller than the Palace or the Corinthian Tomb. In spite of much erosion it reveals an attractively balanced and unified design with a single doorway flanked by four pilasters and dominated by a semicircular pediment. The back wall of the burial chamber contains five niches for graves and there are two more on the right-hand wall. According to the Latin inscription Florentinus was "Military Tribune of Legion One, Quaestor of the province of Achaia, Tribune of the plebs, Legate of Legion Eight Hispana, Proconsul of the province of (Gallia) Narbonensis, Legate of Augustus, Properator of the province of Arabia." Truly Sectius Florentinus was an unusually well traveled and much honored soldier and official of the Roman empire, to find his last rest in a rock-hewn tomb in distant Petra. His presence there shows the importance that the rulers of Rome gave to the Nabataean capital and its domination of the north end of the Incense Trail.

Further north along the eastern hill there is a small gorge into which has been cut by nature or by hand a series of small caves. These were the houses and workshops of the metallurgists of Petra. There are traces of iron slag in this neighborhood which is referred to as the Valley of the Iron Workers.

North and west of this "industrial area," across the Wadi Mataha, there is a jebel known as Maghar an-Nasara, the Christian quarter. The name comes from the fact that some of the caves in this hill have crosses cut in their walls. The Christians who lived in Petra during the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries seem to have centered in this part of the valley.

Having thus explored the eastern monuments from the Khazneh to the Christian caves, the traveler would do well to pick his way through the jumble of ruined houses covering so much of the valley floor and return to the shelter of the camp.

If he has been fortunate enough to time his visit to the period of the full moon, some of the most exciting hours of the whole stay in Petra will be those after supper. Then the rocky crags seem to grow in height and steepness as they rise out of the dark shadows, and the pale fingers of the desert moonlight retouch the graceful façades of the long lost valley, until they seem indeed to be "magic casements opening on a fairyland forlorn."

In the cool of the next morning the traveler should investigate the wadis and monuments to the west and north of the camp and the Kasr al-Bint. Across the bed of Wadi Musa one proceeds almost due north up the Wadi ad-Deir. The trail is often steep, but in some places has been paved and in other sections steps, now much worn, were cut out of the bedrock, indicating the importance of this route to the inhabitants of ancient Petra. After climbing a little the road passes a cave which has lions carved in the rock on either side of the entrance. It seems probable this was not a tomb but a chamber for the holding of funeral feasts, marriage banquets and other such festivals. A little further up the way the traveler can, during most seasons of the year, cool his brow with water at a spring made green by ferns and oleanders. Not far beyond this are two rooms cut in the rock wall of the canyon. These date from the Christian period and are known as the Cell of the Anchorite. It is believed that a hermit lived in the left room and that the opening on the right served as his chapel, since it contains an altar niche with a cross cut in the wall above it.

A good hiker can go from the camp to the top of Jebel ad-Deir in forty minutes, but it is wiser to allow an hour for the climb. If anyone starts to falter on the last quarter of the trip he can be cheered on by the sight of the enormous ornament on top of the Deir Temple, which can be seen from several places on the trail. This urn with its base, pedestal and cone-shaped mounting is over thirty feet high and looks like a soup tureen to the hungry hiker, or the top of a Japanese stone lantern to the more imaginative world traveler.

At last the trail comes out on an artificially made plateau. At one time this had stone seats around its edges and was a gathering place for large numbers of worshippers who faced the temple. At the northeastern end of this plateau the solid rock has been cut into a tremendous two-storied façade. This is the Deir. Eight attached columns range across the ground floor front guarding three openings, only the

center one of which affords access to the interior. The proportion of this structure is so vast that it is not until one reaches the threshold that he realizes the doorway is five times as tall as a man.

The second story is in five parts with huge square columns backed by an independent wall at each end. Between them stand two side pavilions decorated by heavy corner columns and ornate pediments. In the center rises a round pavilion topped by a decorative frieze, a heavy pediment and the great stone urn. The monument is clearly an enlarged, more massive and less graceful copy of the beautiful Khazneh, or Treasury. But while the almost Grecian delicacy of the Khazneh is believed to date from the first century after Christ when Petra was at the peak of its prosperity and artistic endeavor, the Deir was probably built several generations later, perhaps at the time of Roman Emperor Hadrian. It was a temple, perhaps for the worship of Dhul Shara or al-Uzza, or possibly some Roman deity such as Jupiter or Mars; the very massiveness of the building seems to rule out Venus. Some authorities have suggested that as the people of Petra became more civilized they advanced beyond worship at a simple open-air High Place, such as the Place of Sacrifice on top of the Zibb Atuf ridge, and instead held their services on the plateau of the Jebel ad-Deir with the actual ceremony taking place behind the façade of the temple.

There is only one large chamber inside the Deir, marked by an arched niche in line with the entrance, which must once have contained some symbol of a god. A cross with arms of equal length is now to be seen painted on an inside wall and is probably the reason why this great stone building is called ad-Deir, which means the Convent or the Monastery. There is also a poorly confirmed tradition that Christian monks lived in the Deir, some say as late as the Crusades. All furnishing and decorations are gone from the inside, as are the statues or symbols which once occupied the five rectangular niches cut at focal points in the outer façade. If there were statues they were probably destroyed by the fanatical Moslem conquerors who are known to have occupied Petra not long after the death of the Prophet Mohammed. But the Deir is so magnificent that their absence does not seem important. The Khazneh is the most beautiful of the buildings of Petra; the Emperor's Palace, the most ambitious and elaborate; but the Deir, standing in rock-hewn solitude upon its distant hill, is the most impressive of the monuments left by the Nabataeans.

A few hundred yards beyond the Deir the traveler obtains a magnificent panorama of the Wadi Araba with Mount Horan where Aaron was buried rising to the south. Then he should retrace his steps down the path of the Wadi ad-Deir to the picturesque camp for lunch.

In the afternoon a trip to the southwest can be made to Umm al-Biyara, the Mother of Cisterns. This is probably "The Rock" to which the early inhabitants of Petra are said to have retreated in time of attack. From it Amaziah, one of the Kings of Judah, flung down his captives so "that they all were broken into pieces." On top of the hill are the ruins of some buildings which probably date from the time of the Crusaders, while many tombs and monuments lie along its base.

Unless the visitor is a student of great thoroughness, he would do better to leave them to the Arabian sunlight and turn west along the canyon of Wadi as-Siyagh, the route by which the waters of Wadi Musa find their way out of the valley of Petra to the Wadi Araba. The walls of this canyon are cut with façades of many tombs or houses, and a short distance down it during the wet seasons of the year a small waterfall drops into a pool. This is as far as the hiker can go comfortably in this direction. He would do well to slip into a bathing suit and relax in the cool waters of the spring, gaining strength for the morrow's ride back through the Siq to Wadi Musa and the dusty trip north to Amman and the distant outside world.

Almost without exception the heart of the traveler saddens as he rides out past the monuments of Petra toward the world of reality. This feeling reaches its peak when he enters the narrow canyon of the Siq and casts a last glance backward at the graceful outlines of the Khazneh. Dean Burgon was indeed right when he wrote in 1893:

> It seems no work of man's creative hand,
> By labor wrought as wavering fancy planned;
> But from the rock as if by magic grown,
> Eternal, silent, beautiful, alone! . . .
> Not saintly-grey, like many a minster fain
> That crowns the hill and consecrates the Plain;
> But rosy-red as if the blush of dawn
> That first beheld them were not yet withdrawn
> The hues of youth upon a brow of woe,
> Which man deemed old two thousand years ago.
> Match me such marvel save in Eastern clime,
> A rose-red city half as old as Time.

Greek Ideas and Maccabaean Heroes

Aristotle moved slowly down the main street of the little Greek town of Pella. As he walked he talked of the nature of God and of science. He analyzed the world in which he lived and emphasized that observation and experience are as important in life as reasoning. Particularly, the great philosopher spoke of the nature of the state, of how men should be governed, of the basic similarities between men, and of their differences.

Beside him walked a young lad in his teens, handsome and athletic. Part of the time he would have listened carefully, for he had a magnificent mind for facts and action. But when Aristotle became theoretical he probably gazed across the Macedonian countryside to the horizon with a look which said, "Some day not the hills of Macedon but the whole world will be my horizon." Within twenty years these thoughts had become reality, for the pupil strolling beside Aristotle under the olive trees of Pella was Alexander the Great.

Aristotle went back to the Academy in Athens where he talked to larger but less important audiences, and young Alexander went to his palace. Then in due time his able father Philip of Macedon died, leaving him in control of a small Greek state and in command of the most powerful army in the world of that day. With no one to oppose him his active mind was soon deep in politics and military strategy. In his burning ambition he saw himself master, first of all Greece, then of all Asia, then of all the world. Aristotle had told him that all living creatures could be classified, and that within each classification all life was essentially the same. He had gone on to say that the people of Asia

were by nature slaves, while the Greeks were by nature free; but at this point Alexander must have been daydreaming. Apparently all he remembered was the idea that all men were basically the same and could therefore be brought together in one world state over which he could rule. Thanks to the powerful war machine his father had built up, Alexander set out to put his idea into action.

He crossed the Hellespont in the spring of the year 344 B.C., backed by an army of about 35,000 Greeks. Marching across what is now Turkey without much difficulty, the twenty-year-old general picked his ground with care and defeated the Persians at a place called Issus at the head of the Gulf of Alexandretta. Once his men had recovered from battle Alexander sent part of the cavalry under one of his generals called Parmenio up the valley of the Orontes and east of the mountains of Lebanon. They captured the ancient town of Damascus, which from then on served as Alexander's headquarters in the Syrian province. Before marching his main army into the interior, however, Alexander moved down the coast where, one after another, the trading cities of the Levant surrendered to him. Just before reaching Palestine he found himself opposed by the powerful trading city-state of Tyre, the greatest of the Phoenician cities. Tyre was then an island, but Alexander built a causeway a half mile long out to it. Its leaders unwisely expected help from their colonists at Carthage but none came. Then the invincible hoplites swarmed over its walls, and several thousand of these leaders were hanged while some thirty thousand of the people of Tyre were taken as slaves. With them died the last spark of Phoenician nationalism, which had been an important factor in the foreign relations of Transjordan and Palestine since the days before King Solomon made his Temple-building alliance with Hiram, King of Tyre.

While Alexander was still camped before Tyre he received a peace overture from Darius offering him all the Persian Empire west of the Euphrates River, plus a vast sum of money and one of his own daughters. According to the historian Plutarch, General Parmenio, just back from capturing Damascus, said that, "If I were Alexander, I would accept the offer." To which Alexander replied, "So would I, if I were Parmenio."

From Tyre Alexander led his army down the coast of Palestine to Gaza, the ancient Philistine seaport and trading center. Gaza had for long been the Mediterranean end of the great trade route coming up

across the Sinai from Transjordan, Akaba and the Arabian Peninsula. Its inhabitants refused to surrender to the Greek invader, partly because their warehouses were crammed with incense and spices, some of which came via Petra from as far away as India. No causeway had to be built this time, and the town was conquered in about sixty days.

There is a tradition that from Gaza Alexander went up to Jerusalem, and colorful stories are told of his visiting the site of the Temple. Unfortunately the best evidence suggests that, although some of Alexander's officers may have visited the Holy City, it is unlikely that the young Macedonian did so himself. Instead he took Egypt in a lightning campaign.

The early months of 331 B.C. saw the invincible Greek back again in Palestine. During his absence the Samaritans had killed his deputy. Taking a few picked troops Alexander rode into the Nablus area and punished the culprits. Then with Egypt and the Levant coast safely in his hands he felt free at last to march eastward. One after another Babylon, Susa, and Persepolis fell before his cohorts; Darius was assassinated and Alexander took over the Persian Empire.

For the first few years of his conquest Alexander was indeed "Greece come to Asia." In the string of cities which he founded and in a host of other towns which he conquered Greeks came and settled. Through them the Greek way of life flourished, and the seeds of Greek ideas, the thought patterns of Socrates and Plato and Aristotle grew and flourished for several centuries. Greek market places, temples, schools and villas rose in the towns behind Alexander, bringing Greek architecture, complete with columns and statuary, to towns which took on Greek names. Plutarch tells us that "As soon as Alexander subdued Asia, Homer became an author in high repute, and young men . . . sang the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripedes." Greek sports and Greek clothing were not far behind.

But Alexander, the plow that prepared the land for this Western planting, was bent and broken by the inscrutable East. Before long he had laid aside the simple dress of Greece for the gorgeous robes of a Persian ruler. His household grew into an oriental harem. Plutarch tells us that rather than hunt on horseback he had a platform made which was mounted on wheels and drawn by a multitude of horses. There, under a purple canopy and crowned with garlands of flowers, the "glorious Greek" outdrank his companions to the sounds of oriental music, surrounded by the soft-skinned women of the East. It was a

preview of the Arabian nights and it was too heady a wine even for Alexander.

The Asians were not surprised when Alexander announced that he was a god, but his tough Greek soldiers and his citizen subjects back in Greece were far from impressed. When he ordered all who approached him to prostrate themselves, his closest advisors felt he had gone too far.

When he was sober, however, Alexander's mind turned again to his personal interpretation of Aristotle's theories; namely, that if they were properly trained there was no real difference between human beings. In order to push his scheme of unifying the East and the West he announced a mass intermarriage between his Greeks and the people of Asia. At the then splendid Persian town of Susa he staged what was probably the most magnificent international marriage feast on record. Against a background of temple sacrifices and lavish food he married the daughter of the dead Persian king, while his officers and picked soldiers were encouraged or bribed to marry Persian women. History tells us that all nine thousand of the guests of the feast received a golden goblet, and every Greek who was present, a Persian wife. Up to this time any Greek who had married a foreigner had lost his citizenship. From now on all were citizens of the "one world state" over which Alexander reigned. Was Alexander putting into practice ideas which, even twenty-two hundred years later, sounded stirring on the lips of Wendell Willkie? Or, as some of his enemies have said, was it an excuse to justify the growing number of his concubines?

Sad to say, Alexander's personal collapse followed fast. Night after night passed in drunken orgies, and he even killed his foster brother for insinuating that he was drunk. The quick just punishments of Greece gave way to slow Eastern tortures. His first-line Greek troops were sent home and replaced by Persian levies. His magnificent Greek body could no longer stand up under a life of constant dissipation. Laid low by a series of diseases, he died at the age of thirty-two.

At the time of his death he was still a youth, but a youth who had done mighty deeds. Not only had his hoplites marched unconquered to the Indus and the Nile, but, of more importance, behind him Greek ideas and Greek ways of life had crossed the Hellespont and moved eastward beyond the earlier fringe of Greek cities on the coast of Asia Minor. Enough ideas from the forums, temples and schools of Greece took root so that the Near East was never the same again.

After Alexander's death his political empire broke almost at once into four parts, each headed by one of his generals. Thus, after much fighting, Palestine became part of a new Egyptian empire, while most of Transjordan came into the empire of Alexander's former General Seleucus.

Meanwhile, in the lands along the Jordan the march of Hellenism continued. As is so often the case, the language of the conquerors bestowed glamor and prestige. To speak Greek was desirable, while Greek literature and the Greek way of life were sought after by the fashionable townsfolk.

The pattern of local government under the Seleucids was copied largely from the Persians. Districts were known as satrapies, of which southern Syria had four, Transjordan and Idumaea, or southern Palestine, being two of them. Jerusalem and the area around it had a special status, a priest-state known as Judaea which came directly under the Seleucid emperor.

The colonies of Greco-Macedonian soldiers and their families were organized as self-governing city-states, as were the Hellenized cities of the interior such as Gadara and Jerash. They paid certain taxes and followed certain royal ordinances of the Seleucid kings. Apart from this they were, in general, left free to administer their own affairs, often joining together for protection.

The ways of the Bedouin, of course, never change, and outside of the cosmopolitan cities the life of the peasants in their dark towns went on much as it had done over the previous centuries. They tilled the fields and were the serfs of some landowner, noble or the king himself. The usual tax levied at that time on a village was one-tenth of the harvest, paid by the community as a whole.

Judaea at first paid special taxes to the throne including a poll-tax, a crown-tax, and a salt-tax. The Seleucid King Antigonus III, who was eager for Jewish support, gave Jerusalem a new charter about 200 B.C. which included freedom from taxes for three years and a one-third deduction thereafter.

The Seleucid Empire kept the old trade routes open, and the universality of its culture gave a considerable stimulus to trade. Caravans of camels and donkeys moved down from Antioch to Damascus, and thence through Philoteria and Nablus to Jerusalem on their way to Gaza and Egypt. Other groups of traders went south through Gadara,

Jerash, and the ancient city of Ammon, now rechristened Philadelphia, on their way to Petra, the Gulf of Akaba and Arabia. Returning they brought silks from far-off China, spices from India and incense from southern Arabia. Wars and pirates produced a plentiful supply of slaves who served as field hands, household servants and construction workers; and each town had its slave market which was sometimes connected with a local temple.

Agriculture in Transjordan and Palestine expanded considerably in the Seleucid and Hellenistic period. The close ties with Egypt under the Ptolemies increased demand, while Egyptian and Greek farming methods stimulated production. Among the crops which are believed to have come to Transjordan at this time were Egyptian beans, mustard and lentils. Cotton was grown on a small scale. The pistachio tree was introduced into southern Syria from Persia, but there is no record of oranges or lemons being grown along the Jordan until much later. Trade with India resulted in the introduction of sugar cane, and the cultivation of rice can probably be traced to the same source.

At this time also the consumption of wine increased and vineyards spread more widely. The demand for olives and olive oil mounted, reflecting in part the Greek taste for these items as well as their fondness for rubbing down with oil after bathing. More lumber was used in the building of houses, and the oaks of the Bashan and Ajlun regions of northern Transjordan were cut down in increasing numbers. The area around the Sea of Galilee produced various scented shrubs, and the balsam groves in the oasis of Jericho prospered as did the trade in balm, or resin, from the mountains of Gilead. Along with the growing number of people the sheep population increased, partly due to the demand for wool clothing.

Both Greek and Egyptian designs appeared in the pottery of this period. The best glass, however, came from Tyre and Sidon where the sand was particularly suitable. Egyptian papyrus, much of it coming from Alexandria, displaced clay tablets or leather as the most common material for writing; eventually papyrus itself was grown in the Jordan Valley and along the Mediterranean coast. The goldsmiths of this period were highly skilled, using gold and silver brought to them by Nabataean traders from Arabia and possibly even Africa. Iron was highly prized, and mines which have long since become uneconomic were operated in the Gilead area of Transjordan, in Palestine south of

Hebron, and in the Wadi Araba. Considerable quantities of these three metals went into coinage, which began to replace barter as a medium of exchange.

Much of the Empire of Seleucus the First was lost by his successors. But his great-great-grandson, Antigonus III, was more in the mold of his ancestors. In 198 B.C. he moved against the Ptolemies in a campaign whose decisive battle was fought near the western springs of the upper River Jordan. There the Egyptians were defeated, partly through the efforts of a company of elephants which young Antigonus had brought with him from India. The Greeks were so pleased with the pleasant and well-watered site of this battle that they later built a city there called Paneas after their own god Pan. This is the modern town of Baniyas, better known to readers of the Gospel as Caesarea Philippi.

But all did not go smoothly in Palestine. In 169 B.C. Antigonus had proclaimed himself God-Manifest and as such a close associate of Zeus. This seemed natural to the Syrians, whose gods were not of a jealous turn of mind; but the conservative Jews took a different view of the matter. They were already bitter with Antigonus for carrying away to Antioch many of the treasures from the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem, including a large amount of gold and silver plate and ornaments which he sold. Soon afterwards, in line with his policy of pushing the Greek gods, Antigonus decreed that owning a copy of the Jewish scriptures, observing the Sabbath, or practicing circumcision were crimes for which the penalty was death. He prohibited Jewish sacrifices, smashed the Jewish altar at the Temple in Jerusalem, and reorganized the Temple itself as a Greek shrine sacred to Zeus. He even ordered that pigs and rabbits be sacrificed there in the Greek way. This was the "abomination of desolation" spoken of by Daniel the Prophet. It was clearly a life and death struggle if Judaism was to survive. After various minor riots the revolt crystallized in the village of Modin about halfway between Jerusalem and Jaffa. When the Jews there were ordered to sacrifice to Zeus, an aged priest, Mattathias Hasmon, refused to do so. Instead he killed the King's officer, along with a Hellenized Jew, and fled to the mountains with his sons.

He was joined there by other conservative Jews who were loyal to their religion and refused to worship Zeus and the Greek gods. For about two years the band hid in caves, growing slowly in strength and

collecting weapons. Mattathias himself could not stand the rough life and he died after appointing his son Judas as leader after him.

Judas proved to be a daring and skillful guerrilla general, winning a series of victories which caused the Syrian troops in Palestine to withdraw and reorganize. Judas, who was called Maccabaeus, the Hammerer, then marched into Jerusalem and took over all of the town except the citadel, which was still held by the Seleucids.

There in 165 B.C. Judas cleansed the Holy Place, rebuilt the High Altar and resumed orthodox Jewish sacrifices. The Jewish feast of Hanukkah, the feast of dedication which is still observed by the orthodox Jews, is in memory of this occasion, although it has now become a children's feast marked largely by the exchange of gifts.

Before long the Syrians reorganized their military strength and came down from the north in force. At a town a little north of Hebron one of the bravest of the Maccabee brothers, Eleazar, lost his life fighting in a most unusual battle.

"And Judas removed from the citadel, and encamped over against the king's camp. And the king rose early in the morning and his forces prepared themselves for the battle, and sounded with trumpets. And they showed the elephants the blood of grapes and mulberries, that they might prepare for the battle. And they divided the beasts among the phalanxes, and they set by each elephant a thousand men armed with coats of mail, and helmets of brass on their heads; and for each beast were appointed five hundred chosen horsemen. And towers of wood [were] upon them, strong [and] covered, [one] upon each beast, girt fast upon them with [special] contrivances; and upon each were thirty-two men, fighting from them, and [each beast had] its Indian.

"And Eleazar Maccabee saw one of the beasts armed with royal breastplates, and he was higher than all the other beasts, so that it appeared as though the king were upon it; and he gave himself to deliver his people and to acquire an everlasting name; and he ran upon it courageously into the midst of the phalanx, and slew on the right hand and on the left, and they parted asunder from him on this side and on that; and he crept under the elephant, and thrust him from beneath, and slew it; and it fell to the earth upon him, and he died there."

Things were looking black for the remaining brothers when an internal revolt broke out in Syria. This forced the general in Palestine,

who was regent for the young Seleucid King in Antioch, to put a quick end to the campaign and move his troops north by forced marches. Before leaving he made a peace with Judas Maccabaeus and in 162 B.C. granted the Jews the religious freedom for which they had been fighting.

Having thus realized their primary goal, many of the Jewish warriors returned to civilian life. Judas Maccabaeus, however, announced that he would continue to fight the Syrians and other oppressors of the Jews until they were free politically as well. Thus the struggle began again, with the fortunes of war seesawing back and forth. The greatest Maccabaean successes were scored in guerrilla raids, such as the time they surprised a wedding party of notables from Madaba and later saved themselves by swimming across the Jordan.

Carried away by such successes Judas went to a peace parley in the Jordan Valley and was killed. Soon after this the Seleucid state was split by the claims of two rivals for the throne. Simon Maccabaeus, who now led the revolt, sent envoys to one of the rivals and in exchange for support obtained a grant of political freedom. The orthodox Jews were very much encouraged by this and date a new era in their history from this treaty. Capitalizing on it Simon captured the citadel at Jerusalem from the Syrian garrison, and for a while there was peace. Unfortunately, the brilliant career of Simon also came to an untimely end. While visiting in Jericho he went to dinner with his son-in-law at the latter's fortress of Dok on top of the Mount of Temptation and was assassinated.

After two more generations had passed, frequently marked by family violence, the early zeal of the Maccabees faded, and the movement began to lose its appeal to some of the religious Jews who split into factions. Thus, when Alexander Jannaeus Maccabaeus died in 76 B.C., he was succeeded by his widow Alexandra who ruled for nine years as Queen of the Jews. Her two sons Aristobulus and Hyrcanus quarreled over the succession, and the contest grew into civil war. Jerusalem has witnessed many unusual sights, but it has rarely seen a stranger one than that which existed at the time of the Passover celebrations of 64 B.C. The Temple area and its surrounding walls were held by Aristobulus, along with the Sadducees and their supporters. Around the walls of the city were camped Hyrcanus and the leaders of the Pharisees, supported by King Aretas of Petra. About seven days before the Passover the defenders asked for a temporary truce. They

explained that there were no animals left for sacrifice inside the city and "what was the Passover without sacrifices?" Some of the Pharisees agreed to sell the defenders the animals they needed, but when they had received the money they refused to produce the sacrifices. The Passover was indeed a sad one in the Temple.

As the siege dragged on, both sides sent ambassadors to Damascus to enlist the support of the Romans. When the gifts of Aristobulus and the Sadducees proved to be the bigger, the Romans ordered their opponents to raise the siege and Pompey rode down to the Jordan. Before long the Roman Legions marched up the road from the oasis of Jericho to the heights around Jerusalem. Hoping to negotiate his way into the Holy City, Pompey pitched his tent on the hills to the south near the main road to Bethlehem; but factionalism continued. When domestic troubles were increasing. He had dominated the Sanhedrin up in the Temple fortress, Hyrcanus and the Pharisees convinced Pompey that the city must be taken by storm.

It took three months to fill in the moat around the north side of the city and smash the outer walls with battering rams. Then the Legions of Pompey pushed through the breach, followed by the fanatical supporters of Hyrcanus who are said to have slaughtered some 12,000 of of their Jewish opponents. In thorough Roman style Pompey inspected all of the conquered city, even walking into the sanctuary of the Temple and the Holy of Holies. He then made Hyrcanus High Priest and "leader of the people," but not "King of the Jews." Aristobulus was sent in chains to Rome to march in Pompey's triumph there. The Maccabaean revolt had run its course.

The Fall of the House of Herod

Herod the Great was the brightest flash struck by the impact of Roman steel on the stones of Palestine. Thanks to his brilliance, he successfully rode out the civil war that darkened the Roman world after the assassination of Julius Caesar and carried on a building campaign which has made the name Herodian synonymous with massive masonry. But his personality combined irresistible charm with unpredictable weakness. Born under an unlucky star, he could prevail against anyone but the members of his own family. He helped Rome and Rome helped him against his foreign enemies; it could not save him from his relatives.

Because Herod symbolizes an interesting phase of Palestinian history, and because his fall was so dramatic, his career is followed here in some detail. Herod was of Arab stock, having a south Palestinian father and a Nabataean mother. He inherited his father's talent for politics but not his calmness. He showed at times a streak of family affection, but he never let this stand in the way of his own advancement; conspiracy and murder came quite naturally to him. Soon after he had been appointed Governor of Galilee by his Roman-backed father, the Sanhedrin turned against Herod and he was forced to flee from Jerusalem to the protection of the Romans. As a result of this Herod realized that he could not depend on the Jews, but that his star would rise or set with the Romans.

In the summer of 43 B.C. Herod's father was poisoned by a Jewish nobleman. After making sure of the support of Rome Herod went to Tyre, took a walk on the beach with the culprit, and had him mur-

dered. Then, having disposed of various other enemies, Herod returned to Jerusalem as a conqueror. In order to ensure his position he married Marianne, the granddaughter of former King Aristobulus, in the hope that he would now be considered as a member of the royal family of the Maccabees. At first he had little cause to worry, for his friend Mark Anthony defeated Cassius and Brutus and appointed Herod as ruler of Judaea. But the fortunes of war soon turned against him. His brother Phasal was captured and committed suicide, and Herod was forced to flee south from Jerusalem with his mother, his sister Salome (*not* the dancer) and his betrothed Marianne, plus some nine thousand followers, relatives and friends. When the departure was discovered Herod's Jewish opponents and their Parthian allies raced out after him. In the most important single battle of his career Herod defeated them near a hill east of Bethlehem, on which he later built his great fortress called the Herodium. He then tried to get help from King Malik of Petra, but his star had sunk so low that Malik would have none of it.

In desperation Herod made his way to Egypt where he met Cleopatra. She tried unsuccessfully to get him to undertake an expedition against Ethiopia; but he was not interested in fighting Cleopatra's battles—a decision which annoyed her—nor even in becoming her lover, so it is said, which angered her more. Instead he set out across the wintry sea for Rome. After being shipwrecked he reached the island of Rhodes, where he obtained enough money to buy himself a magnificent trireme. Once more in Rome, Herod put his personal charm and flare for politics to such good use that within a week the Senate unanimously voted him the kingship of the Jews. Octavian and Anthony then walked out of the Senate building with King Herod between them.

On returning to the Near East Herod cornered the last of the Maccabees in the Valley of Thieves, a narrow wadi where the road from Jerusalem to Nablus winds between steep hills. There he fought a decisive battle against Antigonus and routed him. Only the onset of a severe snowstorm kept Herod from taking Jerusalem at that time, but as soon as the weather moderated he moved against the Holy City for a siege that lasted five months. Finally, Herod's troops broke into the center of the city; the defenders were killed to the last man; Antigonus was captured and beheaded. By the summer of 37 B.C. Herod was master of Judaea.

While thus fighting for the throne Herod showed himself to be a brilliant leader, a charming courtier and a man of honor. After he had gained power, however, he began to disintegrate. Perhaps it was the insidious influence of the oriental court which he established; possibly it was the ravages of disease. In any case he became treacherous and cruel. The women of his household played an important part in his downfall. Most of them were named either Marianne or Salome; rarely in history has an able man been plagued by such a difficult household.

It was at about this time that Anthony abandoned his high-born Roman wife Octavia and married "that Egyptian woman" Cleopatra. Little by little the "Serpent of the Nile" persuaded Anthony to give her his holdings in the Near East. Willing slave that he was, Anthony first gave her Cyprus and then parts of the Levant. But to Cleopatra's surprise, when she asked for Palestine Anthony said that he could not betray his friend Herod. The best Cleopatra could do was to collect Transjordan, some of south Syria, and the mineral rights to the bitumen of the Dead Sea, a material much prized by the Egyptians for embalming. Along with these went one town that belonged to Herod, the winter resort and rich oasis of Jericho. The date palms of this ancient city were considered the best of the forty-nine varieties known at that time. In fact they were called palma caryota, which means "the palm of the hang-over," because of the powerful effects of the wine made from their fruit. Conveniently enough Jericho also produced balsam, a powerful aromatic much valued as a cure for headaches.

While Cleopatra was acquiring this valuable real estate, Herod's domestic troubles were increasing. He had dominated the Sanhedrin by the simple expedient of executing forty-five of its members who were opposed to him and appointing his own followers in their place. Even so, the Jewish law was clear that a secular king could never become a high priest, nor enter the Holy of Holies in the Temple of Jerusalem. The former High Priest Hyrcanus had been exiled after having his ears cut off—some say bitten off—in order that he would be disqualified to act as high priest since the job required physical fitness. Herod persuaded Hyrcanus to return to Jerusalem, where he treated him as high priest in everything but name. The actual title of High Priest Herod gave to a little known and unimportant nobody.

But Herod's scheming wife Marianne and her unprincipled mother, who was the daughter of Hyrcanus, had other plans. They decided that Marianne's brother Aristobulus should be high priest. To bring

this about, the Queen Mother asked help from Cleopatra, who sent a clever Levantine courtier named Dallius to Jerusalem. Dallius was a fop and probably Cleopatra's lover besides, but he knew the weakness of Anthony. He promptly noted the good looks of both Marianne and her brother Aristobulus and persuaded the Queen Mother to send pictures of her two children to Anthony who was then at Alexandria. The broad-minded Anthony reacted as Dallius had predicted and fell in love with both of them. Because he was still loyal to Herod, Anthony did not wish to get involved with his friend's wife Marianne, so he asked that the handsome Aristobulus, who was sixteen years of age, be sent to him. Herod objected but could not think of a good reason for keeping the boy in Jerusalem and asked his wife for advice. This was the opening for which Marianne and her mother were looking. They convinced Herod that the best way to keep Aristobulus in Jerusalem was to make the boy high priest, and he did so.

But when Herod found his mother-in-law being carried out of the palace in a coffin with young Aristobulus in another, he knew some plot was afoot and decided Aristobulus must die. After the Feast of the Tabernacle Herod and the court went down to enjoy the mild air and gardens in Jericho. That evening when darkness came the young High Priest dove into the palace swimming pool, some of the walls of which can still be seen. Several of Herod's most trusted bodyguards were there and started rough-housing with the beautiful boy, ducking him with smiles and jokes. As the game continued the duckings lasted longer and longer until Aristobulus was drowned. Herod appeared heart-broken and the funeral of the young High Priest was the most lavish seen in years. But the pretense in the swimming pool in Jericho fooled nobody. The Queen Mother wrote Cleopatra the details and she persuaded Anthony, who was then at the Syrian court at Latakia, to send for Herod. There Herod turned on his old charm once again and was forgiven.

Soon after this Cleopatra came to Judaea, and Herod debated whether or not he should kill her. But Herod's advisors pointed out that since Anthony was in love with Cleopatra he would make short shrift of anyone who hurt her. So, when Cleopatra appeared, Herod played the charming host and even agreed to pay her two hundred talents—about 100,000 pounds sterling—a year in exchange for the right to exploit the palm and balsam groves of Jericho. Cleopatra, who had a great fondness for good-looking men, also pretended to forget

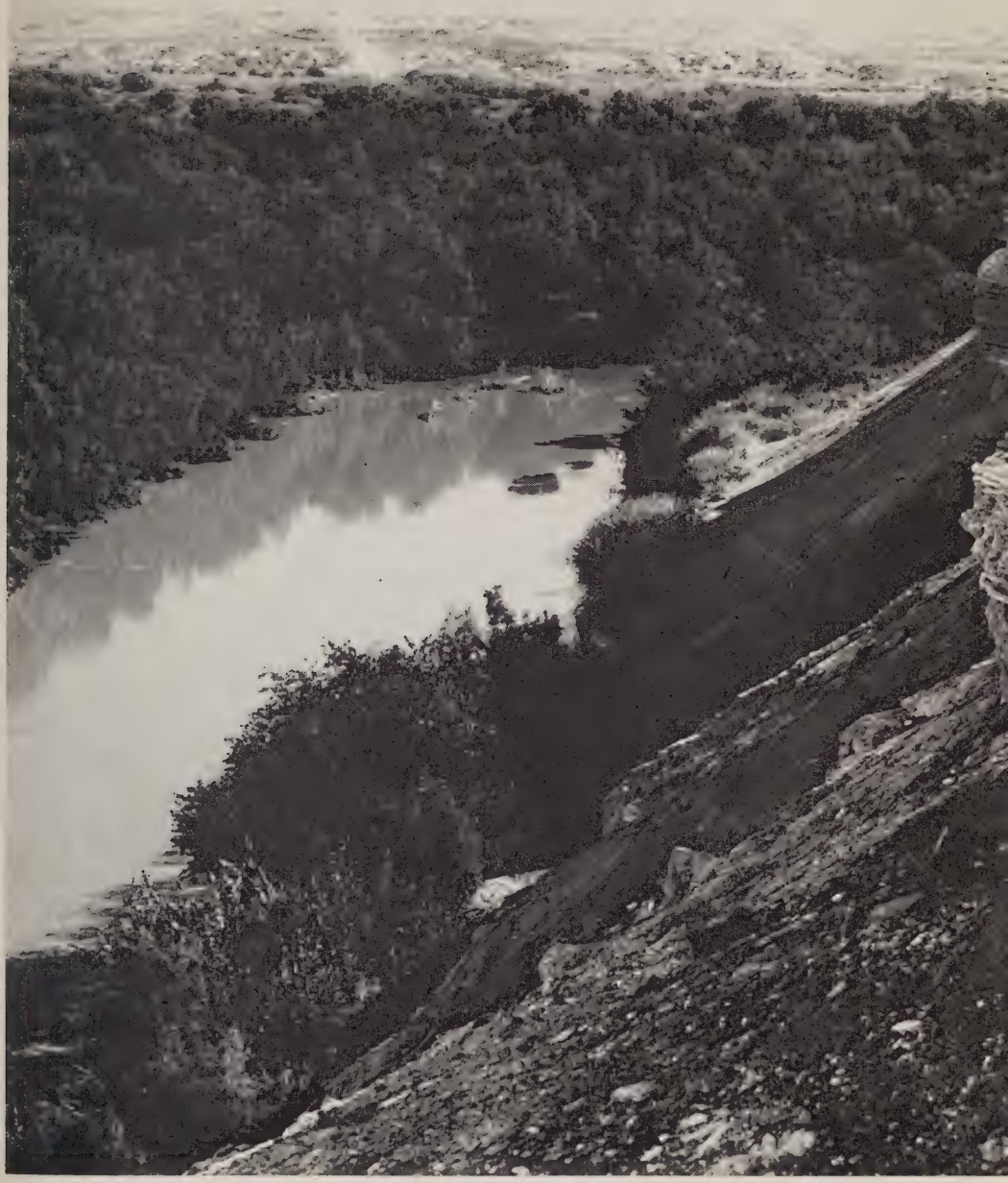
her anger, accepted all sorts of presents from Herod, and even allowed him to accompany her back to Egypt.

The Serpent of the Nile, however, had not forgiven the ruler of Jerusalem. Herod led an expedition across the Jordan and defeated some of the troops of King Malik of Petra. Against his better judgment he pursued them into the lava desert. As he was beating the Nabataeans for the second time, he was attacked by an army sent by Cleopatra and was lucky to escape with his life. With his few remaining forces Herod was camped near Jericho when, in the spring of 31 B.C., a great earthquake rocked the Jordan Valley. Herod's troops were much disturbed, but he made a brilliant speech telling them to disregard the earthquake and concentrate on avenging his ambassadors who had been killed by the people of Petra. Then Herod crossed the Jordan again, located the troops from Petra in the plain of Madaba and defeated them. With his kingdom safe from attack for a while Herod was hailed by the people of both banks as their protector.

Anthony then appealed to Herod for help in his struggle against Octavian, but the wily Palestinian recognized that Anthony's star was setting and refused to join him and Cleopatra in their last stand. Once again Herod's uncanny ability to pick winners saved him. In the fall of that year the fleets of Anthony and Octavian met in battle at Actium; Cleopatra fled in the middle of the fight, and the love-sick Anthony followed her to his death.

Octavian was now the master of the Roman world, and Herod's future as a life-long friend of Anthony hung in the balance. He hastened to the Island of Rhodes for an interview with the all-powerful Roman. It was perhaps his most brilliant performance. Entering the presence of Octavian without his golden diadem, Herod told the true story of his past friendship with Anthony. He hid nothing and he did not ask for pardon. "What I ask of you," he concluded, "is to consider not *whose* friend but what a *good* friend I was." When the talk was over Herod was again King and Octavian his firm supporter. In fact, the Roman leader agreed to proceed to Alexandria by way of Palestine and rode down the coast from the port of Acre to the Egyptian border as Herod's guest.

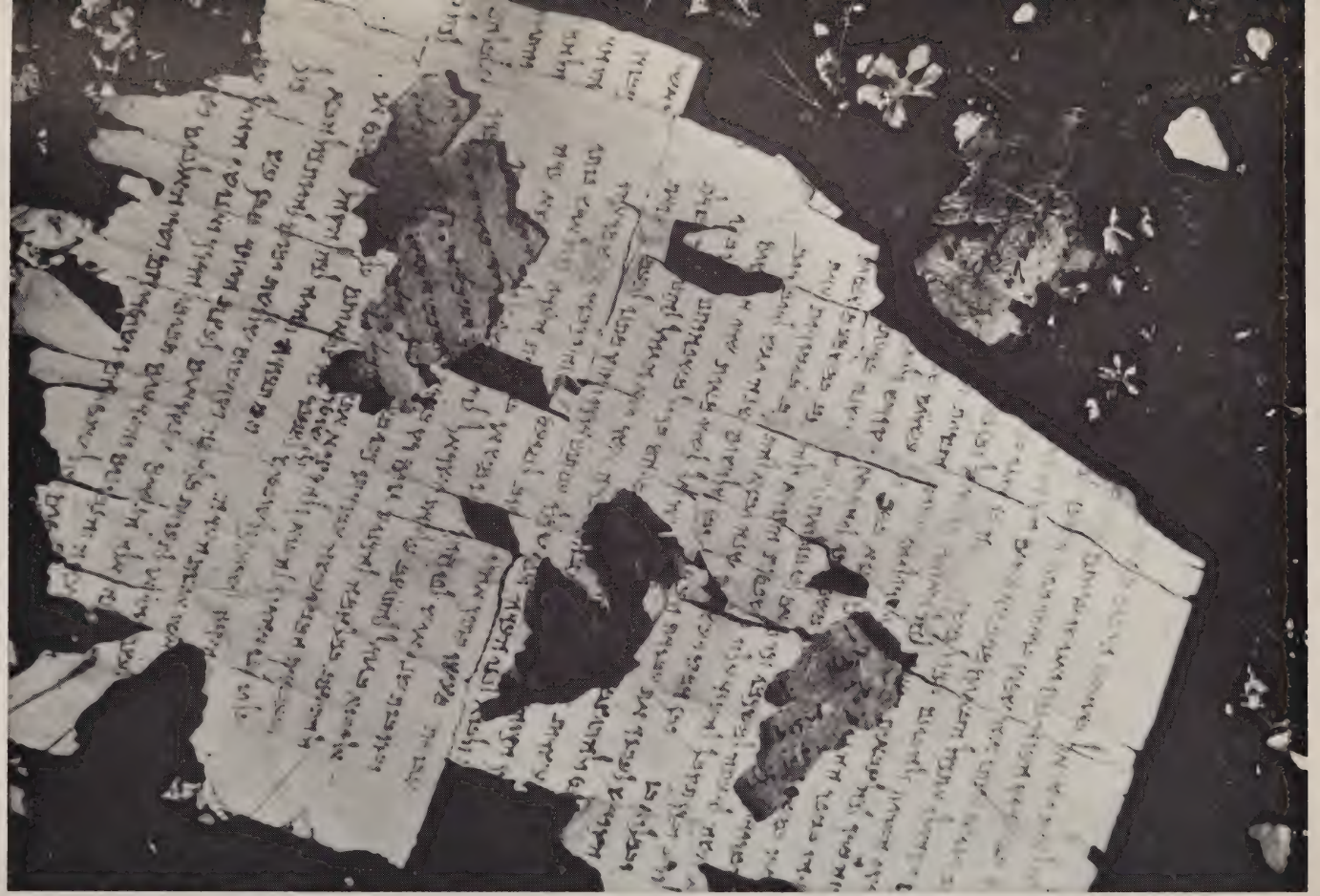
Soon after this Octavian had his famous meeting with Cleopatra, in which she tried every trick in her long book of charms and failed to move Octavian beyond the laconic assurance, "Do not worry, woman; you shall come to no harm." Cleopatra realized that, although she had



"... the story of the lands
along the Jordan."

Petra. "The rose red city half as old as time."

Opposite: "Jericho . . . guarded by a solid stone tower."



Palestine Archaeological Museum

Opposite: Dead Sea Scrolls.
". . . trusted Covenanters
. . . hid them in selected caves."

". . . the most delightful and the
best preserved is Jerash."

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem . . ."

"Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane . . ."

Leon V. Kofod, Box 86, Woodmere, N. Y.

". . . the much rebuilt but deeply moving
Church of the Holy Sepulchre."

captivated the two greatest Romans of her day, she could not make the third even smile. Her fatal rendezvous with the asp followed swiftly.

On hearing that the dangerous Queen was out of the way, Herod hurried to Alexandria where he gave Octavian, who was in trouble financially, a present of eight hundred talents of gold. The gift paid off and Octavian gave Herod back the rich oasis of Jericho. Along with it went the trading center of Gadara in the hills of northern Transjordan which dominated the road along the Yarmuk from Jerusalem to Damascus and the Euphrates. In a gesture filled with irony Octavian also gave Herod Cleopatra's personal bodyguard of four hundred Galatian soldiers and Nicolius, the learned Greek who had been the tutor to Cleopatra's children. Herod, who was short on formal education, gained more from Nicolius than from the Galatians, but he made good use of both of them.

The evil star that cursed Herod in his family affairs now shone brighter. His sister Salome tricked Herod into believing that his cold but beloved wife Marianne had been having an affair with the man in whose charge she had been left while Herod was at Rhodes. In a fit of jealous rage Herod had him murdered. Then, in one of the phoniest trials in Levantine history, at which Herod presided and acted as counsel for the prosecution at the same time, Marianne was condemned to death and executed.

Herod found it easier to kill Marianne than to forget her. For days he wandered about his empty palace, calling her name and ordering his slaves to bring her to him. He tried hunting, wine, women and song but to no avail. He developed terrible pains in his neck and his mind wandered for long periods of time. Marianne's mother tried to organize a plot against him, but in spite of his affliction Herod thwarted the scheme, and the wicked mother-in-law soon followed her daughter to the grave. The only woman he felt he could now trust was his sister Salome, who as usual was involved in plots. Having tired of her second husband Salome persuaded Herod that the poor man had organized a conspiracy to dethrone him. The evidence was virtually nil but Salome again had her way and her husband was killed, after which Herod's mental and physical health took a temporary turn for the better.

Octavian now assumed the name of Augustus, brought peace to Rome and encouraged its trade with the Far East. Much of this moved

from the Indian Ocean through Petra to reach the Mediterranean via Palestine. Augustus needed a strong and clever ruler for that key area of his eastern frontier, and Herod was just the man for the job. Herod helped Augustus grow rich and Augustus kept Herod on his throne.

Even more difficult for Herod than the task of keeping on good terms with Rome was the problem he faced at home from growing Jewish nationalism. To meet it he encouraged the Jews to turn from politics to religion and at the same time developed a strong standing army of mercenaries, for whose operations he restored or built a remarkable series of fortresses. These included the Alexandrium, dominating the Wadi Farah east of Nablus, which Herod made his treasury. The next link in the chain was the castle of Dok or Docus on the top of the Mount of Temptation above Jericho, which he expanded. Only a few stones of this fortress can still be seen.

On a flat-topped hill about seven miles southeast of Jerusalem, where many years before he had beaten the Hasmonians, Herod built one of his greatest castles, the Herodium. An aqueduct from Solomon's pools below Bethlehem brought water to the fort. Although now fallen in ruins, it can still be seen clearly from the Holy City or from Bethlehem. The two hundred steps which once led to the round castle with its four strong towers are almost all gone, but the outline of the huge walls and the town which Herod built below them still look powerful in their majestic ruin.

The southwestern end of this chain of fortresses was Masada above the ford across the Dead Sea, where Herod rebuilt and expanded an ancient castle. Using a plan which was still being copied in Europe twelve hundred years later, he built a wall twenty feet high and almost a mile in length around the hilltop. The wall was strengthened by thirty-eight towers, some of them three times as high as the wall. Inside he built a keep, or fortified residence, with towers at each corner, under which were huge storerooms and an elaborate system of water catchments and cisterns.

Herod strengthened the fortifications of Transjordan as well. Not far from Mount Nebo he built a second Herodium, and on a spur of the mountain that dominated the road along the eastern shore of the Dead Sea he expanded an old fort into a formidable castle called Machaerus. It was built in typical Herodian style with huge blocks of stone, strong corner towers and a central keep. Little of it is to be seen today beyond the foundations, acres of piled-up stones, and some empty cis-

terns and dungeons. But if the traveler has time, a visit to Machaerus is well worth the difficult trip from Amman. The view of the Dead Sea, the Jordan Valley and the Jerusalem mountains is magnificent. So also is the scale of the ruins of the fortress. Although Roman Legionaries, earthquakes, Bedouin, and almost two thousand years of wind and rain have joined forces to level the once proud castle, one can still make out the outline of the huge outside walls with strong corner towers and the central keep.

Among the empty cisterns and underground storage caves one is shown part of the dungeon of the castle where John the Baptist is said to have been held a prisoner by Herod Antipas, one of the sons of Herod the Great. Not far from it the possibly over-zealous guide points out the ruins of a huge banquet hall where, according to tradition, Salome, that famous exponent of the strip tease, discarded a sufficient number of veils to make Herod Antipas give her the head of John the Baptist on a platter. As St. Matthew tells it: "... Herod had laid hold on John, and bound him, and put him in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife. For John said unto him: 'It is not lawful for thee to have her.' And when he would have put him to death, he feared the multitude, because they counted him as a prophet.

"But when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod. Whereupon he promised with an oath to give her whatsoever she would ask. And she, being before instructed of her mother, said: 'Give me here John Baptist's head in a charger. And the King was sorry: nevertheless for the oath's sake, and them that sat with him at meat, he commanded it to be given her. And he sent, and beheaded John in the prison. And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel: and she brought it to her mother. And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."

With his frontiers protected from attack and his main highways guarded against hostile movement from within, Herod felt free to exercise his passion for public building. Near Jericho he built a magnificent winter palace at the mouth of the Wadi Qilt. Located about two miles south of the town, it was a veritable oasis of courts, pools and gardens supplied by water through an elaborate series of pipes and aqueducts. Because there was no good stone nearby, this complex of palaces was made of Mesopotamian-type brick, giving rise to the theory that Herod imported Babylonian brick-makers to do the job.

Less luxurious but more massive were the two palaces Herod built for himself in Jerusalem. The first of these, so placed as to dominate the Temple, he called the Antonia after his friend Mark Anthony. It was a colossal square enclosure with towers at each corner, the north and south walls being over a hundred yards in length. In addition to a multitude of pools, rooms and halls, it held a courtyard called Gabatha, or Pavement. Only a few years later this was to serve as Pontius Pilate's Hall of Judgment where Christ was condemned. And later still, standing on the top of an outdoor staircase in the Antonia castle, St. Paul would deliver his "Apologia," the explanation of his conversion.

Although the Antonia controlled the Temple area of Jerusalem, it was so placed that it could not signal to the Herodium or Machaerus and had many drawbacks as a residence. Therefore, in 23 A.D. Herod began the construction of a stronger palace on the top of the highest hill in Jerusalem, near the present Jaffa Gate. The new fortress was built in two parts. To the north, where a previous fort had stood, he raised three tremendous square towers, one of which, 135 feet high, was named after his brother Phasal. Its foundations were made of stone blocks so perfectly cut that even now the joints can hardly be seen. The main palace lay to the south of these towers and included rooms large enough for one hundred guests to sleep in at the same time. According to contemporary writers the stones were covered inside with beautiful marbles, and the roofs were supported by broad beams made of the wood of cedar of Lebanon. The furnishings of this palace were the most elaborate Jerusalem had seen since the time of Solomon, many of them being overlaid with silver and gold. Cool gardens surrounded the residence, where the sound of running water could always be heard. These were stocked with a variety of tame birds, including pigeons, which were used for racing and to carry messages to such key points as the Herodium east of Bethlehem, or grim and distant Machaerus standing guard beyond the Dead Sea.

Herod married his third wife while the new palace was being built. Her name was Marianne, the same as his first wife whom he had had killed, and she was renowned for her beauty. He had fallen in love with her earlier but thought he could not marry her since she was the daughter of a poor priest. In a move worthy of Henry VIII he dismissed the High Priest, made the girl's father High Priest in his stead, and happily married his second Marianne.

Because it was the key to the defenses of Jerusalem, this greatest of

Herod's palaces was sacked and burned by the Romans when they took the city in 70 A.D. The place was further smashed during later destructions of Jerusalem, and the site built and rebuilt upon. To excavate most of it would mean tearing down the citadel, the police barracks and the monastery of the Armenian Patriarchate. However, the visitor to Jerusalem can still see the magnificent stones that formed the foundations of the Tower of Phasal; they constitute the bottom courses of the building now misnamed the Tower of David.

Herod was a great sportsman and his various stays in Rome had developed his appetite for Roman spectacles. He therefore organized a festival in Jerusalem something like the Olympic Games. This was held in September every five years, to commemorate the anniversary of the Battle of Actium at which the Emperor Augustus defeated the combined fleets of Anthony and Cleopatra. Herod called the event the Actium Games, and to give them a proper setting he built a hippodrome for chariot races, a theatre for musical competitions and an amphitheatre for gladiatorial shows. The religious leaders of the Jews were not as broad-minded about such things as Herod, and the King had to be careful not to offend them. Even the priests, however, had no objection to chariot racing; so Herod built his hippodrome within the confines of the city of Jerusalem. Some of its ruins can still be seen between the Dung Gate and the southwest corner of the wall around the Temple area. Musical competitions and performances were in a different class. They involved men performing as women, women performing lightly clad, and mixed groups acting together and singing songs whose lyrics were frequently ribald; thus they were frowned upon by the Sanhedrin, and Herod located his theatre outside of the walls on a little ridge of ground to the south of Jerusalem. Because most of the plays were given in the morning, the semicircles of seats faced north to keep the sun out of the spectators' eyes.

Even more objectionable to the orthodox Jews were the spectacles to be seen in the amphitheatre. The idea of competitors wrestling naked, of animals fighting each other, and of men battling with animals was utterly distasteful. The amphitheatre, therefore, was built well outside the city on relatively flat land to the west of where the railway line now runs in Israel.

Herod's Actium Games proved popular with the masses, but the priests protested, attacking the prizes which they said were graven images. Ten of their leaders organized a plot to kill the King, who was

tipped off by one of his plain-clothes men at the last minute. Herod promptly liquidated all the conspirators, and the religious members of the mob showed their age-old dislike of informers by tearing the spy limb from limb and tossing the pieces to the dogs.

Having given Jerusalem an overabundance of forts, palaces and theatres, Herod set out to rebuild Samaria, the deserted capital of the northern kingdom of Israel. Starting in the year 27 B.C., he surrounded the hilltop site with a wall two and one half miles long. New streets were laid out, shops and houses built, and water was brought up by a syphon from the springs of Naqura. Above the ruins of the palace of Omri Herod built an acropolis topped by a temple to Augustus. As a final tribute to his patron he called the new town Sebasta after one of the Emperor's names. The Arabs call it Sebastiyeh to this day. Much damaged by war and earthquakes, the town was extensively repaired about 200 A.D. Although it is once again in ruins, a visit to Herod's northern capital is well worthwhile. Those who do not have time to motor north to the hills of Samaria can content themselves with viewing what is left of the white marble statue of Augustus that has been brought down from Sebasta and lies in the court behind the Palestine Archaeological Museum.

Perhaps the best preserved of Herod's buildings is the Haram al-Khalil, or Sacred Enclosure of Abraham the Friend (of God) in Hebron, where solidly built lower walls show the strength and perfection of his drafted stone work. The most easily recognized characteristic of Herodian architecture is the smoothly cut margin around each of the great stones, which in turn are always finished with a bulge in the center.

The building of all these palaces, temples and towns satisfied Herod's vanity and pride. But his crowning achievement in this line was his rebuilding of the Temple of Jerusalem. As we have noted in an earlier chapter, the first Temple was built by Solomon about 955 B.C. and destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar in 588 B.C. On returning from exile in Babylon the Jews restored it on a small scale in 516 B.C. During the next five hundred years it was damaged and pillaged on at least four occasions, but still stood in Herod's time. So strong was Jewish religious tradition that the size of the shrine itself could not be altered, but the raised platform on which it stood was another matter. Herod built a rectangular wall around the Temple area, doubling the size of the old courtyard. He then filled this in with dirt, producing a raised terrace thirty-five acres in extent.

The idea of tearing down the old building was opposed by the entrenched priesthood who raised one objection after another, only to have them answered by Herod's agile mind. When the priests said that the Holy Temple could not be touched by profane hands, Herod trained a thousand priests to work as stonecutters and carpenters. Because the priests feared that he might replace the house of Jehovah with a temple to some Greek or Roman god, Herod arranged to have all the materials on hand and the plans completed before the old Temple was torn down. At last all was in readiness, and work was started in January of 19 B.C. The building which housed the Temple proper was finished in eighteen months, although the courts and outer walls took eight more years to build, and the final decorations were not completed until long after Herod's death.

The Temple building must have been magnificent, but in many ways the huge wall which Herod built to make the Temple yard level was just as impressive. Parts of the Dome of the Rock and the Aksa Mosque both stand on Herod's raised platform, whose vast foundations can still be seen in the Wailing Wall near the southwest corner of the Temple enclosure. Twenty-one courses of huge Herodian stones are also visible at the southeast corner of the Temple wall near the cellars known as Solomon's Stables. The tower at this corner of the Temple area was the tallest building in Jerusalem, its top rising 450 feet above the Valley of Kidron. This was the "pinnacle of the Temple" referred to by Matthew in his account of Christ's temptation.

Along the top of the southern wall of the Temple enclosure Herod built a royal porch two stories high, its roof supported by one hundred and sixty-two Corinthian columns. A series of gates gave access to the Temple area. The best preserved of these is the double doorway that led west to the hippodrome and can still be seen below the Aksa Mosque. Only one entrance pierced the eastern wall, the so-called Golden Gate, which for reasons of defense has been blocked since the time of the Crusaders.

The raised Temple area was so large and so high above the surrounding valleys that the Jews called it "the Mountain of the House of God." Most of the flat space between the outer walls and the inner enclosure was paved with colored stones. On a special platform raised above this level stood the Temple itself. It had eight gates, but the main entrance was to the east through double doors decorated with bronze. This was "the gate which is called Beautiful." Within was the

Court of the Women. From it another magnificent gate led to the Court of Israel, which in turn opened onto the Court of the Priests. A pile of unhewn stones some fifty-five feet square and twenty-three feet high served as the sacrificial altar. It stood just above the rock of Araunah's threshing floor, now visible inside the Mosque of the Dome of the Rock.

West of the Sacrificial Altar and on a still higher platform was the Inner Temple containing the Holy Place where the shewbread was renewed. At the western end of this sanctuary and separated from it by a curtain was the Holy of Holies. By Herod's time the original Ark of the Covenant and the Mercy Seat had gone, so the sanctuary was left empty, to be entered only by the high priest on the Day of Atonement.

This vast and beautiful building gained Herod great prestige among some of his subjects; but many of the more intellectual and spiritual Jews were turning away from the bloody sacrifice of sheep and bulls to the quiet reading of the Law and to prayers offered in the synagogues. They objected to the fact that as time went by the Temple took on aspects of a market place. Farmers came there to sell animals for sacrifice, would-be worshippers bargained with them, and money changers stood ready to make the transactions easier for persons with coins from other parts of the Roman world. It was because of this growing commercialism that Jesus "went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought; saying unto them, 'It is written, My house is the house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves.' "

The massive masonry of the walls around the Temple area has lasted until our time, but the Temple itself was gutted by fire and its walls leveled by the victorious troops of the Roman Emperor Titus when they took Jerusalem in 70 A.D., only eighty-eight years after its dedication. For non-Jews the best-remembered relics are the seven-branched candelabra and the holy trumpets which stood before the altar in the Holy Place. Taken to Rome, they were carried in the triumphal procession of Titus and their facsimiles may still be seen, carved on the Arch of Titus close by the Colosseum. After Genseric, the king of the Vandals, took the seven-branched candlestick from Rome to Carthage in 455 A.D., the Emperor Justinian returned it to Jerusalem where it disappeared from history, probably carried off by the Persians when they looted the city in 614 A.D. Of the Temple it-

self nothing but the platform remains. Perhaps if Herod had built the Temple more for the glory of God and less for the glory of Herod it would have lasted longer.

With his kingdom secured behind its chain of forts, with his summer and winter palaces the height of Levantine luxury, and with the Temple on the way to being an everlasting monument, Herod relaxed. He felt it was time to enjoy ruling his country and to renew pleasant contacts with his good friend Augustus, whom he visited at Antioch near the seacoast south of Turkey. There he so charmed the ruler of all Rome that he was given control of the source of the Jordan River. In appreciation Herod built at Baniyas on the slopes of Mount Hermon a white marble temple in honor of Augustus.

Herod could manage everyone in the Near East except his own family, particularly his wicked sister Salome and his wives, Doris and Marianne the Second. The first of a new series of complications came out of Petra in the form of the powerful Viceroy Syllaeus, who appeared to borrow some money and ended by falling in love with the sister Salome. He wanted to marry her, but for political reasons Herod said this could be arranged only if the Arab leader became a Jew. Syllaeus never forgave him and promptly provided asylum in Petra to various enemies of Herod, including powerful bands of robbers who operated out of Petra. Their advanced base was a fortified hilltop near Ajlun. In spite of his age Herod led a column of troops over the Jordan into the hills west of Jerash and routed these brigands. The whole affair would have had little importance if the crafty Syllaeus had not been in Rome, where he exaggerated the size of the battle to Augustus. It so happened that the Roman Emperor at that time was about to dedicate an Altar of Peace in honor of the fact that there was no war anywhere in the Roman Empire. Augustus was furious, and it took no end of maneuvers by Herod before Syllaeus was beheaded and Herod back again in good favor at Rome.

Herod's next troubles might be called the war of the Herodian succession, for they rose from quarrels between his three sons. Logically Antipater, the King's eldest son, should have been his heir, but he and his mother Doris, who was not of royal blood, had both been banished from court. Herod's favorite children were Alexander and Aristobulus, the sons of the first Marianne who was of royal descent. But Herod's sister and his brother Pheroras backed Antipater who was then ruling Transjordan.

When Herod came back to Jerusalem after a trip Salome told him that Marianne's boys, Alexander and Aristobulus, were plotting his death. Herod then recalled their older brother Antipater from banishment, along with his mother Doris, and proclaimed him heir to the throne. The intrigues became so bitter than Herod and his three sons took the matter to Augustus. Antipater was sustained as heir, Herod gave the Emperor about half a million dollars to finance bread and circuses in Rome, and Augustus gave Herod a half interest in the copper mines in Cyprus.

There followed a three years' truce in the war of succession which lasted until the year 9 B.C. Then Herod's palace in Jericho lived up to its dark reputation. Herod had three beautiful eunuchs with whom he was in love. His son Prince Alexander, the eldest of Marianne's boys, fell in love with them also and, after distributing a substantial amount of gold, carried on a most non-platonic affair with all three at once. Herod learned of it, probably through his sister Salome, and had them tortured until they confessed. At this the Crown Prince Antipater again had them stretched on the rack until they blurted out that his brother Alexander had told them he was about to take over the kingdom. Prince Alexander was promptly arrested and wrote a long confession admitting his guilt. He went on to state that his aunt Salome had forced him to be her lover and that Herod's favorite brother Pheroras was also plotting against the old King. Just as things appeared set for a double murder, Prince Alexander's father-in-law appeared and persuaded Herod's brother Pheroras to ask for pardon. Herod, who by now was no longer his old smart self, forgave his brother and gave the peace-making father-in-law the three eunuchs, along with a concubine with the provocative name of Mistress All-Night.

After this the family feud got further out of hand. When young Prince Aristobulus made the mistake of alienating Salome she stirred up her brother so much that he sent two ambassadors to Caesar accusing his own sons of all sorts of crimes. Another round of forced confessions and mock trials followed, after which some three hundred supporters of the younger princes were stoned to death. As soon as this spectacle was over the two young princes were taken to Herod's model city of Sebasta where they were strangled; then under cover of darkness their bodies were taken to the Alexandrium fortress for burial in the ancestral vault. When Herod openly proclaimed Antipater as

his successor, it appeared that the war of Herodian succession was settled and Salome's candidate had won at last.

In celebration the Crown Prince, his mother Queen Doris, Herod's brother Pheroras, and their friends put on a series of all night drinking parties at which they alternately talked about what they would do after Herod's death and made love. This was too much for even an old roué like Herod. Pheroras soon died of poison, Antipater fled to Rome, and poor Queen Doris was banished for the second time.

By now Herod's health was slipping fast, but he wanted to settle with the Crown Prince before he died; so Antipater was lured home by a series of deceitful letters and imprisoned. Herod promptly made another will naming a fourth son, the little-known Antipas, his new heir. The King then relaxed enough from the family war to put down an insurrection of the Pharisees by having their leaders burned alive.

Such was the state of Herod's public and private life in the winter of 4 B.C. All this "dirty linen" would not be worthy of note were it not that 4 B.C. is the year which many historians now fix as that of the birth of Christ. There seems little doubt that by now Herod's mind as well as his body was badly diseased and that he had a mania about plots against his throne. Any threat to his power or that of his family, no matter how vague, was ruthlessly put down. It is not surprising, therefore, that when three Persians came to Jerusalem from the east asking, "Where is he that is born king of the Jews?", Herod was deeply troubled. As St. Matthew tells us: "Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men . . . sent them to Bethlehem and said, 'Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also. . . .' And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way. . . . Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years and under, according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the wise men."

By now Herod's end was drawing near and he was in continual pain from gangrene and dropsy. So great was his suffering that he tried to kill himself with a fruit knife. Attendants rushed forward just in time to save the King, but the shouting was so loud it reached the ears of Prince Antipater in the palace dungeons. The former heir to the

throne thought it meant that Herod was dead and demanded to be let out so that he could take over the kingdom. When the confused jailer ran upstairs for guidance the King heard of it, and his old hatred for his eldest son filled his weakened brain. In one of his last acts Herod sent his guards to the dungeon and Antipater was killed on the spot. When the news reached the Emperor Augustus in Rome he made a pun in Greek—"I would rather be Herod's pig than Herod's son."

Herod lingered for four days; then he passed to his reward, such as it may have been. Under the direction of his sister Salome a golden funeral procession was staged. Slowly it moved up the steep road from Jericho, led by the flower of the Judaean army and five hundred servants carrying spices. At its center rode what was left of Herod's family, united in his death as they had not been while he was alive, escorting his coffin up through the Wadi Qilt, "the valley of the shadow of death," to his tomb in the castle of the Herodium.

Where Jesus Walked

"And it came to pass, as the Angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, 'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.' And they came with haste. . . ."

The most effective way to come upon Bethlehem is still up the road from the Shepherds' Field. Just after sunset in December the evening star hangs in startling brightness above the Judaean highlands, and in the growing darkness the outline of the little city on the hill is not unlike the sight which greeted the shepherds nineteen and a half centuries ago.

Most tourists, however, approach Bethlehem from the north along the route from Jerusalem. The main road has not been open since the Palestine war, but there is a new one that skirts the eastern brow of the hill. Rounding a curve at the little village of Sur Bahir, the eager traveler obtains his first view of Bethlehem, its flat-roofed houses of grey or white stone bunched on a hillside to the south. The ruins of the Herodium rise like a flat-topped volcano to the southeast, and on clear days the blue waters of the Dead Sea are visible far below in the Valley of the Jordan.

Continuing south past some land covered with pebbles known as the Field of the Gray Peas, one comes on the right to a building topped by a white dome. This is the tomb of Rachel, the beloved wife of Jacob. There has long been a shrine on or near this site. The present building dates from the fifteenth century, but the white-walled sarcophagus is modern. There the road divides and the eastern fork leads to Bethlehem, the market town of the pastoral tribes who range the north shores of the Dead Sea and whose sheep and goats dot the land-

scape. No wonder the name Bethlehem comes from Beth Lehem, meaning the House of Food.

In the early part of the Old Testament the town is usually referred to as Bethlehem of Judah, after the tribe to which it belonged. The most romantic incident in its early history is the story of Ruth, the Moabite maiden, and her marriage to Boaz, the rich landlord. It was at Bethlehem that the Prophet Samuel anointed David, the youngest of Jesse's sons, to be King over Israel. And from the fields around Bethlehem David went to the camp of Saul, whence he marched bravely out and slew the great Goliath with a stone from his sling.

From Bethlehem also came Joab, the greatest of David's "mighty men," who won for him many battles. One time when David was with him east of the Jordan putting down the revolt of Absalom he was much helped by a local shaikh. In gratitude David gave the shaikh's son some land near Bethlehem on which the young man built a caravanserai. This inn was long famous as a stopping place for travelers going south from Jerusalem on their way to Egypt. It may well have been a rebuilt version of this khan in which Mary and Joseph tried to find lodging when, because "there was no room for them in the inn," they had to seek refuge in the stable cave. Strangely enough, except for the story of the birth of Christ, Bethlehem is not mentioned again in the Bible in connection with his life. But ever since that time, under a dozen different rules, Bethlehem has been predominantly a Christian city. Jerusalem is a shrine for Jews, Christians and Moslems alike, but Bethlehem is uniquely Christian.

After Christ's death there is a hundred-year interval before Bethlehem again comes briefly into the light of history as the birthplace of the Jewish father of St. Evaristus, who was Pope from about 100 to 109 A.D. Two hundred pagan years followed under a series of anti-Christian rulers. St. Jerome noted that, during the one hundred and eighty years from the time of Hadrian to that of Constantine, there were Christians in the city, but the chief attraction in Bethlehem was a grove sacred to the worship of Adonis, the paramour of Venus, whose death was bewailed in the very cave where Christ was born.

Then, in 325, the Emperor Constantine, recently converted to Christianity and full of zeal, learned of the miserable condition of the Holy Places. The Emperor ordered that churches be built on the spots whereon occurred the three main events of the life of Christ. As part of this program the trees of the grove of Adonis were cut down, and

the cave in which local tradition said Christ was born was considerably enlarged. Moreover, a hole was cut in the roof of this grotto so that worshippers could look down upon the place where the manger stood without entering its narrow confines. An eight-sided basilica was then built over this opening, with the main nave of the structure extending west of the sanctuary. Writers of the fourth century say that at that period the clay manger in the cave was replaced by one of silver.

About fifty years after the church was built Bethlehem became fashionable in decadent Rome, and several groups of holy-minded persons came to Palestine and took up residence in the little hill town. Their leader was St. Jerome, the writer, who reached the Holy Land in 384. Their "angels," in more senses than one, were wealthy Roman noblewoman, St. Paula, and her daughter St. Eustachia. In the primitive village of Bethlehem St. Paula built a monastery for the religious group who came with her. The caravanserai of David's friend had long since disappeared, so the Roman lady bountiful built a hospice for the pilgrims who were beginning to come to Bethlehem in growing numbers. St. Jerome passed the rest of his days in Behlehem doing good works and writing his Latin translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew, which we know as the Vulgate. In due time he, St. Paula and her Roman companions died and were buried under the Basilica of the Nativity, after which the quiet monastic life there was carried on by their younger disciples.

The peace of Bethlehem was disturbed in 529 by an uprising of Samaritans who, forgetting the tradition of the "good Samaritan," swept over the countryside from their center at Nablus north of Jerusalem. During this war the church built in Bethlehem by Constantine was so badly damaged that a certain St. Sabas was sent by the Patriarch of Jerusalem to the Emperor Justinian to get funds for its repair. The Byzantine Emperor supplied not only funds but an architect who utilized little of what was left of the old Basilica other than the walls and perhaps its columns. The magnificent mosaics of the original floor were covered at that time to a depth of two feet and a marble pavement laid over them. In several places this marble floor has recently been cut away and the openings concealed by wooden doors, thus permitting visitors to see the mosaic floor of Constantine's Basilica.

The Basilica was originally entered from the western court through three large doors; but the two side ones were walled up during the Middle Ages when a heavy stone buttress was built to strengthen the

front wall. The middle door was twice made smaller, the second time in order to stop sacrilegious horsemen from entering the building. Since then pilgrims have bowed low to enter the vestibule of the church. A beautifully carved wooden door made in 1277 by two Armenian artisans leads into the long empty nave of the Basilica; four rows of eighteen-foot pillars made of reddish stone from the Bethlehem hills divide this nave into five aisles. The original wooden ceiling was burned long ago, and the present one which dates in part from about 1482 was restored in 1670.

The walls of the Basilica were once elaborately decorated with mosaics dating from about 1150, a few of which can still be seen high up on either side of the clerestory. This period also saw the upper parts of the pink columns painted by the Crusaders with scenes from the lives of the Saints and with armorial devices, some of which are yet visible. During most of the year ornate lamps hanging down the middle of the nave are wrapped in cloth with red, green and silver Christmas tree balls hanging below them.

This combination of a stately pillared Roman Basilica, topped by a Gothic clerestory and cedar-beamed medieval roof, presents a strange mixture of design whose dusty unpainted grandeur grows upon the visitor. To one standing in it, the Byzantine chants and the clank of Crusader mail often seem nearer than the busy comings and goings of the modern priests with their sectarian jealousies and heavy clouds of incense.

In the raised eastern end of the Basilica, just above the Grotto of the Nativity, stands the vastly ornate Greek Orthodox high altar, elaborately carved and decorated with two rows of paintings of the Apostles and the Saints. From the stone walls at either end of this altar, steps go down through beautifully proportioned Gothic arches into the Grotto below. The former "stable" is lighted by thirty-two lamps and is far from simple now. Its walls and floors are smooth with white marble, while the sides are covered with hangings of red and gold fireproof aimanthus, a form of asbestos which was given to the Franciscans in 1874 by MacMahon when he was President of the French Republic. There are two chapels in the cave marking where Christ was born and where the manger stood. On the floor of the central chapel is set a silver star partly encircled by a Latin inscription, HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST. Few Christians can stand before this spot without falling on their knees.

On the southwest side of the cave is the larger and more ornate Chapel of the Manger. It contains a marble manger which holds a wax effigy of the Christ child. St. Jerome and several early pilgrims mentioned a wooden crib covered with silver, but this was taken to Europe in the Middle Ages and is still to be seen in Rome in the Basilica of St. Mary Major. A second altar in this chapel is dedicated to the Magi.

From the western end of the Grotto of the Nativity a door leads to a series of underground chapels. One is sacred to St. Joseph; another to the Holy Innocents, those little children who were killed by Herod; still another to St. Paula and her daughter; while the last is said to be the cell in which St. Jerome wrote the Vulgate. They can best be reached by a stairway that goes down from the Church of St. Catherine which adjoins the Basilica. The view of the spot where Christ was born, as seen through the peephole in the door to these caves, is particularly appealing. When after prayer and meditation the Christian climbs the stone stairs leading out of the Grotto, he knows he will never again feel the same about Christmas Eve.

Crossing the north transept of the Basilica past the two altars of the Armenians, one enters the Franciscan Church of St. Catherine, built in 1881. Here an elaborate high mass is celebrated every Christmas Eve beginning at ten o'clock. It is attended by the Jerusalem consular corps in full dress and heralded by their kavasses beating their staffs upon the pavement, as well as by all visitors who can get tickets. West of this modern church is a recently restored medieval cloister, many of whose twelfth-century columns are well preserved. From it the pilgrim will probably wish to return once more to the Grotto of the Nativity and to the Basilica itself. In spite of its poor repair, its bareness in some parts and overdecoration in others, the Church of the Nativity remains for many Westerners the most rewarding of the ancient churches in the Holy Land.

In 614 most of the Christian buildings in Bethlehem were destroyed by Persian fanatics. But legend tells us that the fierce warriors from the east spared the Basilica of the Nativity because they found on its walls a mosaic showing three men dressed as Persians. For a second time the Magi had brought a gift to Bethlehem.

When the Moslems swept out of the Arabian Peninsula and conquered Palestine in 638, the Monastery of St. Jerome and St. Paula's nunnery were destroyed, but the Church of the Nativity was again spared, this time out of Moslem respect for Christ as a prophet.

The Caliph Omar himself came to Bethlehem and gave instructions that his followers should pray in the church "as individuals." And so for many years Moslems and Christians could be seen standing side by side in the Basilica on Christmas Day, each expressing his devotion to the memory of Christ in his own way. This custom may have saved the Basilica from the wrath of the mad Caliph Hakim. As the centuries passed, however, Christian pilgrimage to Bethlehem became increasingly difficult, and the trip to the Grotto of the Nativity was made by only a few hardy and devout Christians each year. It was partly to remedy this state of affairs in the Holy Land that the first Crusade was preached by Peter the Hermit and Pope Urban in 1098.

Bethlehem was the first important Christian shrine to be taken by the Crusaders. When Tancred rode into the town the Church of the Nativity was almost the only Christian building still standing after the troubled years of Saracen rule. Rather than restore the old Monastery of St. Jerome, the Crusaders built a new monastery and cloister directly adjoining the north side of the old church and surrounded the combined structure with a high wall, which gives the group of buildings the appearance of a medieval fortress. Baldwin I was crowned here as the first King of the Latin Kingdom on Christmas Day, 1100. Baldwin II, who followed him, was also crowned in the Basilica at Bethlehem twenty-two years later.

During the years from 1099 to 1187 when the Crusaders occupied Jerusalem, the stream of pilgrims to the Holy Land again increased. Thanks to this and to endowments received from properties in Italy, Spain and even Scotland, the Bethlehem Basilica and Monastery became prosperous again. A restoration of the Basilica was carried out during four years beginning in 1165, when the floor was once again repaved, this time with colored marble, and the roof of cedarwood was overlaid with lead. The two stairs leading to the Grotto were remodeled in their present graceful form and its walls received a coating of marble. This "golden age" of Crusader-protected pilgrimage to Bethlehem ended in 1187 with the fall of Jerusalem to the Moslems. The victorious Saladin allowed only two priests and two deacons of the Latin rite to remain in Bethlehem.

There was a slight improvement in the Christian position in Bethlehem during the middle years of the thirteenth century, but when Sultan Babars came to power he tore down all of Christian Bethlehem except for the Basilica of the Nativity and the adjoining Monastery of

St. Augustine. Legend has it that when the Moslem ruler came to inspect the Basilica as a possible source of building material the stones cracked as they were being taken down, and he decided there was no use shipping such poor-grade marble to Cairo.

The fall of the Kingdom of Jerusalem in 1187 hit the Basilica at Bethlehem doubly hard; it was now cut off from its European endowments and few pilgrims came. In 1347 the Franciscan monks who had taken up residence in the deserted Augustine monastery were given the care of the Basilica as well. They did what they could to keep the church repaired, but the building was old and in danger of falling down. Concern about this ran high in European religious circles, and at last the Franciscan Custos of the Holy Land was able to get permission from the Moslem rulers of Palestine to repair the roof of the Basilica. He asked help from Europe and the response was rapid and gratifying.

Skilled craftsmen were sent to Bethlehem in 1480 by Philip of Burgundy, lead for the roof was furnished by Edward IV of England, and beams and boards plus transportation came from the ship-builders of Venice. Although the shell of the building was thus preserved, almost nothing was done to the interior which continued to decay. According to one visitor who worshipped there during this period, the venerable Basilica had become "a barn without hay, an Apothecary's without aromatic pots, a library without books."

But even darker days were in store for the Basilica. The Turks occupied Palestine in 1516 and the Christian buildings in Bethlehem were looted. Furthermore, conflict broke out between the Franciscans and the Greeks for possession of the Basilica, and first one group of monks and then another was given custody of the Sanctuary by the all-powerful Sublime Porte in Constantinople. Things reached such a point that in 1847 the silver star marking the spot where Christ was born was stolen. After five years of diplomatic activity the Turkish Sultan forced the Greeks to restore it. But the incident was one of the causes of the Crimean War, which broke out in part because Napoleon III revived all the Latin claims to the Holy Places, while the Russians pushed counter claims for the protection of all Orthodox Christians. Then, in 1873, a band of armed Greek monks and civilians broke into the Basilica and sacked it. Eight Franciscan monks were injured and everything of value was taken away, including some of the marble from the holy crib. Since that day a Moslem policeman has

been on duty day and night at the high altar of the Church of the Nativity.

The Basilica was injured by the earthquake of 1834 and in the opinion of many architects further damaged by the crude efforts to repair the structure eight years later. The British administration in Palestine investigated the state of the Basilica and reported it was badly in need of repairs, but as yet little has been done and the interior continues to collect dust over its long-decayed grandeur.

The town of Bethlehem with its narrow winding streets and many stone buildings of medieval design is in places highly picturesque. Buildings other than the Church of the Nativity are the Convent of the Franciscans, with the adjoining parish Church of St. Catherine. Also rising above the low stone houses are the buildings of many religious orders. Native costumes are still extensively worn, including the women's pointed cap which originated with the Crusaders.

Southeast of the Basilica of the Nativity is a church put up by the Franciscans in 1872. It surrounds a cave cut out of the white rock which is called the Milk Grotto. Tradition has it that when the Virgin Mary suckled her Child there drops of her milk falling upon the floor of the cave turned the rock white; as a result the cave has been regarded as holy from very early times. St. Paula had a church constructed on this spot but it was destroyed. The Milk Grotto is lavishly decorated and is much visited by Christian women from all the world who want help with their personal milk supply. The usual practice, although one not recommended by the medical profession, is to take a piece of the soft rock of the Grotto, grind it into powder and mix it with goat's milk. There are many testimonials to the benefit of this unusual treatment.

A little way up the street to the east from the Milk Grotto is the House of St. Joseph. This is a chapel built on the site where Joseph and Mary are said by some to have lived with Jesus after they left the stable of the inn. It is where, according to St. Matthew, the Magi made their visit. Most Christians believe that the Three Wise Men worshipped the Christ child in the cave that served as the stable of the Bethlehem inn. But in Matthew 2:9-11 we read, "... and, lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was ... And when they were coming into the *house*, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treas-

ures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh." The story of the Magi is not mentioned in the other three Gospels.

Many Christians who visit Bethlehem in a reverent mood are disturbed at the insistent efforts of the local merchants to sell them silver crosses, embroidered velvet vests known as Crusader jackets, and mother-of-pearl carvings. They should remember that their annoyance is nothing compared to the dangers and difficulties encountered by earlier travelers. One of the best records we have of them is a journal by Friar Felix Fabri describing his second trip to the Holy Land in 1483. For the most part this Dominican friar from Zurich followed the Pilgrim's Way, which has been the route of religious visitors in Palestine for about fifteen hundred years. In his *Evagatorium*, or *Wandering*, he tells of how he left Jerusalem one morning with a group of pilgrims, riding merrily south through the beautiful hill country under the watchful eye of a Moslem escort. Before the travelers reached Bethlehem, however, the way was blocked by a crowd of threatening Arabs who would not let them through until they had paid twenty-four ducats. And just as they entered Bethlehem a mob of hooligans forced their way among the pilgrims, pushing them about and insulting them. In the midst of the fracas an Arab warrior charged the good friar and tore his cap from his head with the point of a steel lance.

Escaping from this melée the pilgrims finally reached the Church of the Nativity, where they fell on their knees. But their prayers were scarcely completed when they were surrounded by a flock of merchants insisting on selling them candles. The keen-eyed friar was less interested in these hucksters than in the fact that the roof of the Basilica had just been repaired and its beams were no longer the home of pigeons and sparrows. The fifteenth-century pilgrims were not persons to waste time in sleep. Friar Felix made a complete tour of the Church and Grotto of the Nativity, along with the nearby Holy Places, attended a midnight-to-dawn mass, rode out to the Shepherds' Field, and returned to Jerusalem for a night-long vigil at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Soon after this the good friar set out along the Pilgrim's Way to the River Jordan. His group rode donkeys down "the dangerous road" to the valley and passed through Jericho "at a run." The friar noted that the Jordan was "as muddy as a swamp." As soon as the sun

rose above Mount Nebo the pilgrims formed a procession and walked to the water, chanting loudly. Although warned by their Moslem escort about the danger of swimming, most of the travelers were soon washing themselves in the water. Friar Felix, who on his earlier visit had a difficult time saving one of his party from drowning, contented himself by sitting down with his clothes on in water up to his neck. The pilgrims of that day put great faith in the power of the water of the Jordan to check the march of age and even to rejuvenate the aged. Many of the more commercially-minded members of the group filled jars and flasks with Jordan water, a practice to which the Venetian sailors objected strongly. The friar tells us that if a ship returning to Europe ran into a bad storm, the crew searched until they found a pilgrim with some of these jars in his belongings and threw them, along with the pilgrim, into the sea.

Let us follow Friar Felix, his robes still wet with Jordan water, along the side road that leads to the Greek Convent of St. John near the Place of Baptism. It is known by many names, for the Greeks call it Prodromos, the Precursor, and the Arabs call it Deir Mar Joannah. Nearby are the ruins of a church which dates from early Christian times, for St. Mary of Egypt stopped at it before she crossed the Jordan River in 373. Although restored after the earthquakes of 1034 and 1882, it never recovered from the quake of 1927.

A two-minute drive to the east of the monastery brings one to a grove of trees and a little stone chapel with a hospice inside a large enclosure. It stands on the bank of the River Jordan at the spot where one tradition says Jesus was baptized by John. There is an altar on the bank and a stairway leading through the overhanging trees to the water of the most famous river in Christendom, wandering south on its way to the Dead Sea. The surroundings are far from inviting, with the muddy Jordan cutting through the wasteland of the once-drowned river valley. The oppressiveness of the air thirteen hundred feet below sea level adds to the strange feeling of the place where "the voice crying in the wilderness" met the One "whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose." On that day so long ago the man from the wilderness, clothed in camel's hair and with a leathern girdle about his loins, looked up and said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." "Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him . . . John forbade him . . . And Jesus answering said unto him, 'Suffer it to be so now: for thus

it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness.' Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: And lo a voice from heaven, saying, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' "

In times past there was a wooden cross in the river supposedly marking the spot where Jesus stood during the ceremony. And throughout the centuries Christians from all over the world, sometimes traveling in groups of as many as three thousand, have come to this uninspiring mud bank to be inspired, have dipped in the muddy waters to be cleansed, and have gazed upon this drabbest of all river valleys to gain a glimpse of heaven.

After a short rest in the welcome shade of the Church of St. John the Baptist, the friar's group rode west from the river to the ruins and huts of the "miserable town of modern" Jericho, where the credulous were shown the houses of Rahab the Harlot and Zacchaeus. Before the travelers could start their breakfast a mob of Arabs descended upon them demanding "baksheesh." The local proclivity for throwing stones and using a heavy stick was as well developed then as it is now, and a battle ensued during which many of the pilgrims were dragged from their mounts, robbed and injured. Had it not been for the belated efforts of the Moslem guides the party might have suffered serious injury.

Once past the unfriendly streets of Jericho, the battered travelers reached a pleasant oasis near the Spring of Elisha, where they broke their fast and slept for a short time before tackling the steep and dangerous path up the Mount of Temptation. Friar Felix and the stronger members of the party made the climb, but they had to pay an Arab armed with a club before they were allowed to enter the cave where Christ had fasted. Then they pushed on up an even steeper ascent to the very summit of the mountain, much impressed by the fact that as penance one of their members had made the hot and dangerous climb wearing a coat of mail next to his skin, while another knight was said to have gone up the whole mountain on his knees.

From the banks of the Jordan the present-day pilgrim, like the good friar, should turn west again through the market town of Jericho and pass the historic Tell es-Sultan with its eight-thousand-year-old stone tower and the broken walls left by Joshua's trumpets. Not far to the

east rises a steep bare mountain. From early times its caves have sheltered robbers and men who sought solitude to commune with God by whatever name he was called. The face of this mountain is a sheer escarpment cut long ago by the waters of the Jordan and of the Wadi Qilt which comes out of the wilderness just north of it. Because it dominates the oasis of Jericho its summit has frequently been fortified. It was here in the castle of Dok that Simon Maccabee was killed while dining with his father-in-law, during the war of the Maccabean succession.

Dramatic as was this incident in Jewish history, it is not for this that so many pilgrims have climbed the narrow winding trail cut into the crumbling surface of the cliff that leads to several large grottoes about halfway up the escarpment. It is because these connecting caves are described in the common tradition of all the Christian sects as the place on the edge of the wilderness to which Jesus retired for prayer, fasting and temptation. According to St. Matthew, Jesus came here directly after his baptism by John in the Jordan. "Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered. And the tempter came and to him, he said, 'If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.' But he answered and said, 'It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' "

By building up the cliff in some places and making a platform held up on beams driven into the rock in others, the Greek Orthodox monks in 1904 completed a small monastery stretching a hundred yards along the face of the cliff. A chapel in its center encloses two sections of the cave where Jesus is said to have meditated and slept during his temptation. There is a strange unreality about this building, clinging so precariously to the face of the cliff. It has a fortified outer door and a narrow reception room with the simplest of wooden furniture. The place is dusty, its air heavy with incense and the smell of old wood. Most of the time it is lit by a score of hanging lamps that look as if they might fall at any time from the decayed rock of the ceiling. To the Protestant pilgrim more accustomed to bare altars than to the pomp and tinsel of a Greek Orthodox church, the most interesting sight is a slightly hollowed rock at the back of the cave where Christ is said to have slept. Some dozen bearded monks keep vigil here above the blinding heat of the valley of the Jordan.

The sturdy climber or the inveterate sightseer will then push on along the rickety scaffolding to the south gate of the monastery and climb the switchback trail to the top of the Mount of Temptation, 1130 feet above the floor of the Jericho plain. There he will find a few stones from the castle of Dok, along with the ruins of the synagogue of Noara dating from the Maccabean period, traces of a Crusader castle, overbuilt by the ruins of a Turkish fort and topped by a small Greek Orthodox chapel. These remains are not impressive but the view of the valley is—with the green oasis of Jericho directly below, the snake-like ribbon of the Jordan winding through the wasteland in the middle of the valley, the heavy blue waters of the Dead Sea to the south, and the soft contours of the hills of Gilead and Moab rising on the eastern horizon.

Some people say that the Turkish fort was once a quarantine station which gave its name to the Mount of Quarantine. It seems more likely that these persons have merely forgotten their Latin, for since the days of the Crusaders the hill has been known as Mons Quarantina, or the Mount of Forty, because of the forty days during which Jesus fasted here.

Going back up the main road to Jerusalem, almost exactly halfway between Jericho and the Holy City, the pilgrim in the footsteps of Christ should stop briefly at a stone ruin to the north of the road. It is a fairly well preserved enclosure commonly called the Inn of the Good Samaritan, although known to the Arabs as El Khan el Ahmar, the Red Inn, from the color of the rock in the nearby hills. A spring flows not far away, one of the few on the winding trail from Jerusalem to Jericho through the terrible wilderness of Judaea, so there has long been a caravanserai here. The Crusaders enlarged an earlier inn on this site, and fragments of mosaic pavement not later than the twelfth century can still be seen. By the middle of the nineteenth century the Crusader hostelry had decayed badly and was rebuilt. This new building was used by travelers until the coming of motor vehicles, but was bombarded in 1918 when the British and Arabs were driving the Turks out of Palestine. Perhaps a wealthy Christian will someday do a Williamsburg-type restoration on it, for this inn, at a place where Jesus undoubtedly stopped more than once, figures in his magnificent definition of a true neighbor.

"And, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying . . . 'And who is my neighbor?' And Jesus answering said, 'A cer-

tain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite . . . But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him . . . Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?' And he said, 'He that shewed mercy on him.' Then said Jesus unto him, 'Go, and do thou likewise.' "

There is a second ruin on top of a higher hill a little to the east of the Inn of the Good Samaritan. It is what is left of a castle built by the Crusaders to dominate this key pass on the road from Jerusalem to the east.

As the road emerges from its winding climb through the wilderness onto the comparatively level ground southeast of the Mount of Olives, it passes down the street of a village called by the Arabs Al-Azariyeh, from the Latin Lazarium, but known to all good Christians as Bethany. This town was close to the heart of Jesus and one in which he spent both sad and happy hours with his friends, the thoughtful Mary and the domestic Martha.

Mary and Martha had a brother named Lazarus whom Jesus knew well also, for St. John tells us, ". . . Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." In spite of this, when he heard that Lazarus was sick, Christ abode with his disciples in the place where he was. And when at last he felt the time to go to Bethany had come, he said, " 'Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep.' . . . Then said Jesus unto them plainly, 'Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him.' . . . Then when Jesus came, he found that he had lain in the grave four days already . . . Then they took away the stone [from the tomb]. And Jesus . . . cried with a loud voice, 'Lazarus, come forth.' And he that was dead came forth. . . ."

Lastly Jesus came back to Bethany six days before the Passover. His friends again made him a supper there, and Martha served while "Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him." And to everyone's surprise Mary, the thoughtful sister, took "a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odour

of the ointment. Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him, 'Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?' This he said, not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein. Then said Jesus, 'Let her alone; against the day of my burying hath she kept this. For the poor always ye have with you; but me ye have not always.' "

Since the second quarter of the fourth century, when after the conversion of Constantine the thoughts of Christians turned again to the shrines of the Holy Land, pilgrims have been drawn by these events to the little hill town of Bethany. Near the end of that century a church was erected over the cave which tradition said was the tomb of Lazarus and a monastery was built adjoining it. At the direction of Crusader Queen Millicent the Bethany church was enlarged and protected by a heavily fortified tower. Once the Crusaders were driven out of Palestine the tower, the sanctuary and another church lower down the hill, which marked the site of the house of Mary and Martha, all fell into neglect. Christians were forbidden to enter the tomb of Lazarus and the church above it was made a mosque.

Thanks to a large financial settlement, the Father Custos of the Holy Land was permitted at the end of the last century to open a new entrance to the tomb, leading directly from the street. Pilgrims to Bethany still use this entrance off an unpaved lane. A flight of steep steps goes down to a cave from which a narrow opening in the floor enters the tomb itself. If Jesus called Lazarus from this tomb he was probably standing in this outer cave.

On the hill above the entrance to the grotto the stones of the strong tower built by Queen Millicent can still be seen. Down the hill from the tomb and just west of the new white stone church of the Franciscans are the floor and columns of the medieval church where tradition places the house of Mary, Martha and their brother Lazarus.

On his way back to the hotel the traveler should turn west from the main road just north of the Virgin's Tomb and pass into Jerusalem through St. Stephen's Gate. This is sometimes called the Gate of the Lions because of the sculpture on its eastern side and probably dates from the time of Suleiman the Magnificent. It is located near the site of the Sheep Gate through which, in the time of Our Lord, large flocks passed on their way to be sacrificed in the Temple.

A short distance inside the city walls on the right of the street is a United Greek Convent and Biblical Museum, with a very rare

Hebrew translation of the New Testament. In the garden to the north stands the Abbey of St. Anne, which was recently restored after being used as a college by the Moslems. This church which was given to France after the Crimean War stands on the supposed site of the house of Saints Joachim and Anna, the parents of the Virgin, according to legend. From the south side of the nave a flight of stairs goes down to the cave which tradition says was the birthplace of the Virgin Mary.

East of the Church of St. Anne are the remains, now much built over, of the twin pools of Bethesda. An enclosed staircase leads to the southern pool which, like its companion, was cut in very ancient times from the solid rock and was probably enlarged by Herod the Great in the last quarter of the first century B.C. A Byzantine basilica, St. Maria Probatika, was built on massive pillars forty feet high over the wall between the pools. This basilica had been destroyed by the time the Crusaders took Jerusalem, and they built a new church on its ruins. Its medieval crypt, divided into five sections to represent the five porches mentioned in the Bible, can still be traced. This building likewise was destroyed, and the pools were covered by houses and forgotten until they were rediscovered by the White Fathers of the Church of St. Anne at the end of the nineteenth century. The correctness of the discovery is affirmed by the mosaic map on the floor of a church in Madaba in Transjordan. This dates from the early part of the fifth century and places the Pool of Bethesda at this very point. Those who wish can climb down under the ruins of these various churches to see the far from clean water in what is left of the original pools, water that is still being used in the nearby houses. Its curative powers are much prized by pilgrims who take it home with them in fancy bottles.

In spite of all this building and rebuilding, covering over and excavating, one should try to picture the pool as it was in the time of Jesus: "Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered . . . And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' The impotent man answered him, 'Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.' Jesus saith unto him, 'Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.' And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked."

Where Jesus Wept

It is with a deep sense of expectation that the Christian visitor to Jerusalem rises early on the second day for his journey along the tragic portion of the Pilgrim's Way. The truly religious fast throughout the day, though this is not recommended unless one is strongly buoyed up by inward spiritual grace. Proceeding by car around the southern end of the Mount of Olives in the fresh air of the Jerusalem dawn, one should reach the little hamlet of Bethphage shortly after sunrise. In the center of this Arab village, tucked away in a fold of the hills to the east of the Mount of Olives, rise the grey stone walls and low belfry of the Carmelite Monastery known as Beit Faji or the Sanctuary of Bethphage. The plain square building is built upon the remains of a twelfth-century sanctuary whose chapel is still standing. It marks the spot where Jesus is said to have mounted a colt, "the foal of an ass," upon which he made his triumphal entrance to Jerusalem on Palm Sunday.

"And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and were come unto Bethphage, unto the Mount of Olives, then Jesus sent two disciples, saying unto them, 'Go into the village over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them, and bring them unto me. And if any one say ought to you, ye shall say, The Lord hath need of them . . .' And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them, and brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their clothes and they set him thereon."

The most unusual relic to be seen in the Monastery is the stele of Bethphage. This cubical block of stone which was accidentally dug up in 1876 has its four sides covered with delicate oil painting suggestive of the illumination in costly medieval Bibles.

The inscription it bears has been damaged by time, but the word Bethphage can still be deciphered. Among the scenes depicted are a group of men with an ass and her colt and a procession of persons bearing palms. Another scene shows two women, undoubtedly Martha and Mary, at the feet of Jesus, with Lazarus in the background rising from his tomb. Travelers visiting Jerusalem in the time of the Crusaders mention this stone as being the one on which Jesus set his foot while mounting to the back of the ass.

A small road leaves Bethphage and winds up over the Mount of Olives, down the western side past the Garden of Gethsemane, and over the Brook Kidron to Stephen's Gate. Each year on Palm Sunday this route is the scene of a long and colorful religious procession which is always watched by thousands of onlookers. On other days of the year, however, it has little traffic beyond donkeys and a few pedestrians. Following it to the southern shoulder of the Mount of Olives, one finds two paths leading down to the Holy Garden. The steepest of these passes the little chapel of Dominus Flevit, which marks the traditional place where Jesus wept over the fate of Jerusalem.

On that original Palm Sunday Jesus continued his ride in the midst of admiring crowds down the western slope of the Mount of Olives. This route took him through the olive grove which we know as the Garden of Gethsemane, over the Brook called Kidron, and across the valley where the Jericho Road now runs. He then entered the city of Jerusalem and spent some time in the Temple. That building and all its surroundings were destroyed by Titus in 70 A.D., although the huge terrace built by Herod on which it stood still remains. It is suggested that on the way down from the Mount of Olives the pilgrim stop at some vantage point and look across the valley to the broad expanse of the Temple area just inside the city walls. The space is now occupied at its center by the majestic Moslem structure known as the Dome of the Rock and at its southern end by the imposing Aksa Mosque. These buildings are of great size and beauty but only some of their foundation stones date from the time of Christ. The traveler on the Pilgrim's Way, therefore, should sweep them aside in his mind's eye and picture for himself how the great raised area on which they rest must have looked when Herod's Temple was still standing.

Of more importance to Christianity than Christ's stop at the Temple that week was his visit on the night in which he was betrayed to a

house on Mt. Zion in order to celebrate the Feast of the Passover, which we generally refer to as the Last Supper.

"And in the evening he cometh with the twelve. And as they sat and did eat, Jesus said, 'Verily I say to you, one of you which eateth with me shall betray me.' And they began to be sorrowful, and to say unto him one by one, 'Is it I?' . . . And he answered and said unto them 'It is one of the twelve, that dippeth with me in the dish. For the Son of man indeed goeth, it is written of him: but woe to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! Good were it for that man if he had never been born.'

"And as they did eat, Jesus took bread, and blessed and broke it, and gave to them, and said 'Take, eat: this is my body.' And he took the cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them: and they all drank of it. And he said unto them, 'This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many. Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God.' And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives."

Although most of the north and central section of the Israelite city were destroyed by Titus when he captured Jerusalem, some buildings south of the town wall were spared. As a result of this, when the Emperor Hadrian came to Jerusalem in 117 A.D. he found a small place of Christian worship on Mount Zion, which must have been built within two generations of the death of Christ, possibly including parts of the original house of the Last Supper.

During the centuries of persecution of the Christians this building was destroyed; however, a two-story Chapel of the Last Supper, then known as the Church of Zion, was standing when the Crusaders reached Jerusalem. It was considered so important that the Count of Toulouse was ordered to camp nearby to protect it. The Crusaders built a larger church on this spot, incorporating in it—as they often did—the Church of Zion.

After the Crusaders were driven from Jerusalem this Church fell on evil days, but "after long and difficult transactions and at a huge sum of money," King Robert of Naples obtained permission to rebuild it in 1335 and gave it to the Franciscan Order. As the years passed the Moslems took over this property little by little, and by 1500 the Franciscans found themselves pushed out entirely. In 1552 the rebuilt

Church was then made a mosque and known as the Mosque of the Prophet David because the cave in which King David was buried is believed to lie beneath it. This building, called by the Moslems El Nebi Daoud, the Prophet David, and by the Christians the Coenaculum, or Chamber of the Last Supper, lies to the south of the walls of Jerusalem not far outside the Zion Gate in modern Israel.

Under the present tragic division of the city, the only persons who can visit Mt. Zion and then return to the Arab side of Jerusalem are holders of diplomatic or United Nations passports. Others following the Pilgrim's Way should search out with their eyes the Church of the Last Supper and the other buildings on Mount Zion from a vantage point on the Mount of Olives, and put off visiting these holy sites until they have gone through the Mandelbaum Gate and taken up residence in the Israeli sector of Jerusalem.

After a last breathtaking look at Jerusalem from Olivet the pilgrims should move on down the path followed by Christ on Palm Sunday. This route will take them past the golden domes of the Russian Church of St. Mary Magdalene which occupies an upper corner of the ancient olive grove of Gethsemane. From it they should continue down the hill until they can turn left through the gate on a high stone wall that leads into the lower portion of the Garden. Of all the sanctuaries in Jerusalem, this carefully tended little enclosure with its neat paths, beds of subdued flowers, and eight gnarled olive trees of exceedingly great age seems to many Westerners to be the most moving. This is not only because it is so peaceful and beautiful; rather it is because these are the very trees, or at least offshoots of the trees, under which Jesus suffered and prayed.

"Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, 'Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.' And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith he unto them, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.' And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying 'O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt . . .' Then cometh he to his disciples, and saith unto them, 'Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Arise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me.' "

Go forward reverently, O pilgrim, and stand in prayer, one hand upon the lower branches of the largest olive tree in the southwest corner of the Garden; for according to tradition it was under this very tree that Jesus prayed. Nowhere else in all that Holy Land can you touch something living which may have been touched by Christ. It may well be that in future days you will realize this was the moment of your life when you felt closest to the living Christ.

It was not until 1861 that the Franciscans obtained possession of the grove which tradition states was the Garden of Gethsemane, meaning Garden of the Oil Press. At that time it was the property of a Moslem religious trust, protected by a low stone wall and a cactus hedge. Those in charge sold olives to all comers but charged the pilgrims the highest prices. The present higher wall was built in 1848 to protect the trees after one of them was stolen.

To the south of the Garden rises the Church of Gethsemane, more commonly called the "Basilica of the Agony," which was completed by the Franciscans in 1927. It has a beautiful Byzantine portico with three rounded arches whose marble columns are topped by statues of the four evangelists, with magnificent color and gold mosaics above. It stands on the ruins of a basilica erected during the great outburst of church-building in Jerusalem about 380 A.D. and which was described as "elegant" by a fourth-century visitor. On finding this spot in ruins the Crusaders put up a small chapel which they called "Saint Savior"; remains of this Crusader building can still be seen to the east of the modern Basilica. Just north of them is the large flat rock on which the Disciples are said to have slept while Christ was praying.

In contrast to the old and musty atmosphere in most of the churches in Jerusalem, the interior of the modern Basilica of the Agony strikes the Western visitor as shiny-new, with four large windows, a high altar of many-colored Palestinian marble and magnificent mosaics. The twelve shallow domes which make up the ceiling are decorated with glowing mosaics portraying various Christian symbols. Each was presented by a different nation; the decoration of the southwestern dome, depicting a Crusader Cross, was a gift from Christians in the United States.

Beautiful as is the Basilica, its most important feature is a section of the bare rock of the Mount of Olives. From the earliest times this has been described as the rock on which Jesus prayed alone the night he was betrayed.

It was somewhere in the Garden of Gethsemane that the great betrayal took place and Jesus was led away alone:

"Then cometh he to his disciples, and saith unto them, 'Sleep on now, take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that betrayeth me.' And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, 'Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast.' And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, 'Hail, master'; and kissed him. And Jesus said unto him, 'Friend, wherefore art thou come?' Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him. And, behold, one of them which were with Jesus stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priest's, and smote off his ear. Then said Jesus unto him, 'Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' "

From the Garden of Gethsemane Jesus was taken to the palace of Caiaphas, the High Priest, which also stood on Mt. Zion outside the present walls to the south of the city in what is now Israel. "And they that had laid hold on Jesus led him away to Caiaphas the high priest . . . And the high priest answered and said unto him, 'I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the son of God.' Jesus saith unto him, 'Thou has said: nevertheless I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, 'He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses. . . .' "

It was also at the palace of the High Priest that Peter three times denied he was one of Christ's followers, only to be overwhelmed with remorse when he heard the cock crow.

The house of Caiaphas was either destroyed by the Legions of the Emperor Titus or else fell into disrepair during the years when so few Jews lived in Jerusalem. The first Christian pilgrim to mention it after the "pagan years" was the Frenchman known as the Pilgrim of Bordeaux, who wrote that he visited the ruins in 333. The Crusaders put up a chapel to mark the spot where Christ was given his religious trial, but with the Moslem recapture of Jerusalem this building also fell on evil days and was replaced in the fifteenth century by

the Armenian Church of St. Saviour. This stands in Israel outside the Zion Gate; so visitors to Jordan who cannot cross the line into Israel must be content with viewing its roof and belfry from a distance.

Moving down to the foot of the Mount of Olives from the Garden of Gethsemane the Pilgrim's Way crosses the Valley of Kidron. Just to the north of the place where the Jericho road makes a turn to the west, there stands a church which marks the spot where the Virgin Mary was buried. Because so many Christians believe that she merely went through the tomb but did not delay there on her way to heaven, the building is called the Church of the Assumption. The Crusader Godfrey de Bouillon built a monastery there known as the Abbey of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It was the home of the Benedictines of Cluny, who were given the care of this Tomb and who about 1130 built a handsome medieval church, where the earlier building had stood. When the Moslems recaptured Jerusalem they tore down the Benedictine monastery but left the Crusader church standing because of the respect they felt for "the mother of the Prophet Jesus." The structure has suffered much throughout the years, largely through floods because it is so near the bottom of the Valley of Kidron; but the lower part of the Crusader church still remains. This is partly thanks to the efforts of the Franciscans who were charged with guarding this holy place from the middle of the fourteenth century until they were pushed out some two hundred years later. Since 1757 the shrine has been in the possession of the Greek Orthodox who share it with the Armenians, the Syrians and the Abyssinians.

Passing through the graceful medieval entranceway, one goes down a long flight of broad stairs to the site of the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin. Just as was done with the cave in which Christ was buried in the garden near Calvary, the rocky mass containing the cave of the Tomb was long ago separated from the side of the hill and surrounded by a rather ornate chapel.

Reclimbing the stairs part way, one comes on the left to a chapel where Queen Melisande, the daughter of King Baldwin II and the wife of King Fulk of Jerusalem, was buried along with several other prominent ladies of the Crusades.

Leaving the Church of the Assumption, the pilgrim will want to walk up the hill of Jerusalem and enter the Old City through St. Stephen's Gate. A short way past the entrance to the Church of St. Anne brings one to the site of Herod's Antonia Fortress where Christ

was tried by Pontius Pilate. "And straightway in the morning the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes and the whole council, and bound Jesus, and carried him away, and delivered him to Pilate. And Pilate asked him, 'Art thou the King of the Jews?' And he answering said unto him, 'Thou sayest it.' And the chief priests accused him of many things . . . And Pilate answered and said again unto them, 'What will ye then that I shall do unto him whom ye call the King of Jews?' And they cried out again, 'Crucify him.' Then Pilate said unto them, 'Why, what evil hath he done?' And they cried out the more exceedingly, 'Crucify him.' And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified."

Leaving the narrow street and passing through the corridors and church of the Franciscan Convent of the Flagellation, the traveler finds himself in a basement which has only recently been excavated under the Convent of the Sisters of Zion. This was the court of Pilate's Praetorium, its flooring made of large stone blocks, many of whose surfaces were cut with crisscross patterns to prevent the horses of the Roman Cavalry from slipping. Small gutters were also carved in the stones to catch the rainfall in what was then an open courtyard; they lead to a cistern which underlies part of the Antonia Fortress. At the time of Christ this court was called the Lithostrotos, or Paved Place, by the inhabitants of Jerusalem who spoke Greek. In it the tough Roman Legionaries whiled away many an hour shining their weapons, talking of past campaigns and playing games. Traces of permanent markings for a game something like "tic-tac-toe" can still be seen on the smoother stones. But when a prisoner was available for sport the markings on the pavement were quickly forgotten.

"Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto him the whole band of soldiers. And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying 'Hail King of the Jews!' And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head."

In 135, when the much-traveled Emperor Hadrian visited the ruins of Jerusalem, a three-arched triumphal gate was erected running from north to south outside the ruins of the castle. The southern arch of this has long since disappeared from sight, and the northern arch

can be seen in the apse of the Basilica of the Ecce Homo which was built in 1868. Three-quarters of the central arch is clearly visible, spanning the street, which from that point west is called by the Christians the Via Dolorosa or the Way of the Cross. A little room with two barred windows has been built over the arch, and some persons believe there was once a balcony of the Antonia at this point, where Pontius Pilate stood with the prisoner Jesus and said to the mob below, "Ecce Homo; Behold, the Man." It seems more likely, however, that Jesus and Pilate stood at the top of a flight of stone stairs going up to the entrance of the Fortress of Antonia. During the fourteenth century a Franciscan Father Superior took two stones from that ruined stairway, stones on which tradition says Jesus and Pilate were standing when the Roman Procurator called down to the crowd, "Behold, the Man," and inserted them in Hadrian's truimphal gate, thus giving the archway its present name.

To the religious Christian the Via Dolorosa is the most solemn street in the world. It is true that Jerusalem has been often destroyed since the time of Christ, and the present street which dates from the days of of the Turks is ten feet above the level of the Roman pavement. Some day, however, the Way of the Cross may be excavated, and the very stones over which Christ carried the Cross will be brought to light, just as has been done in the Lithostrotos courtyard. Until this happens the pilgrim must content himself with following the street in Old Jerusalem which by long-established tradition overlies the route to Calvary.

At three o'clock every Friday afternoon the Franciscan monks of Jerusalem move along the Via Dolorosa, stopping for prayers at the Twelve Stations of the Cross. And on Good Friday each year the religious leaders of all the Christian sects in Jerusalem, their followers, and a host of pilgrims retrace this tragic route. Whether it be on a Good Friday in company with thousands of the faithful, or an ordinary Friday with the Franciscan monks leading their followers in prayer, or merely in company with a group of tourists, it is with a heavy heart that the modern pilgrim moves along Via Dolorosa.

The First Station of the Way of the Cross is in a building called by the Arabs Rawdat al Maarif, which stands on what was once the palace or residential part of the Antonia Fortress. This is where Christ had his private interview with Pontius Pilate.

The Second Station, where Jesus received the Cross, is in the street

outside this building. It lies opposite the Chapel of the Condemnation which, though inside the Franciscan Convent, was built on the solid pavement of the Lithostrotos.

Passing under the semicircular central arch of Hadrian's Gate, known as the Arch of the Ecce Homo, we come to a piece of marble column lying by the street. This is the Third Station where according to tradition Jesus fell for the first time. Up until 1856 when it was bought by the Armenian Catholics, this site and that of the Fourth Station were occupied by the Hammam Es-Sultan, the Bath of the Sultan.

Some fifty yards further to the west, on the left or southern side of the street, is the Armenian Catholic Church of Our Lady of the Spasm with the Fourth Station just beyond it. When the foundations of this Church were being dug in 1881 a large mosaic was uncovered in whose center are represented two feet pointing to the northwest. This inlaid design has been dated before the seventh century; it is believed to mark the place where the Virgin Mary stood when she looked into the face of her son on his way to Calvary.

A short way beyond this Church the Way of the Cross makes a left turn onto a street which is called by the Arabs Tarik Es-Sarai, Street of the Royal Residence, and by the Christians the Street of Dolores. The first building on the left is a chapel built by the Franciscans in 1895 which marks the Fifth Station where Simon was given part of the Cross to carry. "And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, on him they laid the Cross, that he might bear it after Jesus." We know nothing of this simple man beyond that he was a farm laborer and that he had two sons, Alexander and Rufus, but the Christian world is eternally in his debt.

About eighty steps further up the road to Calvary, where the street is spanned by several arches, a piece of a column has been built into the wall of a house on the left. This is the Sixth Station which, it is believed, marks the house of a woman who had been cured of an issue of blood by touching Christ's garment one day when he was walking in Galilee. When Jesus passed her house on his way to Calvary his face was covered with dust, sweat and blood from the crown of thorn pressed into his brow. The good woman dipped a linen cloth in cold water and tried to wash the face of her Master. Apparently she merely had time to press the wet cloth against his face when she was pushed

aside by the soldiers. But in that moment the outline of his dusty features were transferred to the linen cloth, where it remained visible for a long time. We do not know the real name of this good woman but history has called her The Lady of the True Image, which, fancifully, is Dama Veraicon, thus Veronica. What is said to be the cloth she used has come down to us through the ages; since 707 a Veil of Veronica has been kept in St. Peter's Church in Rome.

Beyond this the Via Dolorosa rises sharply, so it is not surprising that Jesus should have fallen here the second time. The place is marked by a two-story chapel built by the Franciscans. At this point, in Roman times there stood a gate on which the names of condemned criminals were posted and through which Christ passed out of the inner city of Jerusalem.

The route of Calvary now crosses the street of the Gate of the Column, Bab El-Amoud. The German Protestant Hospice of St. John stands on the left, with the Greek Orthodox Convent of St. Charalambos next to it, once the home of the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre. A stone in its wall bearing the Greek word Nike and a Latin Cross marks the Eighth Station. According to tradition it was here that Jesus turned and spoke to the crowd of women who were following him. "And there followed him a great multitude of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning unto them said, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children . . . For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?' "

The Greek Convent of St. Charalambos stands directly across the traditional route of the Via Dolorosa, blocking it completely. It is necessary therefore to go back to the Street of the Gate of the Column. This leads to a flight of steps and a winding lane that takes one to the Coptic Church. Here a pillar marks the Ninth Station where Jesus is said to have fallen for the third time.

The remaining stations are in the nearby Church of the Holy Sepulchre which now has no door on this side. The pilgrim must, therefore, go down for the second time to the Street of the Column and walk through part of the bazaar and past the Russian Hospice to a gate which leads to the south courtyard, or Parvis, of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This church, or rather group of churches, chapels and enclosures, is one of the most confusing structures in the world. It is the result of almost two thousand years of building, tearing down,

rebuilding, enlarging and restoring. It represents the ideas of many different architects from different churches working at different times, often at cross purposes to each other and sometimes even in bitter antagonism. Before entering this collection of churches, therefore, the pilgrim would do well to give thought to the history of this holiest site in Christendom. For, without a proper background, the sight of church piled upon church and chapel interlaced with chapel makes little sense to the observer.

In the time of Christ the hill called Calvary, or Bald in Latin, and Golgotha, or Skull in Greek, was a knoll of rock about fifteen feet high situated a little to the west of the wall of Jerusalem. There was a small garden just beyond the knoll with a low cliff along its western side. Several tombs, at least one of which had not yet been used, were cut in this cliff. One or more cisterns were cut out of the rock to the east of the knoll. In those days it was not lawful for persons to be executed within the walls of Jerusalem, and this knoll of rock must have been a place of frequent crucifixion, for several holes had been cut in the stone of its summit in which crosses could be stood upright.

Although Calvary was regarded as an evil spot by the Jews and Romans it has held a special place in the hearts of the followers of Christ from the very day of his death. When the number of Christians increased Rome tried to stamp them out. As part of this program the Emperor Hadrian, in about 135, decided to blot out forever the location and memory of the crucifixion. He built a wall around the rocky knoll of Calvary, the area of the Garden and the Tomb. The space inside was filled with earth and a temple of Venus, or Astarte, was built on this artificial terrace.

Two hundred years passed, and after his conversion to Christianity the Emperor Constantine developed a great interest in restoring the sanctuaries of the Holy Land. At his direction the Bishop of Jerusalem in 325 tore down the pagan Temple of Venus and the wall and moved the piled-up earth beneath it. This brought to light the rocky knoll of Calvary and the cave of the Tomb of Christ almost intact. Thanks largely to funds supplied by the Emperor Constantine, an imposing Basilica was built on the spot where Christ had been buried. In order to keep the floor of the Basilica level, the low cliff into which the cave of the Tomb of Christ had been hollowed was cut away, leaving only the thin shell of rock which formed the wall of the Tomb standing in the center of a rotunda.

South of the Basilica the early Christians built a cloister, with the Knoll of Calvary rising near its southeast corner. This whole Basilica was of impressive size and skillfully planned as well, particularly the cloister section which enclosed the Knoll of Calvary without destroying its natural state. Even the rock shell of the Tomb of Christ must have been convincing in its naturalness.

In 614, however, fierce Persian warriors under King Chosroes swept over the Holy Land and leveled much of Jerusalem to the ground, including the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. When they had gone a smaller building was raised in its place, but in 1009 the mad Caliph Hakim reduced this also to ruins. Then, under the direction of the Greek Emperor Michael IV, the Rotunda surrounding the Tomb of Christ was rebuilt in about 1037, while separate chapels marked the other sites associated with the crucifixion.

The Crusaders were men of large ideas, and when they took Jerusalem in 1099 they set about enclosing the Knoll of Calvary and several other nearby holy places within a single church. The Rotunda over the Tomb was repaired, and the rough and by now broken stones of the original rock shell around the Tomb of Christ were put together and enclosed in an elaborate casing. The rocky Knoll of Golgotha was cut into a cube, encased in marble, and a chapel with two aisles built upon its summit. This new Church was completed in 1149, under the direction of a famous architect of that day named Maitre Jourdain. In 1400 a dome was put up over the Church nave east of the Rotunda, and further restorations were made in 1719 and again in 1810; but the chief features of the early church still remain. Thus, in spite of several fires and redecorations which to some Western eyes seem over elaborate, the Crusader influence is still strong in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

This is especially noticeable on the main or southern façade with its stone walls and heavy square bell tower dating from 1180. There are two doors on the ground floor of this façade topped with Gothic arches, though the eastern entrance has been sealed by stones since the time of Saladin. Almost similar arches decorate the second story, each with small unbalanced windows in their centers.

According to Friar Fabri who made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1480 and again three years later, he and the other pilgrims with him came two by two in silence and often barefoot, "through a long street to a great closed church, before which was a fair, large courtyard

paved with polished marble of exceeding whiteness." When one of the Franciscan monks who was guiding them told the pilgrims that this was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the pilgrims could not hold back their emotions and burst into cries and tears.

It is with much the same feeling, although without such loud expressions of emotion, that the modern pilgrim enters the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The impact on most Westerners of this, the most Holy Place in Christendom, is mixed. This is partly because of the building and rebuilding; partly because so many of the original windows and openings have been sealed up for purposes of protection that even on the brightest days the interior of the great Church is dark and gloomy; partly because of the number of chapels, shrines, holy spots, and pseudo-holy spots which are crammed into every nook and corner of the vast building; and lastly because the north entrance to the church was walled up long ago, so that at present the only entrance is from the Atrium Court or Parvis, on the south side. This means that instead of being able to follow the path taken first by the living and later by the dead Christ, one enters into the very middle of the tragic sequence of events which marked the last hours of Christ's stay upon this earth.

It is recommended, therefore, that on coming into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre for the first time the pilgrims proceed immediately to its northern side—in other words, to the place in the area of Calvary where Christ was first brought when he left the Via Dolorosa. To do this the visitor should turn right on leaving the entrance hall and proceed rapidly around the semicircular passage at the eastern end of the Church to the cloister known as the Seven Arches of the Virgin, which formed one side of a court in the time of the Crusaders. This is near the walled-up north entrance and places the visitor in the proper position to continue the Pilgrim's Way.

Moving from there to the eastern end of the Arches of the Virgin, one enters a windowless chapel which since the twelfth century has been known as the Prison of Christ.

According to legend a small guardhouse stood on this site where Christ and the two thieves were kept for a short time. There are two round holes in an altar on the right or southern wall of this prison, which are believed by some persons to be the stocks which held the feet of Christ during that period of detention.

Leaving the Prison of Christ and walking a short way to the east

along an outer passage, the Retro-Choir or Ambulatory of the Frankish Church, one comes to the first of three small chapels. This is dedicated to St. Longinus, the Roman soldier who pierced the side of Christ with his spear. "But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs. But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water." According to a legend which first gained acceptance in the fifth century, Longinus was blind in one eye but recovered its sight when the water and blood of Christ touched him. As a result of this miracle he is said to have repented of every sin and become a Christian. This Chapel belongs to the Greek Orthodox Church which dedicated the shrine to Longinus about the sixteenth century.

Walking a few feet further along the semicircular eastern passageway, one comes to the Chapel of the Parting of the Garments. "Then the soldiers when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat: now the coat was without seams, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves, 'Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be:' that the scripture might be fulfilled, which sayeth, They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots." This Chapel which dates from about the twelfth century belongs to the Armenians. The legend seems fairly well substantiated that it was at or near this place that the clothing of Christ was divided among the Roman soldiers.

From the Chapel of the Parting of the Garments the pilgrim should proceed south along the passageway, passing on his left the stairs leading down to the Chapel where St. Helena is said to have discovered the True Cross. It is suggested that the pilgrim not go down at this time since the interesting events which are believed by many to have occurred there are not a part of the Agony of Christ.

A few steps further south along the passageway beyond the stairs one comes to the Chapel of Derision, more frequently referred to as the Chapel of Christ's Crowning with Thorns. This Chapel is reported to have received its name during the fourteenth century when a piece of a column was brought from the Praetorium, where Christ was known to have been mocked by the Roman soldiers, and placed in a box-like altar in the center of the Chapel. A further and unconfirmed legend states that a second mocking of Christ took place at this spot just before he was taken up onto the little Mound of Calvary to be cru-

cified, and it may be on this legend that the name of this Chapel is based.

Continuing on around the Ambulatory, just before coming to the main entrance to the Church, there rises a steep flight of stairs. These go up to the two chapels which stand on top of what was once the small rocky Knoll of Golgotha, or Mount Calvary. Ever since the time of Constantine, when the Knoll was leveled off, this site about fifteen feet above the floor of the rest of the Church has been enclosed by a series of chapels. The present ones go back to the beginning of the twelfth century when the Crusaders put up a church large enough to cover all the Holy Places of the Calvary area. They have, however, been frequently repaired, somewhat changed in size, and much decorated since that time. The southernmost or right-hand Holy Place is the Chapel of the Nailing of the Cross, the altar at its eastern end marking the area where Jesus was fastened to the timbers. A painting behind the altar shows Christ stretched upon the Cross with the Virgin Mary standing beside him while one of the disciples kneels at his feet. A Roman workman is shown sitting nearby still holding a hammer and additional spikes.

This Chapel is the property of the Roman Catholics and its low vaulted ceiling and walls are decorated with beautiful mosaics. Ferdinand de Medici gave the silver-plated altar during the sixteenth century. Pieces of marble set into the floor mark respectively the Tenth Station of the Cross where Christ was disrobed and the Eleventh Station where he was nailed to the Cross.

The northern of the two shrines on Calvary is the Chapel of the Raising of the Cross. A round opening lined with silver in the center of the space before the altar is the place where the Cross of Christ was placed for the Crucifixion. This is the Twelfth Station. Its location appears accurate, for there is a well authenticated legend to the effect that the holes cut by the Roman authorities in the top of the rock were not disturbed when the rest of it was made level to permit the building of the first chapel. The places where stood the crosses of the two thieves who were crucified with Christ are also marked in front of this altar, that of the "penitent thief" being located to the south.

The Chapel of the Raising of the Cross is elaborately decorated with mosaics, paintings, lamps and chandeliers. The eastern or altar wall carries a silver arch surrounding a most elaborate altarpiece containing realistic and lifesize figures of Christ and the two thieves on their crosses.

"And they bring him unto the place Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, The place of a skull. And they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh: but he received it not. . . .And it was the third hour, and they crucified him. And the superscription of his accusation was written over, THE KING OF THE JEWS. And with him they crucify two thieves, the one on his right hand and the other on his left."

Between the two main altars on Calvary is a small altar dedicated to "Our Lady of Dolores." This much-decorated Franciscan shrine shows the spot where the Virgin Mary stood during the Crucifixion. "When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciples standing by, whom he loved, he said unto his mother, 'Woman, behold thy son!' Then saith he to the disciple, 'Behold thy mother!' " The Thirteenth Station where the body of Jesus was taken down from the Cross is close to this altar.

Going down the steep stairs from the raised floor of the Chapel of Calvary and turning left we come to the Stone of the Anointing. This is a polished slab placed on a raised marble base; it is surrounded by enormous candles and over it hang a dozen ornate lamps. A few steps to the east is the stone which marks the place where the Virgin Mary and a group of other women stood while watching the anointing.

Northwest of this, one enters the large Rotunda with the Shrine of the Holy Sepulchre in its center. This is an elaborate nineteenth-century structure of pink marble somewhat darkened by time, the third in succession to enclose the rebuilt rock shell of the cave of Christ's Tomb.

"And now when the even was come, because it was the preparation, that is, the day before the sabbath, Joseph of Arimathea, an honourable counsellor, which also waited for the Kingdom of God, came and went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus. And Pilate gave the body to Joseph. And he bought fine linen and took him down, and wrapped him in the linen, and laid him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock, and rolled a stone unto the door of the sepulchre. And Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus beheld where he was laid."

The highly ornate Chapel which encloses the reassembled rocks that once made up the roof of the cave-tomb was built in 1810 after a disastrous fire had wrecked the Rotunda. One enters it from the east, walking between two marble benches and several candelabra. The outside front wall is richly adorned with columns, paintings and costly lamps. The building of the Tomb contains two rooms, the first being the

Chapel of the Angels, wherein is a stone said to be the one which closed the door of the Tomb after Christ was buried and which was rolled away by the angel on Easter morning. Fifteen lamps are always kept burning there, five belonging to the Roman Catholics, five to the Greek Orthodox, four to the Armenians, and one to the Copts—a division which gives evidence of the relative strength of these Christian sects in nineteenth-century Jerusalem.

From this outer vestibule one passes through a low elaborately carved marble doorway and enters the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre itself. This room which is only a little over six feet long marks the Fourteenth Station of the Cross. In spite of its small size forty-three lamps hang from its ceiling. The Tomb of Christ is on the right side overlaid by a marble slab a little more than five feet in length. This covers the rock on which the dead Christ was laid and which was kept uncovered until after Crusader times. The stones of the original cave can still be seen between the cracks in the marble in various parts of the Chapel. Throughout the centuries pilgrims have tried to take chips from these stones home with them. And in 1603 Ferdinand I, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, sent his fleet to the Levant to "collect" the Holy Sepulchre *in toto* and bring it back to Florence to be the central ornament of his Medici Chapel. The collectors were actually at work detaching the Sepulchre when they were discovered and forced to flee.

The Holy Sepulchre itself can hold only four persons at a time and, if possible, one should enter it alone. Thus each visitor can expect little more than a minute upon his knees beside the stone on which the body of Christ was placed by Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. But the impact of that minute is something no Christian will ever forget.

After backing with bowed head through the narrow door of the Tomb and leaving the Vestibule of the Angels behind him, the traveler along the Pilgrim's Way should walk around the Sepulchre, noting the Coptic altar at its western end, and pass through the northeast pillars of the Rotunda to the Latin Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene. There in the ornate half-darkness the pilgrim can recall that he is standing on the site of what once was a quiet garden "where the new tomb stood." Opening his Bible to the first verse of the twentieth chapter of St. John, he should move back in time to the scene which unfolded on that spot at dawn on the first Easter Sunday.

". . . Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept,

she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, 'Woman, why weepest thou?' She saith unto them, 'Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.' And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, 'Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?' She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, 'Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou has laid him, and I will take him away.' Jesus saith unto her, 'Mary.' "

At the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene one comes to the end of the Pilgrim's Way. There are, however, other spots within the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre which merit attention. Just north of the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene is the sacristy of the Franciscan fathers who officiate in the Basilica. There one can see the great sword and the spurs once worn by that peerless Crusader Godfrey de Bouillon, which are still used in the creation of Knights of the Holy Sepulchre.

Returning to the semicircular passageway at the eastern end of the Basilica, one should descend the flight of stairs leading down to the Chapel of St. Helena. She was the mother of the Emperor Constantine, who played such an important role in uncovering and identifying Calvary and the Tomb of Christ. A legend states that the stone bench on the right of the main altar in this Chapel is the one on which St. Helena sat while her disciples were digging in search of the Holy Cross.

Before leaving the confines of the Basilica the traveler will wish to visit the highly ornamented central portion of the nave of the medieval Church. In Crusader times this was the choir of the canons of the Holy Sepulchre. It was later taken over by the Greek Orthodox Christians, who built partitions between the original stone pillars and decorated the space thus enclosed in an extremely lavish manner.

On leaving the Church one passes on the right the cushioned recess where, since the end of the Crusader period, a Moslem doorkeeper has sat. The Nashashibi family of Jerusalem are the appointed chief keepers of the door of the Holy Sepulchre, and their representative must be paid each morning before the door of the holiest Christian shrines can be opened.

Although most visitors find several hours in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre sufficient, pilgrims of more than usual religious feeling can

make arrangements to spend a night in the building. This has attracted the devout throughout the centuries, and several journals of ancient pilgrimages describe what it was like in the Holy Sepulchre during the darkness of a medieval night.

Friar Felix Fabri records that pilgrims usually spent two nights in the Holy Sepulchre. After buying some bread, eggs and grapes from the merchants in the courtyard south of the main entrance and having been checked, two at a time, by the Moslem keepers of the gate, the pilgrims at last entered the holy building. It was so dark inside that the good friar made the mistake of standing on the stone on which the body of Christ had been anointed. It was probably to prevent this frequent mistake that the stone was raised into its present position.

After receiving instructions from the Franciscan Father who acted as their guide, the pilgrims lit candles and moved about from shrine to shrine chanting appropriate hymns as they went. The good Father tells of climbing the eighteen steps to the Chapel of Calvary where the ornate walls were darkened by the passage of time and the smoke from centuries of candlelight.

Coming down from the raised Chapel of Calvary "with much singing and weeping and no little pushing and disorder," the pilgrims worked their way through the darkness to the Rotunda where stood the Chapel of the Sepulchre, the Tomb itself. The little building standing then was even more ornate than the present structure. It was a twenty-sided shrine, topped by a small six-sided tower which, according to woodcuts of the period, looked like something seen in the streets of Constantinople. An outer courtyard led into the Chapel of the Angels. From this a hole in the rock led into the small chamber of the Tomb itself, where nineteen lamps and many candles lit up the soot-blackened walls and ceiling. Although busy with his prayers, the good Father took time for a little research under the overlay of marble and correctly concluded that the original rock shell around the cave of Christ's Tomb had been partially destroyed and then put together again with stone and cement. After wandering further among the holy sites within the great Church, the pilgrims reassembled in the double chapel on top of Mount Calvary for a midnight mass. When dawn came at last the Moslems "banged the doors of the church so violently that the hinges creaked, and ran with frightful yells among the Holy Places, from which they drove the pilgrims by force."

The experience of spending a night in the Holy Sepulchre in our

own times has been described by a devout member of the staff of the American embassy in Amman. In the autumn of 1955 Miss Muriel Donnelly arranged with Sister Mary Elias to do so. It was dusk when she, Sister Mary and a nurse from Bethlehem entered the massive doors of the old Crusader Church and hurried past the Moslem gatekeeper on his raised divan to the left of the entrance. Passing the marble slab marking the place where the body of Christ was anointed, they mixed with a crowd of worshippers attending a Greek Orthodox service near the Tomb. When the crowd started to break up they climbed the stairs to a balcony which until a generation ago was reserved for the Russian royal family. From it they had a view of the Rotunda and the Tomb of Christ, a view crisscrossed by the timbers of the scaffolding which covers so much of the inside of the Church in an effort to keep the place from falling down. Like many parts of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the balcony was far from clean, and the sister swept it carefully and gave it a liberal dusting of D.D.T. before the three of them spread their blankets on the stone floor.

At ten minutes of six o'clock the heavy metal doors of the Church clanged shut for the night, and the pilgrims took a walk before returning to the royal balcony where they ate supper by candlelight. The coldness of the autumn night added itself to the chill of the ancient stone floor and the pilgrims were happy to put on knitted caps, socks and gloves before wrapping themselves in their blankets and lying down for a few hours of sleep.

At eleven o'clock the church bells rang out in the belfry not far above their heads, and the twentieth-century pilgrims returned to the ground floor, which by now presented a scene of candlelight activity during a Greek Orthodox mass. Although accustomed to elaborate church services, the American was struck by the pageantry and the beautiful chanting which continued until early in the morning. As soon as the Greeks had moved out of the Rotunda a procession of Armenians in gold-threaded robes woven into delicate designs came up from the dim recesses of the Church to celebrate an hour-long mass beside the Holy Tomb. Hardly had they melted into the shadows when the Tomb was surrounded by a procession of Coptic monks who chanted a solemn mass at their altar to the Virgin.

At four-thirty the three visitors, candles in hand, climbed the steep stairs to the Chapel on top of the rocky Knoll of Calvary, where they attended a Latin mass and received communion. Before the service

was over dawn had come, the heavy doors of the Church were swung open by the Moslem guardians, and the first early worshippers from outside entered reverently.

For many visitors, particularly those coming from the eastern Mediterranean, the visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre completed the Pilgrim's Way. For Westerners, however, and particularly for Protestants another stop is recommended. This is at the Garden Tomb which is to be found off a lane not far north of the Damascus Gate on the way to the American Colony Hotel. This Tomb was discovered in 1867 by the Greek owner of the land on which it stood. In 1883 General Gordon who had won great fame in China and in the Sudan heard about it. Because it was outside the city walls he felt that it met the requirements of Christ's Tomb better than did the traditional site known as Mount Calvary. Two thousand pounds were raised and a plot of land bought in 1894. Since then a beautiful garden has been made facing the Tomb, while the ruins of an early church have been discovered just in front of the cave. There are pleasant walks and quiet benches in the Garden, making it a welcome change from the ornate interior of many of the churches in Jerusalem. It is doubtful that this is the place where Christ was buried, but it is an ideal place in which to meditate on the holy sites which have been seen along the Pilgrim's Way.

Before leaving Jerusalem, the visitor should drive the twelve miles north from Jerusalem to the beautiful village of Qubeibi, or Little Dome. Recent excavations show that this is built upon the ruins of the ancient town of Emmaus which was completely destroyed and its very location lost during the Jewish revolt of 70 A.D. Passing through the gate of the Franciscan Monastery, one enters the Church of Emmaus which was completed in 1902 on the foundations of a church built by the Crusaders. That building in turn was an expansion of a much earlier church which may have dated from the fourth century. The most interesting thing about all these religious buildings is that they enclosed, as does the present structure, the stone walls of a house of the Roman period. It was part of the village of Emmaus whose main street lined with the ruins of many houses can still be seen in the garden to the north of the Church. Tradition has it that the walls within the Church are those of the house of St. Cleopas, a follower of Jesus and one of those to whom he appeared on the first Easter Sunday.

"And behold, two of them went that same day to a village named

Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs.... And it came to pass that while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him. And he said unto them, 'What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walked, and are sad?' And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering and said unto him, 'Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days? ...' And he went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took the bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight."

Returning to Jerusalem from Emmaus the pilgrim should proceed to the summit of the Mount of Olives to the Rock where, according to the Gospel of St. Luke, the last scene of Jesus' ministry on earth was enacted. It is in a compound to which one must be admitted by a Moslem from the nearby mosque. Like virtually every sanctuary in the Holy Land this spot has a checkered architectural history. It was started as a Roman rotunda, made into a monastery by the Crusaders, and changed by the Moslems into a mosque. The result of all this is a building with no architectural merit but with just enough Moslem character to take away the simple outdoor Christian atmosphere so well preserved by the early Christians and the Crusaders. The Christian visitor can make his inspection of this building and the "footprints" on the Rock there quite rapidly. Then let him open his Bible and read aloud from the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke beginning at the fiftieth verse: "And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy."

The Dead Sea Scrolls

I Will Not Render to a Man the Recompense of Evil;
With Good I Will Pursue a Man;
For With God is the Judgment of Every Living Man;
and He Will Repay to a Man his Recompense.
from *The Dead Sea Scrolls* by Millar Burrows

We have no record of the last days of the Qumran Monastery; they may have been somewhat as follows.

The Chief Overseer shut the door of his office, sat down beside his desk and relaxed for the first time in many hours. Life in the Monastery at Qumran was busier each day; yet everything had to be done with the utmost detail and exactly in accordance with the rules laid down in the Manual of Discipline. The communal rooms had to be kept scrupulously clean, meals had to be correctly prepared, and above all an adequate supply of pure water made available. The injunction in the Rules of the Order, that no man could bathe in water of less depth than was necessary to cover a person, meant that the Covenanters needed much water in spite of their location in the semi-arid foothills west of the northern end of the Dead Sea. Furthermore, no non-member or even a novitiate in the lower orders could bathe in the same water with those who had been admitted to the Purity of the Many, so that there had to be different cisterns containing water of varying degrees of purity. To be sure, the Overseer had assistants to help him regulate the work of the Monastery, to keep its accounts and see that all things were done according to the Manual. But in recent years the Congregation had grown considerably larger. The Overseer sighed and turned to the work on the desk.

First there was a report that recently the all night readings had not been properly attended. He made a note to remind the Congregation of the importance of the Rule which said, "Let the Many keep awake in community a third of the nights in the year in order to read aloud from the Book and to expound Judgement and to sing blessings altogether."

Next, the Watchers of the Skies were not making as many notes as in the past. Since it was written that the stars and their relative positions had a strong effect upon the lives of men, these records must be complete. The Watchers of the Skies might even miss the special grouping of stars and planets which would foretell the coming of The One so eagerly awaited by the members of the New Covenant.

There was also a long memorandum from the Chief Inspector regarding candidates for membership in the Covenant or Congregation. Out of fourteen candidates the Inspector recommended that at their next session The Many debate the cases of ten as worthy of consideration for being passed into the Party of the Community. Another memorandum dealt with seven persons who, after spending a year in the Party of the Community, appeared worthy of entering the Purity of the Many. There were lists of all the wordly possessions of these advanced candidates which must be marked by the Overseer. The items, however, could not be mixed in the common pool of the general possession of the Members of the Covenant until the passage of another year. Then, if satisfactory, all their worldly goods would be pooled with the property of the Community; they would enter the Covenant before God and be assigned a rank among the brethren. From then on they could partake of the Messianic Banquet and be baptized. The Overseer made special note of the instruction, "Let him (the 'sinner') not enter the water to come into touch with the purity of the Holy Men. For such shall not be cleansed until they have repented of their wickedness; for uncleanness is on all transgressors of His word."

Only that day the High Priest, in an address to the Special Council of Twelve, the ruling body of the Covenant, had reminded his listeners that salvation was possible only through complete separation from the non-purified world, the world in which the Devil might strike at any time through the forces of evil. Thus new members had to be screened with special care, for the backsliding of any Covenanter endangered the status of all the rest. He had repeated to them the words of their own Thanksgiving Song about the forces of evil:

But as for me, when my heart dissolveth like water,
then my soul takes strength from the Covenant;
and the net they prepared to catch me
will entangle their own feet;
and the traps they set for my soul
will cause their downfall.
And out of their midst I will bless thy name.

The Overseer was just beginning a note to his second assistant about the growing of more vegetables at the springs of Ain Feshkha, near the Dead Sea some two miles to the south of the Monastery, when there was a sudden knocking on his door. At his command one of the members who served as a guard entered and said, "A man has just ridden over from Jericho. He says he has information for you of the greatest importance. He is the brother of one of the Covenanters." After the traveler had bathed and dressed in fresh robes, he was escorted into the presence of the Overseer.

The Overseer looked anxiously at the bowed figure and gave him permission to speak.

"I am Araenus, the leather merchant from Jericho. Last night I was in the tent of a centurion of the Tenth Legion. Several officers were talking who did not know that I spoke Latin. From them I learned that within two weeks the Emperor Vespasian will send a detachment to occupy this Monastery. The Romans wish to control the route along this side of the Dead Sea and the traffic from here to Bethlehem and Jerusalem. Besides, they think the Covenanters are getting too strong. Every one of you is in danger."

The Overseer obtained what additional information the leather merchant could supply and sent him out to take an evening meal with some of the unpurified workers whose tents were nearby. Then, after making sure of the man's identity and reputation for truthfulness, he told what he had learned to the High Priest. A meeting of the Council of Twelve, the three Priests, the Overseers, Inspectors, Judges and other Elders of the Community was called at once. When it was properly started with ablution and the first prayer, the Chief Overseer repeated the merchant's story. The High Priest led the group in a prayer for guidance. Then the meeting was opened for general discussions, with each man speaking as he sat, according to his rank in the order.

"The Romans cannot defile the purity of this sacred place by sta-

tioning troops here," said the Second Priest, and several of those present murmured their agreement. But the High Priest shook his head; "What Rome wishes to do, she does," he replied.

"Then we must defend ourselves," said the Junior Overseer. "Our stone tower is strong and has been reinforced since the great earthquake. Our walls are in good condition, and here in the foothills above the plain of the Salt Sea we cannot be easily overcome."

The Chief Inspector uttered a prayer before he spoke. "I have seen the Romans attack a far stronger place than this. We would be lucky to hold out a day against even one cohort. If their terms are too harmful to the Covenant, we must resist as long as we can. But let us have no illusion. No man resists the Tenth Legion and lives."

"You are right," said the High Priest. "The problem is not how to fight, but what can be saved so that other Covenanters can carry on our work."

"The Scrolls! The Scrolls!" the Council cried with one voice. "We must save the Scrolls!" Before they left the room they joined in one of their favorite hymns.

> I thank thee, O Lord, because thou has sustained me with thy strength and has shed abroad thy Holy Spirit in me;
> I shall not be moved.
> Thou has strengthened me in the face of the battles of wickedness; in all the ruin they wrought thou didst not turn in dismay from thy covenant.

From that moment on, except for prayers and ablutions, the regular work of the Covenanters stopped as every effort was directed towards preparing for the emergency. The slaves, servants and lay helpers were sent away to their villages, along with their wives and the few other women who lived in tents and mud hovels around the Monastery. Some of the reserve food supplies were distributed to the poor. The Treasury of the Covenant, made up of the gold, silver and other valuables of the members who had joined the order, was divided into seven parts and sent to the homes of friends for safe-keeping.

But the most important problem was what to do with the library of the Covenant. Little by little the Covenanters, by acquisition and by copying, had built up a collection of over five hundred manuscripts. These works, written on leather and papyrus, were carefully stored in

the library of the Monastery just south of the Great Tower. Except for the Temple in Jerusalem it contained the most complete collection of Old Testament documents in existence. There were copies of the books of the Old Testament, such as the book of the Prophet Isaiah. There were books referring mysteriously to specific persons and events, such as the Commentary on Habakkuk which was probably an interpretation of prophecies by the founder and other leaders of the Covenanters. There were descriptions of wars which may have been details of actual battles, but more probably dealt with religious conflicts, such as the War of the Sons of Light with the Sons of Darkness. There were religious poems and songs such as the Thanksgiving Songs. And there were directions for the organization of the band of the Covenanters, such as the Manual of Discipline.

Although some members of the Community suggested that the library be distributed among the friends of the Covenant, this idea was rejected. The manuscripts might well be discovered and destroyed if they were scattered abroad in various houses. The idea that a cellar be dug under the present library and the Scrolls all hidden together was also dismissed as useless; the likelihood of discovery by the Romans was too great. It was finally decided to hide the Scrolls in the many inaccessible caves in the rocky hills that rise above the Monastery and form the western side of the valley of the Dead Sea.

Working with the greatest secrecy the Members of the Covenant wrapped the Scrolls in pieces of cloth. Some of this was linen kept in the library for the preservation of little used or "dead books." Other pieces were collected from various places in the Monastery, while still more were hurriedly woven on the primitive upright loom of the Covenanters.

While this was going on, the kiln was busy turning out dozens of cylindrical pottery jars between twenty-one and twenty-seven inches long, somewhat flattened at the top and bottom. They ranged in color from rose-pink to gray and were so intensely heated by fire that their clay took on an almost metallic quality. These were added to a stock of similar jars already in the reserved room of the library, plus a number of jars used for the storage of water, grain and other objects.

One by one the parchment or leather Scrolls, wrapped in their flaxen coverings, were placed in jars of appropriate size. The more important Scrolls were surrounded by linen pads for extra protection. Then most of the jars were sealed with bitumen or wax. Working stealthily at

night, trusted Covenanters took a few at a time and hid them in selected caves. Some of these were several miles from the Monastery, but others, such as the opening later known as Cave Four, were in a cliff only a hundred yards from the main building. In a few cases the entrance to the cave was sealed. In every case all evidence that people had climbed into these hiding places was brushed away.

Finally the last Scrolls were hidden, the lesser members of the Community scattered in an "underground," and the Priests and Elders made ready to negotiate with the Romans. A small band of Covenanters prepared for a last desperate defense of the Monastery should it be impossible to dissuade the Romans from their avowed purpose of taking over the site. The next afternoon the Overseer, from the top of the Monastery's tower, watched a column of dust moving slowly across the plain between the foothills of Qumran and the Jericho oasis. As it came closer he saw the sun flash on the golden eagles of a cohort of the Tenth Legion. In his mind he ran over the carefully worked out arguments by which he and the Priests would try to convince the Romans to turn aside. But in his heart he knew that it was useless and that the days of the Covenanters at Qumran were numbered. Starting down from the roof top he heard the call of the Roman trumpets ordering the soldiers to move into the foothills. That night the walls of the Monastery were ringed by Roman campfires.

By noon next day the talks had failed. Three days later every Covenanter who had resisted the Romans was dead, and the golden eagles were planted on the highest tower of the Monastery, which for the next few years served as a small Roman outpost. The summer of 68 A.D. was hot in the Jordan Valley, and the Roman Legionaries had enough to do without climbing about the rocky hills west of their newly established fort. Then the autumn rains drifted lightly over the valley, and the last faint traces of human entrance were washed away from the empty mouths of half a hundred caves. The secret of the library of the Covenanters was secure.

As far as we know, it remained so for 700 years. Then a hint of its existence came from a Syriac letter written about 800 A.D. by one Timotheus, the Nestorian Patriarch of Seleucia, to his friend Sergius the Metropolitan of Elam. In this letter Timotheus said that, ten years before, an Arab who was out hunting near the Dead Sea with his dog had followed it into a cave. There he found some manuscripts in jars. When the learned Jews of Jerusalem heard of this many of them went

to the cave and found in it books of the Old Testament and other Hebrew writings, such as several hundred of the Songs of David. We cannot be sure, but it seems likely that the hunter's dog had sniffed his way into one of the Qumran library caves.

Another thousand years went by. Then, in the late nineteenth century, a cache of long unused manuscripts was found in the library of a Karaite synagogue in Cairo. Some of these were of great age and one, now known as the Damascus Document, went back to the tenth century. It was a copy of a much earlier manuscript which had recently been discovered, and which had had a profound affect on the practices, language and even teaching of the members of the Karaite sect. Important as this discovery now appears to be, it aroused relatively little interest at the time outside of Jewish religious circles and students of comparative religion.

In the summer of 1947 history repeated itself. There are various versions of the tale, but it seems that once again an Arab was hunting in the foothills northwest of the Dead Sea. He was a member of the Bedouin tribe of Ta'amirah whose grazing land lies in that part of Jordan. His name was Mohammed adh-Dhib, "the Wolf," and he was looking for a goat that had strayed from his flock. The search led up to a row of limestone cliffs. As he sat resting Mohammed noted the mouth of a small cave a little above his head. Thinking the lost goat might be inside he tossed a stone into the opening. Instead of a goat bleat he heard the curious metallic ring of stone striking well baked pottery. Mohammed threw a second stone and this time he heard the tinkle of a breaking jar. Consumed by curiosity the young Bedouin scrambled up the cliff and peered into the hole. Ranged along the side of the cave were several rows of pottery jars thickly covered with dust and with broken pieces of other jars lying around them. Mohammed had never heard of such a thing except in tales of djinns and spirits. Leaving the search for the lost goat to another day, he hurried down to the other shepherds and hardly slept that night.

The next day Mohammed told his best friend about his adventure and they returned to the cave. There the young Arabs took the lids off two jars but found them empty. The third contained bunches of old rags wrapped around a long piece of brown leather. Mohammed carried it back to his tent, where the two friends unwound it and noted that it bore some writing which they could not read. So they rolled it up again and kept it in their tent along with two other Scrolls from the

cave. Some weeks later they were in Bethlehem trading milk and cheese for tea and coffee. The man with whom they dealt was a wily Syrian Christian called Khalil Isankder Shahin, familiarly known to the Bedouin as Kando. In addition to his general store Kando owned a cobbler's shop, and he agreed to buy the Scrolls in the hope he might use their leather in making sandals. It was not until he was about to cut up one of them that he noticed there was writing on it.

Thinking they might be Syriac religious manuscripts, the merchant-cobbler took the Scrolls to a priest he knew in the Syrian Monastery of St. Mark in the Old City of Jerusalem. The monks were not very explicit, but they told Kando enough to convince him he could make a little money by selling the Scrolls to the Convent. Kando talked further to the simple-minded Mohammed, learned from him the location of the cave and that there were still unopened jars inside it. Then Kando and a friend of his named George went down to the cave and collected more Scrolls and a large number of fragments.

It was now the turn of the Syrian priests to ask questions and, since he felt he had cleared everything of value out of the cave, Kando told them its location. The Syrian Metropolitan then went down to the Qumran area with a group of his followers, enlarged the mouth of the cave, and took away everything they thought was of importance. This included more fragments of manuscripts, but they discarded linen wrappings and pieces of broken jars. Adding these new fragments to the Scrolls left with him by Kando—who incidentally had been paid twenty-four pounds on deposit—the authorities of the Syrian Convent started a series of talks with scholars in Jerusalem. One of the men they contacted was Professor E. L. Sukenik of the Hebrew University. According to Dr. Sukenik's account of the negotiations, he was able to meet with the Syrian Metropolitan and to reaffirm his conclusion that the manuscripts were very old and of great value.

Kando, however, was by now fearful that he would be arrested for having made illegal excavations. Rather than sell all his manuscripts he took a package of large and important fragments and buried them in the damp soil of the garden behind his house in Bethlehem. Unfortunately they were not properly wrapped, so when he dug them up some months later there was nothing left but sticky lumps resembling brown glue.

In February of 1948 the Syrian Metropolitan got in touch with the American Schools of Oriental Research, where he spoke to Dr. John

C. Trever, the acting director. The Metropolitan said nothing about a cave near the Dead Sea. Instead, he explained that while clearing out the Convent library he had run across some manuscripts he could not identify or date. The next day Father Butros Sowmy, one of the Syrian Brothers, came to the American Schools carrying the manuscripts in an old suitcase. It took only little study to convince Dr. Trever that one was a very old copy of the Book of Isaiah. He was given permission to take pictures of it and the other Scrolls. From them he concluded that he was working with the oldest extant manuscripts of any part of the Bible. Soon after this the spread of the Palestine War made it necessary for Dr. Trever and his aides to leave Jerusalem, and normal cultural life there was thoroughly disrupted. The Metropolitan himself took such Scrolls as he had to America in order to sell them. There, some of the pictures of the Scrolls were studied by the famous paleographer Professor W. F. Albright, who dated the manuscripts as having been written in the first or second centuries before Christ.

In November of 1948 the able British archaeologist G. Lankester Harding, who was in charge of the Department of Antiquities in Jordan, learned for the first time that ancient Scrolls had been discovered in a cave northwest of the Dead Sea. He recognized the need for immediate action and directed Joseph Saad, the secretary of the Palestine Archaeological Museum in Jerusalem, to make every effort to locate the cave from which the Scrolls had come. Saad called on the Director of the American Schools of Oriental Research who at that time was Dr. O. R. Sellers. Together they dodged a heavy fire of shells and bullets until they reached St. Mark's Monastery. Their first contact in the Monastery, George Isaiah by name, proved uncommunicative. But during a chance meeting with a Father called Yusif, they learned that the mysterious cave was northwest of the Dead Sea. Unfortunately the hills there contained hundreds of openings, and a further effort to get more specific information was a flat failure.

As the despondent Joseph Saad returned to the Museum, which was guarded by Bedouin Legionnaires, it occurred to him that these men were the world's greatest desert trackers. He talked to Harding, and a few days later a detachment of desert-born Legionnaires was moved to the head of the Dead Sea and given instructions to go south along the western shore until they spotted a cave in the western hills which had been recently entered. Within three days the leader of the troops, Jordanian Major Akkash, reported that his men had located such a

cave. An exploration party then visited it, including Harding, Father D. De Vaux of the French School of Archaeology, Joseph Saad and two other technicians. Although the amateurs who had preceded them had literally torn the place apart, the experts found shreds of large jars, pieces of linen of an early date, and many small fragments of leather with writing. From all of this they estimated that the cave had originally held up to fifty jars, most of which had contained several Scrolls. Thus it seemed that a great many manuscripts or pieces thereof must be available somewhere. The indefatigable Joseph Saad was given instructions to find and buy any and all of these priceless manuscripts.

The search was worthy of a detective story. The trail first led to the Monastery of St. Mark, but they found no clues there. On the way out they ran into a woman who said her husband had been paid to dig in a cave about a year before. He was brought to the basement of the Museum where a number of Scrolls, fragments and items were spread out on the tables and was asked if he recognized anything there from his earlier diggings. After a substantial tip, he told about working in the cave with the Metropolitan. It was with the greatest difficulty, however, that they got him to name the merchant-cobbler Kando as the dealer who had taken the Scrolls to Jerusalem. He was in deadly fear of Kando, who by now was making so much money out of the Scrolls that he was ready to take drastic steps to protect his monopoly.

The next day Saad and two guards from the Museum went to Bethlehem, being forced by the war to take the round-about dirt track which ran by the Monastery of Mar Saba. It was with considerable trepidation that Saad entered Kando's store, where he was greeted by two hostile looking men. As soon as he had explained his interest in the Scrolls the older man attacked him physically, while the younger Kando slipped out the back door. This was a most unpropitious beginning, but Saad stayed on in Bethlehem for about a week, during which time he finally gained some of Kando's confidence and invited him to come to Jerusalem. Before long the wary dealer appeared at the Museum and some weeks later produced the first fragment of a Scroll. Saad offered to buy it and any others that Kando might bring in, saying that he was acting as agent for a visiting British professor. A meeting was arranged in Jericho, and Saad was authorized by Harding to pay up to one Jordanian dinar, or $2.80, per square centimeter of fragment. By now so much interest had developed in the Scrolls that

Harding felt he would have to pay this sum to outbid the dealers and tourists who were making every effort to pick up the smallest fragments.

The hotel Kando had chosen for the rendezvous was fifth class, and the dealer had planted some rough-looking thugs near the door in case of trouble. But Saad and an English assistant to Harding, who was playing the part of a visiting English professor, were shown into a small side room. After the usual period of small talk Saad produced a bundle of bank notes and Kando produced a pile of leather fragments which measured about 1,250 square centimeters. Saad offered 800 pounds for the lot, but Kando was not interested. After a period of bargaining Saad was able to buy all of it for 1,000 pounds, but only after the dealer had learned through his agents that Saad was working for the Jordanian Department of Antiquities.

Kando's stock of Scrolls was now exhausted, and he told Saad he had received them from a Bedouin named Mohammed adh-Dhib of the Ta'amirah tribe. Before long the original finders of the Scrolls were invited to Amman, where the Arabic-speaking Harding gained their confidence and arranged that if any more Scrolls should be found they would be brought to the Palestine Museum.

Two years later this arrangement bore fruit, when some other Ta'amirah Bedouin came to the Museum with a fragment of Scroll which they had found in a cave at Murabbaat in a wadi some miles south of Qumran. By now it was clear that other caves might contain Scrolls, and the Ta'amirah began climbing all over the Judaean hills, pushing their way into every opening they could find. This interest in Scrolls was very commendable, but the Bedouin made such a shambles of every cave they entered that Gerald Harding decided it was imperative that these Bedouin operations be taken over by skilled excavators. Under Harding's direction the American Schools of Oriental Research, the French Ecôle Biblique and the Palestine Archaeological Museum organized a joint expedition that entered over two hundred caves in the cliffs behind Qumran. Only a few leather fragments were found plus a Scroll made of copper. The metal of this Scroll had oxidized so much that it could not be unrolled, and experts in England had to devise a method of cutting it into strips. When this was finally done it turned out to be a list of places where gold and silver had been hidden. This was a matter of considerable interest to the laymen but of little importance to the Scroll scholars who were seeking treasures of wisdom rather than treasures of gold.

In September of 1952 Harding learned from Father De Vaux that a large number of fragments had come to Jerusalem from some new unknown source and that the French Father had paid 1,300 pounds for some of them. Along with two soldiers Harding hurried down to Qumran Monastery and spotted the dust of a Bedouin "dig" in a cave located on a cliff only one hundred yards away. The entrance was so inaccessible that the Ta'amirah were taking turns lowering their colleagues down the face of the cliff by ropes. This had been going on for three days when Harding stopped them and collected several thousand fragments which littered the floor of this hole that is now known as Cave Four. Because many of the manuscripts in this cave had not been placed in jars, rats and other animals had eaten parts of them and scattered the remainder about in confusion. Apart from what the Bedouin had found, Harding and his party located additional fragments hidden in a corner of Cave Four, and they also found some pieces in a smaller cave nearby, now known as Cave Five. The next problem was to find money enough to buy such a large number of fragments whose price held firm at half a pound per square centimeter.

The government of Jordan was far from rich, but greatly to its credit it authorized Harding to put up 15,000 dinars from public funds. This was a help but it was only a start. Unable to buy thousands of fragments offered for sale, Harding wrote a circular letter to outstanding universities and institutions throughout the world that might be interested. In it he offered to sell Scrolls or fragments, to be delivered to the universities when the work of assembling, publishing and editing had been completed. The response was encouraging and money came in from such varied places as McGill University in Canada, the Vatican, Manchester University in England, and the University of Heidelberg. After three years of careful negotiation most of the fragments from Cave Four were purchased with these funds from the Bedouin or from their agents. Then more pieces were discovered early in 1955, and still another lot was found in January 1956. Fragments are still continuing to appear, and it seems probable that between the Bedouin and the archaeologists additional Scrolls or fragments will be coming to light for years.

The task of opening, reading and transcribing the complete Scrolls or large sections thereof was exacting but not too difficult. Seven years after they were found in Cave One at Qumran, an excellent transcription of the Book of Isaiah, a collection of Psalms and a Scroll about a war between the Children of Light and the Children of Darkness were

published by the Hebrew University. During the same period American scholars transcribed and published a second manuscript of Isaiah, a commentary on the Book of Habakkuk, and the Manual of Discipline, the creed and guide of conduct of the Qumran sect.

The real problem, however, was sorting the thousands of fragments, some of which are no bigger than a thumb nail, deciphering them and putting them together into words, sentences and manuscripts. Fathers Milik and Barthelemy of the French School of Oriental Studies in Jerusalem started in 1952 on the fragments found in Cave One. Following endless days and nights of working on "the world's largest jigsaw puzzle," they succeeded in assembling the pieces and published the results in 1955; after which Father Barthelemy had to be flown home, suffering from severe mental fatigue and eye strain.

The volume of fragments from Cave Four was so large that Father De Vaux and Harding recognized that it could only be completed by a group of experts. As a result an international team made up of American, British, French, German and Polish scholars was assembled to work at the Palestine Archaeological Museum just outside the old Turkish walls of Arab Jerusalem.

Much of this work is still going on. When fragments reach the Museum they are marked on the back in order to be sure that they, or their equivalents, reach the institutions who put up the money for their purchase. Next, the white dust from the Qumran hills is brushed away or, if this cannot be done without destroying the item, the piece is lightly coated with castor oil to make the writing legible. Fragments in which the leather has been blackened by humidity have to be photographed with infra-red film. Nogil Albina, an expert in this type of photography, is attached to the staff of the Museum. Thanks to his work, which sometimes requires an exposure of over an hour, he has been able to get photographs of legible writing from completely black pieces of leather. Some fragments are too brittle to be handled and must be hydrated for as long as four hours before they can be worked on. This is a particularly delicate process, for if the fragments soak up too much moisture they turn to liquid glue. The most modern machinery has been brought to bear on the Scrolls, including an IBM data processing indexer.

The work of sorting and assembling the fragments is done in the scrollery, a long narrow hall where the pieces are spread out on work benches covered by glass plates. It is an interesting sight to watch the

international team in action. Starting with a piece about the size of one's thumb, the experts move about, studying the tables on which unidentified fragments are spread out. An experienced Scroll scholar can identify fragments from their shape, color, texture or from the shape of letters. Luckily most of the Scrolls were the work of different scribes, and differences in their handwritings make assembling torn manuscripts easier. One of the main difficulties comes from the fact that rats, worms or dampness have often eaten away the edges so that exact joints are not possible. Also it appears that some of the Scrolls were torn into pieces in ancient times. This gives rise to the supposition that Cave Four, at least, was entered hundreds of years ago, or that some of its Scrolls had been torn up before they were hidden.

Still another difficulty in translation comes from the fact that certain passages were written in code to keep their meaning secret. The Scroll scholars have had to translate passages in which words were written backwards, in which four or five alphabets were mixed together, and in which signs were used instead of letters. The scholars have become so expert, however, that they are able to decipher most of these home-made codes.

A literature of almost ten thousand books and articles has already been written about the Dead Sea Scrolls and much of it is controversial. One of the most hotly debated points concerns the age of the Scrolls which varying scholars have placed all the way from 300 B.C. to 1200 A.D. In this connection experts have sought the answer in the age of the jars in which the Scrolls were found. Most scholars date these as of the Roman period, or around 50 to 100 A.D. Another clue comes from the cloth in which some of the manuscripts were wrapped. This has been identified as Roman period linen. Carbon-14 dating of one piece of this cloth put it between 167 B.C. and 233 A.D., with the most likely year about 33 A.D. There is good reason to think that the Scrolls were put in the caves about the time the main buildings of the Qumran Monastery were destroyed. Coins and other metal objects found in the ruins fix this date as during the Jewish-Roman war of 66-70 A.D.

How long before this the Scrolls were copied is a very complicated question. The best answer is to be found in paleography, the science of ancient scripts. Various Hebrew manuscripts are available which can be dated as far back as the second century A.D., and there are inscriptions in Hebrew which go back before the time of Christ. The most

useful of these are names scratched on the small stone chests which served as containers for human bones in Palestine during the century before and after Christ. The lettering in these inscriptions is very similar to that used in most of the Dead Sea Scrolls. Learned treatises have been published about the various shapes of the letter M and the manner of connecting two successive letters. When all is said and done the paleographical evidence indicates that the fragments were not written earlier than the third century B.C. or later than the end of the first century A.D. And although it is not always possible to give exact dates to the Scrolls and fragments, it is possible to date them relative to each other.

Another group of scholars has tried to date the Scrolls on the evidence contained in their language. This is too complicated for any but a student to follow, but the conclusion remains the same. The text and language was that used before 70 A.D. at the latest and the third century B.C. at the earliest. The Isaiah Scroll is the oldest of the complete manuscripts, followed by the Manual of Discipline, which was probably written around 100 B.C., and the Commentary on the Book of Habakkuk, which appears to have been written within the twenty-five years before the birth of Christ. After them came the Scroll of the War between the Children of Light and the Children of Darkness; the Thanksgiving Songs; the Lamech Scroll, now known to be an Aramaic rendering of Genesis, and the Book of Isaiah, which belongs to the Hebrew University. These latter all appear to have been written during the first fifty years after the birth of Christ.

Although it is thus possible within general limits to date the time when the Dead Sea Scrolls were copied, more problems arise in trying to set the date when these books were first written. One clue lies in the historical allusions which they contain. The most challenging manuscript in this respect is the Habakkuk Commentary which is full of vague but intriguing references to persons and events. An example of the latter is the reference in the Commentary to foreign invaders known as "Kittim." Some scholars believe the Kittim were the Seleucidae of Syria, while others support the theory that they were Romans. The Commentary states that the Kittim "trample the earth with their horses and with their animals; and from afar they come, from the coast of the sea, to devour all the people like a vulture without being satisfied. . . ." Also the "Kittim sacrifice to their standards, and their weapons of war are the object of their worship." After weighing all

the evidence ranging from what armies used elephants to what peoples worshipped their war standards, a large number of scholars including Professor Millar Burrows of Yale have concluded that the Kittim were probably the Romans.

Among the persons who play important roles in the story told by the Habakkuk Commentary is "the Teacher of Righteousness." Apparently the Teacher of Righteousness was a priest "into whose heart God put wisdom," a man whose disciples believed had unusual power to understand and interpret the sayings of ancient prophets. Opposed to him was "the Wicked Priest," a drunkard and an apostate who was probably diseased. Other enemies of the good Teacher were "the Man of the Lie" and "the Preacher of the Lie," although these last two may be the same person.

Then there is a group referred to as "the House of Absalom who kept silent at the chastisement of the Teacher of Righteousness and did not help him against the Man of the Lie. . . ." Since no other persons in the Commentary are given their proper names it seems unlikely that Absalom was the correct name of the individual or group who failed to support the Teacher of Righteousness.

Jewish history of the period from about 250 B.C. to 65 A.D. was so turbulent, so filled with wars, murders and schisms that this cast of characters could have reference to more than one set of actual persons or circumstances. They could, for instance, refer to a series of events in the pre-Maccabaean times before 168 B.C. If this identification holds true, the High Priest Onias II may have been the Teacher of Righteousness. He was a wise and good teacher who was opposed by the self-seeking and drunken priest Menelaus, who took the property of the poor and committed all sorts of evil. The Tobias family should have helped Onias but did not do so, and Onias was banished. For his bad deeds the Wicked Priest Menelaus died of a terrible disease, possibly leprosy.

Such an identification is interesting but not necessarily correct. Other scholars suggest that the drama occurred at the time of the Maccabaean revolt, or about 168 B.C. According to this theory the Teacher of Righteousness was a man named Jose, a priest and a master of the law, who was said to be able to interpret the scriptures. He was persecuted by the High Priest Alcimus and by the Syrian General Bacchides. Alcimus stole from the poor, drank to excess, defiled the Temple, and eventually died of a strange disease. He is a good candi-

date for the role of "the Man of the Lie" and also that of "the Wicked Priest."

Still a third theory dates the conflict described in the Commentary at the beginning of the Roman period of Jewish history, or about 65 B.C. The Jewish historian Josephus, as well as the Talmud, tells of the stoning of a saintly man named Onias in that year. It is believed he was a member of the Essene sect. The Wicked Priest of this period was the rapacious Aristobulus, who came to a tragic end in Rome after having been captured by Pompey. The Pharisees did not come to the aid of Onias and therefore may be the House of Absalom.

The most remarkable theory on the dating of the Commentary holds that the Teacher of Righteousness was none other than Jesus of Nazareth. Opposed to him was the Apostle Paul who, because of his earlier actions, was regarded as the Preacher of the Lie. The Wicked Priest was the leader of the religious group in Jerusalem who demanded the crucifixion of Jesus. There is, however, little evidence to support this theory. In fact all that can be said at the moment is that the Commentary probably refers to events that happened sometime before 50 B.C. and that we cannot be sure to which of the various personalities it actually refers.

If all this is in doubt, so also is the question of just who were the monks who lived at Qumran. Certain scholars, including H.J. Schoeps, believe they were a group called Zadokites who sprang up among the Jewish priests in the last 50 years before the birth of Christ. Their founder, a man named Zadok, may have been the original Teacher of Righteousness, and one version of the Damascus Document uses the term "Teacher Zadok" instead of "Teacher of Righteousness." The names for Zadokite and Sadducee are the same in Hebrew, and it is possible that the Zadokites who lived at Qumran were a branch of the Sadducees.

Other scholars note the similarity between the rules followed by the Qumran Covenanters and the Pharisees. But a better case can be made to show they were members of the third Jewish religious sect which was known as the Essenes. Josephus describes them as followers of a school of philosophy, some 4,000 in number, who lived "away from the western shore (of the Dead Sea), far enough to avoid harmful things, a people alone. . . ." We know that the rules of conduct and discipline of the Essenes were very similar to those of the Covenanters as laid down in the Manual of Discipline and the Damascus Document.

In addition to various requirements such as common meals and purification by bathing, both Essenes and Covenanters believed in God as the source of all being. After weighing all the evidence, however, Professor Burrows comes to the conclusion that the Qumran group were not strictly Essenes, but members of a religious association of the same general type. Palestine contained several such religious groups during the period between 168 B.C. and 68 A.D. The safest conclusion is to refer to the monks of Qumran as Covenanters and leave to the experts the detailed discussion of whether they were Zadokites, Essenes, Zealots, or members of some other sectarian group.

From the divergent theories, plus much physical evidence, some definite facts do appear. There can be no doubt that a religious sect of Covenanters existed in Palestine during the first century and a half before Christ and during the first two thirds of the hundred years following his birth. If they were not Essenes, their tenets were very close to those of that sect. They may have had more than one monastery, but their main center was in the foothills northwest of the Dead Sea at a place which is now known as Khirbet Qumran. It is probable they occupied this site from about 135 B.C. until the terrible earthquake of 31 B.C. Then, after a break, they restored the Monastery about the time of Christ and continued to use it until the second year of the first Jewish revolt, 68 A.D. Most of the buildings were destroyed by fire at that time, but the site was used by the Roman Tenth Legion for some years thereafter.

At the time of the second Jewish revolt, 132-135 A.D., Jewish guerrilla forces are believed to have occupied what was left of the buildings of the Monastery. When that revolt failed the site was abandoned, to be used as a shelter for passing shepherds and occasional travelers until the archaeologists took over in 1949. In the spring of that year Gerald Harding and Professor De Vaux were working in Caves One, Two and Three. Less than half a mile southeast of where they were digging they noticed the ruins of what was believed to be a Roman outpost, though some writers mistakenly referred to it as the ruins of Gomorrah. There were remains of a cemetery nearby in which all the graves ran north and south. Several of the graves were opened by the archaeologists, who noted that the bodies lacked ornaments, weapons, or other items usually buried with lay persons. This austerity suggested that this was the cemetery of a strict sect or monastic group.

During the next two years De Vaux, Harding and their assistants

cleared away the drifted sand and fallen rubble that had come around and over the stone buildings at Qumran. Since it lies about half way between Amman and Jerusalem, religious travelers in either city should plan on a visit to this ruin, which can be combined with a tour of Jericho into a highly worthwhile day of sightseeing. Turning east off the main Jerusalem road just after it comes out of the barren foothills of the wilderness of Judaea, one follows the paved motor road to the northern end of the Dead Sea. There, instead of going east to the new Kallia Hotel, one turns sharply to the south. A Jordanian police post stands close to this intersection, where travelers must check in and present the passes they have obtained from the Department of Antiquities and the Army. These are important since the track to the Monastery crosses a rifle and artillery range much used by the Army.

Once the police post has been passed, one continues west and then south beyond the low buildings, patrol boats and submarine chasers of Jordan's Dead Sea Fleet. The road ends soon thereafter and the earnest travelers must continue along a desert track that skirts the northwestern shore of the Dead Sea. Most of the route is rough but fairly passable, although there are three or four small wadis with steep sides which make a jeep or a car with short wheel base the most desirable vehicle for this trip. After about three miles the track leaves the sea coast and winds inland until it reaches the western foothills. Jutting out from them at this point is a flat bench or mesa with gravel sides sloping down to the floor of the sandy coastal plain. The road up this is steep and winding but should give no trouble to a good driver. In three minutes after leaving the plain the traveler is out of his car and face to face with the stone walls of the Monastery.

Rather than enter the ruins at once, it is suggested that the visitor walk westward past the walls, over the main irrigation ditch that once brought water to the thirsty monks, and proceed along the narrow tongue of land that sticks out to the south of this viaduct. In less than 200 yards the top of this ridge becomes a razor back, and persons susceptible to dizziness should stop and look across the deep intervening valley to the ruins of the Monastery. More hardy souls, however, can continue along this narrow trail to the end of the mesa. There they will scramble down a short precipitous slope and worm their way through a back entrance into a cavern at the very southern end of the promontory. This is Cave Four in which literally thousands of fragments of Scrolls were found scattered about on the floor and in several

holes in the sides and corners. The main entrance to the cave faces to the south, affording a splendid view of Ein Feshkha and the Dead Sea beyond. The cave has been open for the last few years, but on a windless day it is still possible to detect a curious smell which suggests musty eather.

Scrambling out of the cave and up the tricky ridge to the mesa, the traveler should follow the old aqueduct as it comes down and turns into the western buildings of the monastic enclosure. Most of the walls are only three or four feet high, although the heavy tower at the northeastern corner still rises almost two stories and clearly shows where an outer skin was built around it after the earthquake of 31 B.C.

An easy way to look over the outlying buildings is to follow the main aqueduct as it winds through the ruins, with frequent smaller water-courses running off in different directions. One passes cells, storerooms, the remains of the bakery and a series of work rooms. The most unusual feature of the ruins is the large number of cisterns ranging in size from large bath tubs to tanks forty feet in length. They were carefully plastered and have steps running down their sides so that water could be drawn up by hand no matter what the water level. The most interesting cistern, which lies to the southeast of the main building, still shows the deep crack and slippage caused by the great earthquake.

On the east side of the tower there is a series of ruins which contain a number of hearths and which were probably the communal kitchens of the Covenanters. A little distance to the south of them the excavators uncovered a long narrow dining hall with a pantry opening to the south of it. On the floor of this pantry were found over a thousand dishes carefully placed in piles as they were left by the Covenanters, perhaps after their last meal before the Roman attack that fateful day in the spring of 68 A.D. In the floor of the dining room, in front of the entrance to the pantry, is a circular stone. This may well have been the base of a pulpit from which a monk read to the eating Covenanters from one of their Scrolls.

Other smaller buildings near the main structure are the ruins of a workshop in which simple iron tools were found, a well designed kiln whose ovens are fast being broken up by the elements, store rooms, and toilet facilities which functioned along quite modern principles. Further to the south where the excavators pitched their tents are ruins of out-buildings which may include cells in which the more important

monks slept. It seems probable, however, that most of the monks lived in huts, tents or caves whose remains have long since been destroyed.

The flat bench south of the ruins was enclosed and the outer wall of this part of the Monastery can be clearly seen. Beyond the wall to the east lies the cemetery; it is several acres in extent and still contains many unopened graves.

After a tour of these outlying buildings the visitor should walk along the "western paved way" and enter the heart of the Monastery. The tower at the northeast corner dominates the ruins. Its walls are five feet thick, and its basement was either a well guarded storehouse or a prison. From this cellar a spiral staircase once led to the upper levels. There were apparently three rooms on the second floor with an outer door facing south. This was accessible only by ladder or perhaps by a wooden gallery across the open passage which separates the tower from the main building of the Monastery.

South of the tower lies a block of four to five large rooms whose ceilings, like those of the rest of the Monastery, have long been destroyed, but whose walls still stand to a height of about ten feet. The largest rectangular room may have been the chapel where all the monks gathered on important occasions, and where their prayers and readings of the Scriptures continued the clock around.

When the excavators were clearing out this room they came upon the ruins of the wooden beams which had once supported its second story. They also found a number of fragments from which it was possible to reconstruct a narrow table seventeen feet long and about two feet high, plus several smaller tables now to be seen in Jerusalem. These apparently stood in front of plaster benches which ran around the walls of this upstairs reading room where the monks sat to study and ponder the meanings of the Scrolls.

An even more interesting discovery, however, was a desk top. By it was a brass inkwell and another inkwell of baked clay, both containing dried samples of the carbon-based ink used in the writing on most of the Scrolls. The inkwells were of a type sometimes found in Roman ruins and had the "non-spill" feature still used in some of our school rooms. On the top of the desk were two small basins which may have held water with which the scribes could wash their hands before starting to write a particularly holy text. This, then, was the Scriptorium, the place where many of the Dead Sea Scrolls were copied by the monks of Qumran. All these ruins now lack roofs, and the relentless

winter rains are slowly erasing the finger marks of history. However, in places in this room one can still find pieces of charred wood, evidence of the great fire that laid the Monastery low. Had the monks not hidden their library in jars in the caves along the western hills, the priceless Dead Sea Scrolls might well have joined the wrecked furnishings and burned floor beams of the Near East's most unusual Scriptorium.

What would we have lost had this happened? One goal of scholars is to be able to deal with original manuscripts. In the Dead Sea Scrolls we have manuscripts which are from two to nine hundred years older than previous comparable Hebrew texts.

The Old Testament as we know it is based on translations of Hebrew or Greek manuscripts, the earliest of which cannot be dated before the ninth century A.D. Since the most recent books of our Protestant version of the Old Testament were written in the second century before Christ, a gap of almost a thousand years exists, during which there was copying and recopying, translation and retranslation. It is true that the Synod of Jamnia in 95 A.D. and the work of the seventh century Masoretic scholars fixed the texts to a remarkable degree; but nevertheless there are noticeable differences between the Septuagint, or Version of the Seventy, which dates from about 250 B.C., and the Masoretic texts. Scholars had long hoped to find an early Hebrew text which showed close connection with the Septuagint; but this meant finding a manuscript which dated before Christ. As late as fifteen years ago prominent Bible scholars dismissed this as most improbable. Now the Dead Sea Scrolls have in part given us the key so long sought for—a Hebrew text of the Old Testament which is in line with that used by the translators of the Septuagint.

When we come to the impact of the Scrolls on the New Testament a somewhat different situation develops. There is, for instance, the interesting question as to whether or not John the Baptist was a member of the Covenanters. We know that he spent many years in the wilderness of Judaea not far from the Qumran Monastery. We know that his simple life, his asceticism, his diet of locusts and wild honey, his emphasis on baptism, and his belief in the coming of a Messiah all have points of similarity with the ideas and practices of the Covenanters. It seems highly unlikely that John should have lived near the Monastery and evolved ideas so comparable to those of the sect unless he had contact with it. Some writers believe that John the Baptist was an

Essene monk who left Qumran to preach and baptize in the Jordan River. The best evidence makes this questionable. He may have been cared for by the monks in his youth and taught something of their theories in the hope that he would eventually become one of them. Perhaps because of his individuality, we might even say eccentricity, he did not choose or was not allowed to become a monk, and went on instead to carry out his lonely mission beside the Jordan.

Other writers have even suggested that Jesus himself may have spent some time at Qumran. This might explain his ability to argue with the Scribes and Pharisees when he was only twelve, and also give a hint as to what he was doing during the almost twenty years before he set out on his ministry. The more serious experts, however, reject this theory in spite of the remarkable parallel between the career of Jesus and that of "the Teacher of Righteousness." They note, for instance, that the Covenanters were taught to hate the Sons of Darkness; whereas, Jesus preached that one should love one's enemies and be kind to those that hate you. Professor Burrows sums up the case against Jesus having been a Covenanter by saying, "It may fairly be questioned, indeed, whether the teachings of Jesus and the beliefs of the Qumran community have anything in common which cannot be found in other Jewish sources also."

Of equal importance is the light which the Dead Sea Scrolls shed on the structure and practices of the early Christian communities. Up until a few years ago the pattern of early Christian life was thought to be unique. We now know that direction by an overseer, guidance by a council of elders, the holding of all property in common, baptism, sacred meals and sacraments of broken bread and wine so characteristic of the early Christians were also practiced by the Covenanters at Qumran. This may mean that Christ and his Disciples took their guidance for these acts directly from the Covenanters. Or it may mean that both the early Christian community and the monks of Qumran drew these ideas and practices from the same source or sources, for it now seems that such thinking was prevalent in several Jewish sects of the period.

Many decades will pass before the Dead Sea Scrolls can be properly evaluated. But this much is clearly true: they are highly important for detailed textual criticism of the Old Testament. They have greatly added to our knowledge of the pattern of religious life in Palestine during the time of the life of Christ. They show us that there was more

to religious Judaism of that period than the ideas and practices of the Pharisees and Sadducees. This greater understanding of Judaism is in turn most helpful to our understanding of John the Baptist, of Christ and his teachings, of the four Gospels, particularly St. John, and of the ideas and practices of the early Christian Church, from which our modern churches have sprung. The Scrolls have provided us with new and better insight into the greatest drama ever played on earth.

Rome Crosses the Jordan

The Jordan River is one of the broadest streams in the world. This is not because of its physical width, which is sometimes less than forty yards. It is because the Jordan is a cultural divide. To the east of it lies Damascus, Baghdad and the desert; to the West, the world of the Mediterranean. The people of Europe have never permanently crossed the Jordan. The British did so for a generation, and then King Hussein gave Glubb Pasha his walking papers. The Crusaders had beachheads east of the Jordan for a century but they lost them when Jerusalem fell. The most successful effort of Western culture to cross the Jordan was made by the Romans during the first 300 years after the time of Christ.

We have seen how the Roman tide washed over the little community of the Essenes at their Qumran Monastery near the Dead Sea. Before it was through, the same tide had covered the whole Near East in depth. In typical Roman fashion their take-over was complete. When a town accepted Roman rule and ways of life, as did most of the cities of Transjordan, it was not only protected but even encouraged to expand; when a city resisted, its population was liquidated, often with great cruelty.

The most striking example of a town which refused to be Romanized and was therefore liquidated was the Jewish city of Jerusalem. As the first century passed, both cultural and physical relations between its citizens and their Roman overlords became ever more bitter, until Titus, the son of the Emperor Vespasian, moved against the semi-independent city. Jerusalem has fallen many times, but the seige of 70 A.D. was the bloodiest and in many ways the most dramatic of its many defeats. Furthermore, it marked the end of Jewish rule in Jeru-

salem until 1948. It is, therefore, worth describing in some detail; and, thanks to the writings of the Jewish historian Flavius Josephus who acted as the scribe of Titus, we have a first hand account of what occurred.

Josephus tells us that Titus moved on Jerusalem from the north and pitched his tents in the Valley of Thorns about three miles from the town. Once the camp was established, Titus and a detachment of about 600 horsemen rode out to have a look at the Holy City. The Romans found no one in sight and Titus came close to the walls. Suddenly a number of Jews leaped out of hiding and surrounded the Roman leader, cutting him and his chief officers off from the cavalry. Titus realized his only hope was to push forward. He shouted to his staff to follow and galloped ahead, cutting his way through the surprised attackers with his sword. This unexpected strategy caught the Jews off guard, and he broke through their ranks amid a shower of darts and escaped. After this ambush Titus brought up two more Legions and built fortified camps on Mount Scopus and on the Mount of Olives.

The Jewish defenders then resorted to another trick. A number of soldiers left the city, pretending to be deserters, and stood outside the walls, while the rest of the defenders cursed them and threw down stones upon their heads. The "deserters" then begged the Romans to come and help them. Many of the Legionaries fell into the trap and rushed to their aid, at which the "deserters" pulled out weapons and killed a great multitude of them, while the defenders on the walls leaped for joy. Titus wanted to execute those Romans who were reponsible for the losses, but he was talked out of this by the entreaties of their fellow officers. Instead, he moved the strongest part of his army around to the north and western walls of the city, effectively blocking any further sallies by the Jews and permitting the artillery and baggage trains to join the Legionaries in their camps.

The Jerusalem of that time was built upon two hills with a small valley between them, known as the Valley of the Cheesemongers. The highest or western hill contained the Citadel and was defended by a general called Simon. The part of the city on the lower hill was shaped like a half moon and contained the Temple, its surrounding buildings and the Antonia Castle. It was held by a leader called John, and the two factions spent much of their time fighting each other. Both hills and the valley between them were surrounded by a strong

wall, while on the north and west sides where access was relatively easy there were outer walls as well. Josephus estimates that there were some 10,000 soldiers in the city under these two leaders, plus about 5,000 allies from south Palestine. To make matters worse, it was the time of the feast of Passover, and about 300,000 pilgrims were in the city also.

Before starting the siege in earnest Titus made a last effort to come to terms with the defenders, but his heralds were shouted down. He then told his soldiers to burn the suburbs and to gather timber for use in building attacking towers. So many trees were thus cut down that the nearby hills were left bare. With this lumber Titus had a series of timber and earthen works built at the northwest corner of the city to afford his troops protection. To cover these operations the Romans brought up their artillery, the best of which belonged to the Tenth Legion. Some of its catapults were strong enough to throw a stone weighing 58 pounds a distance of more than four hundred yards. At first the Romans used white stones which could be spotted by the watchmen on the towers. When these observers saw a stone flying through the air, they shouted, "the sun cometh." These warnings were effective until the Romans blacked the stone they threw, and then many Jews were killed by them.

Once the breastworks were completed the Romans began the attack in earnest. A rain of darts poured down on them from the walls, followed by a vast number of torches which were thrown in an effort to set the wooden catapults on fire. Some of the bravest of the Jews slid down from the walls and rushed to the breastworks, carrying torches with which they tried to set fire to the artillery of the Romans. At this Titus came forward personally and reinforced the artillery with archers. Then he led a cavalry charge that drove the defenders back into the city, killing a dozen Jews with his own sword. Only one of the defenders was captured alive, and Titus had him crucified upon the most exposed breastworks in hopes that the Jewish defenders would hold their fire, but without effect.

Thanks to the barrage from the newly constructed wooden towers, the Romans were able to move up their battering rams and start pounding away at the outer wall. The Jews called the most powerful of these engines "Nico," "because it conquered all things." Once Nico had made a breach in the outer wall, a Roman attacking party pushed through it, opened the gates, and let the rest of the Legionaries in.

Much of the outer wall was then pulled down, and Titus moved his advanced base inside to a place called the Camp of the Assyrians.

Titus took advantage of this victory to give his soldiers their pay. The distribution was done in the best Roman tradition, with every man in full armor and every horse in its finest trappings. The Jews crowded the walkway on top of the inner wall to watch the spectacle, jeering and vowing to fight on forever. When Titus found that the sight of the massed Legions had no effect on the defenders of Jerusalem, he ordered his engineers to build even higher breastworks of wood and earth opposite the Tower of Antonia, which had been enlarged by Herod the Great. It was in the court of this tower that Christ had been condemned to death, whipped and crowned with thorns.

The Romans now learned from deserters that famine was daily growing worse in the overcrowded city. Men were selling all their property to buy food for their families for one day, and even then robbers broke in and snatched the precious meal from the mouths of the hungry women and children. Because of the famine also, numerous poor Jews slipped out of Jerusalem secretly at night to try to gather weeds or anything else they could find to eat. Robbers from the city discovered what was going on and often killed these wretches as they were returning to the walls with a pocket full of dandelions or grass. In their fear of the robbers, some of the starving scavengers relaxed their caution and were surprised by Roman patrols. Those who were caught "were first whipped, and tormented with all sorts of tortures . . . and were then crucified before the wall of the city." For a while as many as five hundred of these scavengers were caught each day, "so the soldiers . . . nailed those they caught, one after one way, and another after another, to the crosses, by way of jest, when their multitudes were so great that room was wanted for the crosses and crosses wanting for the bodies." To bring home the lesson even further Titus cut off the hands of some of those who were caught and sent them back alive into the city in order that all of the people inside might see the folly of trying to escape. After that the scavenging stopped, but the zeal of the defenders reached even greater heights.

During seventeen days of hard work each of the four best Legions raised a high breastwork, or "bank" as Josephus called it. The Romans then brought up their catapults and placed them on the banks where they were high enough to fire directly across at the city's inner wall.

But the Jewish engineers had not been idle. While the Romans had been at work, the men of Jerusalem had tunneled under the more important of the breastworks, leaving the mass of wood and earth supported by wooden beams. They then soaked these underground supports with pitch and bitumen and set them on fire. At this the tunnels caved in, the breastworks collapsed, and the woodwork which they contained burned up, producing so much smoke and flame the Romans could not put out the fires. Seeing this, small parties of particularly brave Jews rushed out with torches and set the remaining breastworks and many of the catapults on fire. The Romans came running from their camp to save their engines; but when they tried to pull the wood and metal battering rams out of the flames, the Jews caught hold of the engines and a tug of war ensued in the midst of the smoke and flame. So courageous were the Jews that some of them held on to the engines even when the iron had become red hot and so lost their hands, but the Romans lost their most powerful weapons.

At this time the Romans learned that the Jews had organized a system by which supplies could reach the city regularly at night, going part of the way through the many secret tunnels which underlay Jerusalem. In order to stop this, Titus ordered all his troops, engineers and fighting men to build a wall around Jerusalem. According to Josephus "there now came upon the soldiers a certain divine fury" so that they built a wall almost forty furlongs, or ten miles, long all in the space of three days, a work which normally would have required several months to complete. The Legionaries patrolled this wall night and day; no more supplies reached Jerusalem, and the famine grew even more terrible. The upper rooms were full of dying women and children, the lanes were choked with the dead bodies of the aged, while young people wandered like shadows through the market place only to fall dead in their turn. For the most part people were too weak to bury their dead, but some died in the attempt and fell into the half-closed graves. And all were too weak to mourn, so that deep silence hung over the city.

When word of this state of affairs reached the Romans, Titus had his men stand near the walls and show off the great quantities of provisions which they had on hand: grain from Syria, local fruit, cakes, and cuts of choice meat. As a result of a promise of safety, quite a number of Jews leapt down from the city walls and raced to the Roman lines. In order to encourage other deserters to follow them, Titus ordered

that these men be given all they wanted to eat and drink within sight of the starving defenders. Many of them could not restrain their appetites after weeks of starvation and ate great quantities of rich food. This was too much for their shrunken stomachs and they died in great pain. In spite of this more Jews continued to come over each day, and word spread among the Roman army that some of the deserters had swallowed pieces of gold before they left the city. This story lost nothing in the telling and soon the ordinary Roman soldiers, and more particularly the auxiliaries who were with them, came to believe that every deserter was a walking bag of gold. As a result many Arabs and Syrians cut open all those who fled to the Roman camp and searched their insides for gold while they were still alive. Josephus notes that in one night some "2,000 of these deserters were thus dissected . . . nor does it seem to me that any misery befell the Jews that was more terrible than this. . . ."

After this truce the Romans renewed the assault, centering their attack on the Fortress of Antonia which protected the north end of the enclosure of the Temple. For a while they seemed to be making no progress, but suddenly a section of the inner wall near the Tower fell down, undermined by tunnels dug by the Jews who were trying to get underneath the Roman breastworks. At this Titus made a speech to his soldiers urging them to attack at once and do great deeds. Spurred on by his exhortations a small group of Romans, along with the standard bearer of the Fifth Legion and a trumpeter, slipped stealthily up and along the ruins of the wall by night until they came to the Tower of Antonia. There they cut the throats of the guards who were asleep, climbed part of the way up the Tower, and told the trumpeter to sound his trumpet. At this signal Titus immediately ordered an attack, the remaining defenders were slain, and the Tower fell to the Romans.

Titus then organized a special group made up of the thirty most valiant men out of every hundred from his best Legion and sent them against the Temple area. The attack was most successful against the wall of the northwest cloister which was close to the Tower of Antonia. In an effort to stop it the Jews set fire to the cloister at that point. This delayed the Romans for two days, but it also suggested to them a change of tactics. They in turn set a nearby section of the cloister on fire, which resulted in the Temple area being separated from the Tower of Antonia. This left the rectangular walls of the

Temple area standing alone and fulfilled the prophecy in the holy books of the Jews "that then should their city be taken as well as their Holy House, when once their temple should become four square."

By now the fighting raged continuously as the Romans hacked their way into the cloister, taking it stone by stone and pillar by pillar. Titus had hoped to capture the Holy of Holies unharmed; but his men suffered such severe losses in the fighting that the Roman General reluctantly gave orders to use every means in their possession to capture the Temple area. They therefore built fires against the gates of the Temple area, which were made in part of silver. This metal became molten from the heat and ran inside, setting fire to the wood of the cloister. Titus thereupon ordered an all-out attack for the next day, the tenth day of the Jewish month of Ab. Strangely enough, this was the anniversary of the day when King Solomon's Temple had been burnt on that same site by the conquering King of Babylon.

As soon as it was light the Romans pushed forward, and when Titus reached the scene he found the whole north wall of the Temple in flames. In spite of his efforts to rally his men as fire fighters, the flames could not be checked, and it became clear that the Temple would soon be burnt to the ground. Titus and his chief officers then hurried into the Holy of Holies which, according to Josephus, "he found to be far superior to that which the relations of foreigners contained, and not inferior to that which we boasted of and believed about it." Titus and his staff were forced to retreat and the Holy House of Jehovah was consumed by flames.

Fortunately many of its greatest treasures had been hidden earlier, while others were hastily snatched up and taken by the Roman soldiers to the Antonia Fortress. Josephus records that some 10,000 persons, including priests, old men and children, died in the Temple area that day as many devout Jews threw themselves into the flames rather than be captured. By nightfall no buildings around the Temple were left standing.

Once the flames had died down and the great stones had cooled, the Romans brought the standards of their Legions to the Temple area and set them over against the eastern gate, where they offered sacrifices and acclaimed Titus as conqueror. After this the Roman General once again urged the Jews in the upper city to surrender. When they tried to bargain with him over the terms of surrender Titus finally gave up all hope of a negotiated peace. He told his men to burn and plunder

the rest of the city and to kill or capture all they found alive therein.

On hearing this many soldiers and even some priests tried to escape. One of these was a priest called Jesus who was promised his freedom in exchange for some holy relics from the Temple. He and some other priests with him brought Titus golden tables and bowls and plates of solid gold, along with curtains and robes set with precious stones. Most important of all, they carried two large candlesticks. At this the word spread that Titus would pardon deserters who brought treasures with them from the Temple, and a considerable quantity of ornaments from the Holy House which had been hidden for safe keeping reached the Romans unharmed.

After eighteen more days of work the Romans finished the new breastworks and set up their catapults and battering rams against the walls of the upper city. By now resistance had been so much weakened by famine and death that the Romans were able to use their most powerful engines almost unopposed. Parts of the wall and towers which had seemed impregnable were soon undermined. At last the defenders gave up organized resistance and the Legionaries stormed through the upper city killing and plundering at will. Even the toughest of the Roman soldiers was horrified at finding so many houses filled with dead bodies or persons in the last stages of death from starvation. All who resisted were killed; then whole sections of the charnel house that had once been the upper city were given to the flames.

Titus entered the town with his soldiers and was amazed at the strength and "modern" construction of the three great stone towers: Hippicus, Phasal, and Marianne which had been built by Herod the Great to protect his new city palace. The Roman leader encouraged his soldiers to destroy most of the city, but he left these three massive towers standing, along with the rest of the citadel. They remained for another thirty-five years until all but the foundation of Phasal, now known as the Tower of David, were torn down by the Emperor Hadrian.

Once the slaughter was finished the Romans rounded up those who had surrendered, placing them within the walls of the Court of the Women. All of them were screened and the robbers who had behaved so brutally during the siege were crucified. Then the "tallest and most beautiful" of the men were set apart to be sent to Italy for the triumphal entry of Titus into Rome. The rest of the prisoners were divided

into three groups: the first was sent to Egypt to work and die in the mines there; the second, those under seventeen years of age, was sold for slaves; the third detachment was reserved to feature in spectacles in various Near Eastern theatres. Josephus estimates that more than a million Jews died directly or indirectly during this campaign. This seems an extraordinarily high figure, but he checked the official records of the Israelites to obtain it.

The two chief leaders of the Jews were found in caves under the city. John surrendered peacefully and was condemned to life imprisonment. According to Josephus when Simon, the leader of the upper city, saw that all was lost he collected around him his most faithful friends. Then with a group of stone-cutters who carried their tools with them, the party let themselves down into a cave which was reported to run beyond the city walls. After proceeding quite a distance they found that the roof had fallen in. The stone masons were unable to dig very far and before long the party ran out of food and water. Simon then decided he might be able to get away from the Romans by astonishing them. He put on a white robe and worked his way underground through the maze of tunnels until he was under the great Temple. When he appeared suddenly from the ruins in the middle of the night, the common soldiers were terrified and ran away. But a captain came up and questioned him. On learning who he was, the captain had Simon bound and sent to Titus, who shipped him off to Rome to take part in his triumphal entry.

Once the last of the prisoners was marched off, the Romans cleaned up what remained of the city and left the Tenth Legion as a garrison. Then Titus proceeded to Caesarea Philippi where he rested while enjoying the good climate and a series of gladiatorial shows, during the course of which many of the captives from Jerusalem "were destroyed, some being thrown to wild beasts, and others in multitudes forced to kill one another as if they were their enemies."

Titus and his victorious army then moved on to the Roman colony of Berytus (Beirut) where they relaxed for even a longer time. Night after night the General and his officers attended one party after another, while thousands more captives were roasted alive, eaten by the lions, or forced to kill each other in gladiatorial battles, usually with the understanding that if they fought well their families would be spared.

From Berytus, Titus sailed to Italy where his father, the Emperor

Vespasian, gave him a hero's welcome. So many people turned out to watch his triumphal entry that it was said not a person who could walk remained in Rome. Josephus, as usual, was on hand for the occasion and did not neglect his note taking. He recorded that Vespasian and Titus spent the night before the Triumph in the Temple of Isis. As soon as it was day they appeared, crowned with laurel and dressed in imperial purple, and the cheering was so long and loud that Vespasian had to silence the crowd in order to make the appropriate prayers.

The citizens of Rome had seen many victory celebrations, but on this day they were overwhelmed by "a mighty quantity of silver and gold and ivory, contrived into all sorts of things, which did not appear as carried along in pompous show only, but, as a man may say, running along like a river." There were rare purple hangings, transparent precious stones, and crowns of gold. Prominent also were a golden table and the seven-branch candelabra. Next came statues made of the costliest materials, and animals of every sort to be found in the Near East, groomed and ornamented for the occasion, each with its own keeper wearing purple garments interwoven with gold; behind them strode the 700 special captives, those "tall and beautiful young men" who had been chosen as the handsomest of the Jerusalemites.

What amazed Josephus and the Romans the most, however, were the "pageants" or "floats," carried on the shoulders of hundreds of slaves and sometimes three and four stories in height, "most realistic and magnificent to behold." Some of these floats showed Palestine laid waste, with many Jews freshly killed for the occasion lying amid the ruined landscape. Others depicted the walls of Jerusalem falling before the battering rams of Titus with the actual defenders still dying upon their summits. Scenes of the streets of Jerusalem followed, with victorious Legionaries pushing their way through the dead and wounded captives. There were floats showing houses falling upon their owners and scenes of the burning of the Temple, with priests struggling inside as the flames surrounded them and the heavy wooden beams fell upon their heads. The best place was given to a float showing the Jewish General Simon being captured as he burst like an apparition out of the ruins of the Temple.

Once the floats had passed into the Coliseum, the Emperor Vespasian and Titus rode in chariots to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, for it was a custom in Roman Triumphs that the final sacrifice should not be made until the General of the enemy was dead. General Simon

was therefore pulled down from the float depicting his capture and dragged to the proper place in the Forum, all the while "being tormented by those that drew him along." There at last he was slain, and all the people stood up and shouted for joy. At this the Emperor and his son offered sacrifices to all-conquering Jupiter, after which every one went off to a feast of thanksgiving and a round of gladiatorial shows and banquets which lasted for many days and nights.

Once the Triumph was over, Vespasian built a magnificent Temple of Peace which was adorned by trophies captured in many lands, such as the golden vessels and the instruments that were taken out of the Jewish Temple, including the seven-branch candelabra. And anyone who doubts how great was this Triumph can go to the Forum in Rome and see for himself the splendid arch raised by Titus to commemorate this victory. On it he will not fail to note the carved line of marching Jewish captives, with the seven-branch candlestick held high above their heads.

In contrast to the Orthodox Jews of Jerusalem most citizens of Palestine and Transjordan had no scruples about being Romanized. What they wanted was more of the good things of life, and if to get them they had to learn Latin, take to wearing togas, and develop a fondness for hippodromes and public baths, that was how one survived in the Levant. Thus, as the years went by, the Romans were able to achieve a satisfactory compromise with the native and Hellenized population which they found beside the Jordan.

Before the coming of the Romans, about 63 B.C., ten cities of that area had banded together into a league or protective association known as the Decapolis. Its best known members were Damascus, Gerasa (Jerash), Philadelphia (Amman) and Gadara.

Under the Romans the towns of the Decapolis kept their governments practically intact. As a rule this meant they had a chief magistrate, under whom there was a senate of nobles and a popular assembly. Latin became the official language although the educated townsfolk still spoke Greek. Greek ideas and patterns continued to dominate in art, literature and philosophy, while the Roman genius for political and military organization asserted itself in the state and the army. Thus the Pax Romana crossed the Jordan.

The Romans were wise enough to allow the native communities considerable freedom. Most of them retained their own religions, while making a few sacrifices to the Roman gods on the side. Further-

more, the local populace was exempt from military service, paying a heavy monetary tribute instead. The chief complaint of the citizens of Palestine and Transjordan at this time was that the Roman procurators received no pay but obtained their reward by farming out taxes to local agents, who were thus forced to collect inordinately large revenues. But in general they had little real cause for unrest.

Aramaic was the language of the average man in the Decapolis, but such Jews as lived in those towns continued to use Hebrew as a sacred tongue. Because it was a truly international center the language picture was particularly complicated in Petra. There the bureaucrats spoke Latin, the intellectuals Greek, the man in the street Arabic, while many of the inscriptions were written in Aramaic.

Apart from groups of veterans in Berytus, the Romans planted few colonies along the coast. Instead Romans were encouraged to settle in Transjordan in order to develop the country and to strengthen it against Bedouin attack. In this the Romans adopted a policy quite similar to that followed 1,800 years later by the Turks, when they helped groups of Circassians settle east of the Jordan as a bulwark against the Bedouin.

After trying various political arrangements, the Romans, in 106 A.D., took over all of Transjordan and southern Syria and incorporated it into their Empire under the name of Provincia Arabia. In characteristic Roman fashion Trajan then paved the King's Highway, which Moses had tried unsuccessfully to follow and which is still the main north-south route running across Transjordan from Damascus to Akaba. The present day visitor to Jordan can see considerable stretches of the Roman pavement both north and south of Amman, along with the Roman milestones.

Hand in hand with peace and more trade went amusements for all but slaves and peasants. As the years passed, the hunting of antelopes and gazelles in the desert, the chasing of wild boar in the swamps of the Jordan Valley, or the baiting of bear in the forest of Ajlun lost popularity, and interest shifted to spectator sports such as horse or chariot racing and the theatre. Every city of importance in Transjordan in those days had at least one theatre, while most of them had a small theatre for plays and a larger one for spectacles, plus a hippodrome. Provincia Arabia produced many entertainers during those years and Rome was deluged with Near Eastern jockeys, actors, dancers, flute players, wrestlers and prostitutes. In fact the Roman satirist

Juvenal, writing about 100 A.D., declared: "The Syrian Orontes has long since poured its water into the Tiber, bringing with it its lingo and its manners, its flutes and its slantings." He might have added to the Orontes the contributions of the Jordan and the Litani as well; contributions whose tone was not of the highest, for one writer of the period declared, "Phoenicia rings from one end to the other with indecent songs."

Such preoccupation with pleasure was possible because the Roman Legions held back the Bedouin. Just as the Turks in the nineteenth century and the British after World War I built up a string of strong points east of the King's Highway, Rome also established a chain of military posts in that area. East of the Dead Sea there is only a narrow corridor between the desert and the towns. The British blocked this passageway by keeping a detachment of Centurion tanks not far from Maan, which ranged as far north as Qatrana. The Turks finally saw the need for a garrison at the town of Kerak in 1890. The Crusaders had dominated the passageway from their great castle at that town. The Romans accomplished the same thing from a heavily fortified camp at Lejjun about halfway between Kerak and Qatrana.

The outlines of this campsite are still clearly seen from the air. They include mounds covering three rows of barracks, groups of officers' homes, the foundations of substantial store houses, and cisterns; plus one large and several smaller parade grounds, all enclosed within an outer wall and strong breastworks. When properly garrisoned and supported by a string of smaller fortresses that reached from Zerka and Azrak down to Akaba, no Arab raiders could safely move past Lejjun against the trading cities of the Decapolis. Thanks to these forts the northern end of the Incense Trail from southern Arabia was safely in Roman hands, and its profits could make rich such towns as Philadelphia and Gadara.

The ruins of the latter town stand on a high ridge just south of the Yarmuk River Valley, about ten miles southeast of the lower end of the Sea of Galilee. The site, now known as Umm Qeis, can be reached in an hour over a fair road from Irbid. The trip is recommended both because of the ruins and because of the particularly fine view of the Jordan Valley and the Sea of Galilee.

The name Gadara is well known to the readers of the Bible because of the incident of the Gadarene swine—"And when he came to the other side, the country of the Gadarenes, two demoniacs met him,

coming out of the tombs, so fierce that no one could pass that way. And behold, they cried out, 'What have you to do with us, O son of God?' Now a herd of many swine was feeding at some distance from them. And the demons begged him, 'If you cast us out send us away into the herd of Swine.' And he said to them, 'Go.' So they came out and went into the swine; and behold, the whole herd rushed down the steep bank into the sea, and perished in the waters."

Most authorities think this incident took place on the west side of the Dead Sea. However, the whole Umm Qeis district was apparently once known as Gadara, for the hot springs on the Yarmuk River below the town which the Arabs call El-Hamma are sometimes referred to as the Springs of Gadara.

Ancient Gadara was a strong fortress as early as the reign of Antiochus the Great, the Syrian King who ruled about 175 B.C. The town was captured shortly after 100 B.C. by Alexander Jannaeus, the Maccabaean leader, but fell upon evil days and was taken by the Romans. Pompey had a freedman named Demetrius who came originally from Gadara. To please this favorite the Roman general restored Gadara, building many of what are now its best ruins. In order to show his esteem for Herod the Great the Emperor Augustus gave him Gadara as a present. But when Herod died Gadara was annexed to the Roman province of Syria. Under the Romans Gadara was famous for its climate, its theatres and its baths. Its last days of importance were during the Christian years between 400 and 600, when it was the residence of the Bishop of Palestina Secunda.

Approaching ancient Gadara by car from the east, one passes various cavern tombs, some of them decorated by busts and still containing opened Roman sarcophagi. Walking westward past the modern Arab town, one comes to the Small Theatre of Gadara. The upper tiers of seats have fallen in but what are left afford the best view of the ruins of the Roman city. About 350 yards further west past more Arab houses and fallen walls, one comes to the Large Theatre, which was built of basalt rock and is quite well preserved, although the heavy snows of the winter of 1949-50 broke down some of the upper seats. From this building one can look out to the west over what was formerly the aristocratic quarter of the town. In it are fragments of many columns lying between the foundations of Roman houses, temples and another theatre just north of it. The ruts cut by the Roman chariot wheels line the basalt pavement of the nearby road.

Before leaving the ruins of Gadara the modern traveler may choose to sit down for a moment upon a fallen column, look out over the Jordan and pause in honor of the philosopher and poet Meleager, who was a famous citizen of the early town before he migrated to Tyre. His style is shown to advantage in the following charming passage:

"Go noiselessly by, stranger; the old man sleeps among the pious dead, wrapped in the slumber that is the lot of all. This is Meleager, the son of Eucrates, who linked sweet tearful Love and the Muses with the Graces. Heavenborn Tyre and Gadara's holy soil reared him to manhood, and beloved Cos of the Meropes tended his old age. If you are a Syrian, *Salam!* If you are a Phoenician, *Naidus!* If you are a Greek, *Chaire!* [Hail] and say the same yourself."

Meleager was an exponent of the international viewpoint of a Romanized Hellenist. One of his epigrams reads in part, "Island Tyre was my nurse and Gadara, which is Attic but lies in Syria gave birth to me . . . If I am a Syrian, what wonder? Stranger, we dwell in one country! One chaos gave birth to all mortals."

For most Americans, the best known example of an ancient Transjordan town which was renamed and prospered in the Greek-Roman period is Ammon, now spelled Amman. King Ptolemy II (Philadelphus) who came to the throne of Egypt and Palestine in 285 B.C. rechristened it Philadelphia and expanded it greatly. So extensive were the Greek and Roman buildings along the banks of the Wadi Jabbok or on top of the ancient citadel, that a Western traveler who visited the site in the 1870's said that it compared in size and magnitude with the ruins of Jerash. This was, however, before Circassian settlers and their Arab friends had used these ruins as a quarry from which they built the early stone buildings in the modern town of Amman.

The Hellenization of Philadelphia began about 250 B.C. and was in full swing in 63 B.C., when it joined the league of the Decapolis. Philadelphia and its surrounding countryside were incorporated in the Roman province of Arabia in 106 A.D. and many of its more substantial ruins date from that period.

The most important of these is the well-preserved Roman amphitheatre cut out of the hill just south of the present Hotel Philadelphia. It once had a seating capacity of about 3,500. As late as a generation ago a row of columns ran from this theatre to the Odeum, the small theatre for the presentation of plays; its ruins can be seen to the east

of the same hotel. The old Roman forum lies under the broad street which runs west from the amphitheatre to the building of the Municipality, and was once enclosed by columns of which only a few are still standing.

The Romans covered over the Jabbok River in this section of the wadi and parts of this vaulting can still be seen. Properly accompanied by an Arab guide, one can work his way through the back lanes of the new town, going downstream from the large modern mosque. On the way he will observe the ruins of the old Roman baths, the foundation of a Roman bridge, and a landing place which suggests that the river must have been deeper in those days. In Roman times a Street of Columns ran parallel to the river along its northern bank for almost a thousand yards. This was flanked by small temples, rows of baths, and many government buildings and town houses, all of which must have made Philadelphia an attractive place in which to live. Various tomb caverns dating from the Roman period can also be seen in the walls of the wadi, although the largest of the city's Roman tombs stands north of the town on the new road from the airport circle.

Of equal interest with the ruins in the valley are those to be found on the Acropolis. This citadel which covers the hill top to the north of the amphitheatre goes back at least to the time of David, who ordered Uriah the Hittite's suicide charge there. It is enclosed by a wall of massive stones fortified by towers at each corner and pierced by several strong gates. The area within the walls is divided into two terraces, the western of which is the higher and contains the most ruins. At the southern end of the western terrace are the foundation stones and what is left of the pillars of a Roman temple dedicated to either Zeus or Hercules. An inscription on the lintel states that the temple was built in the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius who died in 180 A.D. In its center Italian archaeologists in 1927-31 uncovered what is believed to be the ancient rock or altar of the Ammonites. Northeast of this temple are the remains of an ornate triple gateway connecting the high west terrace with a lower terrace to the east. The strong tower in the southern wall below this temple is well preserved and should be climbed for its excellent view of the amphitheatre and modern Amman.

Of all the towns of the Decapolis the most delightful and the best preserved is Jerash. It was probably founded by the Seleucid King Antigonus IV about 170 B.C. and was known to the Greeks and

Romans as Gerasa. To reach it the modern traveler turns from the Amman-Jerusalem road at the Circassian village of Sweileh and drives north for forty-five minutes. The road dips into the valley of the River Jabbok a little east of Penuel where Jacob wrestled with the angel. Then it climbs over a spur of the mountains of Gilead, still green with the woods where David's son Absolom was caught when his long hair became entangled in the branches. A few miles beyond the woods the road enters a pleasant valley gently screened by rolling hills with a small stream running down its center during most of the year. There lie the stately ruins of Jerash, the Pompeii of Transjordan. Because in later years the trade routes moved elsewhere, and because few of its stones were used to put up later buildings, the ruins of Jerash still stand in much the same condition as when the Crusaders fought there in 1143. Thus, in spite of earthquakes and wars, Jerash is the finest existing example of a Near Eastern Roman provincial town. The ruins at Baalbek in Lebanon are overwhelming in their concept and size. Jerash, on the contrary, does not seem much at first, and its flavor cannot be sampled in a short visit. It is only after several hours walking along its well-paved streets, browsing in the great circle of its Forum, or sitting on an upper seat in one of its theatres that its Greco-Roman charm is captured.

Josephus states that Theodorus the Seleucid, at about the start of the first century B.C., moved his treasure to Jerash for safekeeping when he was driven out of Gadara by Alexander Jannaeus. Before long, however, that High Priest and warrior overran Jerash also, and the town was controlled by the Jews until 63 B.C., when Pompey made it part of the Roman province of Syria. Throughout the next 600 years the citizens of Jerash dated most happenings from this event.

Jerash was one of the first cities to join the Decapolis. Thanks to the protection which this alliance afforded, it prospered as a center of commerce. Like many other Near Eastern towns before and since, it felt the golden touch of east-west trade coming from Petra, whose caravans dominated the Incense Trail to southern Arabia and the spice route to the Indies.

About the middle of the first century A.D., the merchants and architects of Jerash decided to rebuild their city on a grander scale. The city fathers had a plan, the central feature of which was a main avenue lined with columns running north from the Forum, crossed by two east-west avenues. At the intersections of these main streets were

squares decorated by four stone blocks, each supporting columns known as tetrapylons. This Avenue of Columns ran all the way across the city from the Forum to the north gate. It must have been an impressive sight, lined with over half a mile of Corinthian or Ionic capitals varying to correspond with the buildings behind them.

There is an inscription on the northwest gate of the city saying that the wall was completed in 76 A.D., marking the time when the town limits were established. That same decade saw work going forward on the Temple of Zeus and the south theatre, while the most famous building, the Temple of Artemis which had been built earlier, was enlarged and beautified.

Town improvement in Jerash continued during the second century as its wealth increased. This was due in part to the network of good roads built by the Emperor Trajan about 106, which provided a paved surface all the way south from Damascus to the Gulf of Akaba. Moreover, by about 115 Jerash had established a series of annual festivals and games. The sporting character of its citizens is shown by an inscription telling of magnificent banquets given by a wealthy sportsman for both victors and vanquished in the games. Jerash really came of age at this time, with the construction of two ornate public baths which provided the prominent inhabitants with exclusive clubs and a decorative place for healthy recreation in the daytime and gay parties after dark.

The pleasantness of life in Roman Jerash is proved by the fact that the Emperor Hadrian spent part of the winter of 129-130 in that provincial capital. The town fathers celebrated his visit by building an imposing Triumphal Arch which can still be seen, the first monument of importance which greets the traveler entering Jerash from the south. About this time also, a further program of expansion and building took place. The Avenue of the Columns was widened and ornate approaches to the Temple of Artemis were built. The Temple of Zeus was completed at last and a magnificent fountain was built in the very center of the town; called the Nymphaeum, it was dedicated, quite correctly, to the water nymphs of Jerash.

The visit of Hadrian gave a boost to the "cult of the living Emperor," but other popular gods and goddesses such as Apollo, Isis, and Diana were not forgotten. Various inscriptions of this period tell of the acts of popular governors and local officials and give evidence that two Roman Legions were based on Jerash part of the time. When,

just after 200, Jerash and the country around it were given the rank of a Roman colony, the city had reached its peak.

Soon after this the Romans shifted the main east-west trade route from the Incense Trail to the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates River route. Real estate values in Jerash began to slip, and as fewer Roman troops remained in Transjordan, the Arab tribes once again began to raid its caravans and outlying settlements.

Jerash had something of a revival during the fourth and fifth centuries, when the town had a considerable Christian population. A cathedral and eight churches were erected, the last one being finished only three years before the Persian invasion of 611. Christian Jerash suffered still another blow with the Moslem conquest in 633. But the *coup de grâce* to the Christians of Jerash was struck by the Caliph Yazid II in a decree which he issued in 720. This stated that "all images and likenesses in his dominions of bronze and of wood and of stone and of pigments, should be destroyed." As a result the mosaic floors of most of the churches then in use in Jerash were destroyed.

A few people lingered on through the late eighth century until further earthquakes, wars, and continued Bedouin raids stopped forever the traffic along the Avenue of the Columns. William of Tyre, writing of it in the twelfth century, says that its ruins have been "long uninhabited." During the wars against the Christian knights, the Moslem Atabeg of Damascus placed a garrison of forty men in Jerash, who walled up the entrances to the Temple of Artemis and made it a fortress. King Baldwin II of Jerusalem stormed Jerash about 1125, drove out the Moslems, and damaged the Temple even further. The marks of the fire kindled in it by the Crusaders can still be seen.

When those Crusaders marched away, the long night fell upon the town of Jerash, and the jackals and owls took over its crumbling temples, waterless baths and roofless churches. Only an occasional Bedouin in search of gold prowled along the once crowded Avenue of the Columns or slept in the dry basin of the Fountain of the Nymphs. Blown by the upland winds, a deep layer of earth filtered over the ruins, hiding pavements and foundations and many smaller buildings. Such was the state of Jerash when the German explorer Seetzen rode in through the ruins of the North Gate one day in 1806.

As the West was rediscovering Jordan during the nineteenth century, other travelers pitched their tents in the shadow of the Temple of Artemis. And in 1878 a band of Circassian refugees from Turkey took over the springs in the valley below the baths and built a small village on the hill east of the Roman town. As in Amman the Circassians used the Roman and Christian ruins as their source of cut stone. But luckily the Circassian group was small and relatively little damage was done to the main buildings of Jerash. Since 1920 the Forum, the Avenue of Columns, the main cross streets and the other chief buildings have been dug from under the dust of time. Although much remains to be excavated, the visitor to Jerash can again obtain a fairly good impression of what Jerash was like when it was known far and wide as the most charming of Rome's Near Eastern capitals.

On entering Jerash from the south, the first important ruin on the left of the road is the three-span Triumphal Arch erected by its enterprising citizens to celebrate the visit paid them by Hadrian. Also to the left just beyond the Triumphal Arch is a long hollow area which was once the Hippodrome. Two or three tiers of seats still remain in place, but its most interesting feature is a pair of stones at either end of the level area with holes cut in them. These date from 614, when a Persian garrison was quartered in Jerash and the sporting horsemen used the Hippodrome as a polo ground, setting their goal posts in these hollowed stones.

Driving on past the Hippodrome one comes to the South Gate of the old city, largely destroyed and only partly excavated. This was also a triple arch, in one of which the door leading to the room of the Roman gatekeeper can still be seen. Across the road on the right is the lodge of the modern gatekeeper, with a little garden and a coffee shop beyond it. The visitor should walk through the South Gate to the Forum, a broad paved expanse of no known geometrical shape, two-thirds surrounded by graceful Ionic columns. It was a plowed field about twenty years ago. The stone chairs in the center may have been judgment seats. From the Forum the visitor should turn left and proceed up the small hill to the Temple of Zeus which was completed about 166. It was originally approached by a great flight of steps built over a series of vaults.

Just to the west of it stands the South Theatre which was built in the first century A.D. Visitors who wish to try out their Greek may read a long inscription in that language on the wall below the lowest

of the thirty-two tiers of seats. It describes a statue to Victory put up by a non-commissioned officer who had served with Titus in the siege of Jerusalem. The Theatre once held over 3,000 persons and the numbers on some of the seats can still be seen. Restoration of the stone screen behind the stage has been started. This theatre became a center of Near Eastern dramatic life briefly during the summer of 1955, when the Amman Dramatic Club staged in it a highly successful presentation of Julius Caesar.

Moving back across the Forum, one proceeds north along the Avenue of Columns. Many of these are still standing and the fallen sections of others lie about in such profusion it is to be hoped that, some day, they can be put back on their bases. The ruts of the Roman chariot wheels are still to be seen clearly in the pavement of this street, as well as the stone "man hole covers" of the sewer which runs beneath it. The Avenue was once lined with shops and the raised sidewalk between the columns and their walls was probably roofed over.

Proceeding about a quarter of the way to the north side along the Avenue of Columns, the visitor comes to one of the two main intersections of the Roman town once marked by tetrapylons. Continuing on, he passes on the left the gate and ruins of the Cathedral of Jerash. This is believed to have been the earliest Christian building in the city and dates from about 350. It was built on the site of the Roman Temple of Dionysios.

Just north of the Cathedral, also on the west side of the Avenue, is the graceful Nymphaeum. This ornate two story building served both as a temple to the Nymphs of Jerash and as the city's central and most beautiful fountain. It was originally covered with marble and painted plaster, and some of the green and orange decorations remain in an upper left-hand niche. When it was in operation, water flowed from a series of vessels into a central basin and from there ran through lions-heads into drains decorated with dolphins. The carving on the Nymphaeum is surprisingly well preserved and is the most intricate to be seen in the city.

A little beyond the Fountain of the Nymphs one comes to what is left of a broad viaduct that once carried a sloping roadway from the eastern side of the valley, across the Avenue of the Columns and up through a magnificent series of gateways and courts to the Temple of Artemis, the patron goddess of Jerash.

The central part of this Temple, built on a series of vaults to give it

extra height, was once surrounded on all sides by massive columns about fifty-four feet high, topped by magnificent Corinthian capitals. Only about a dozen columns of the eastern portico are now standing, some of them leaning dangerously. Their detail and proportion show how impressive must have been the sight of the Temple in its prime. The inner and outer walls of the building are plain except for occasional niches which held statues. Holes high up on the inside mark where the beams of the original roof rested. A large statue of Artemis once stood on a raised platform at the west end of the Temple, but is believed to have been destroyed at the time of the Moslem invasion. The hilltop and adjoining courtyards deserve excavation and general cleaning to get rid of the debris, including the kilns built there in Byzantine days. The door, which was blocked by the Arabs when they made the Temple into a fort for use against the Crusaders, should also be opened and the stones which they placed between the columns cleared away. Happily, restoration is continuing.

Moving on from the high platform of the Temple of Artemis, one comes to the small North Theatre which was used for intimate spectacles. After it was built the enthusiastic theatre-goers of Jerash made a plaza with fine Corinthian columns and large architraves at its rear. Along the valley to the north of this Theatre ran the second of the cross streets of Jerash, which intersected the Avenue of Columns at the north tetrapylon.

Beyond this intersection are the impressive ruins of the west baths. These were probably built in the second century and are early examples of circular domes placed over square rooms. The baths have not yet been cleared and present a jumble of fallen stone, much drifted over by earth and sand. Excavation and restoration would undoubtedly reveal even more clearly why the wealthy Romans of Jerash spent so much time in their warm waters and steam rooms.

Perhaps the Syrian historian Poseidonius, a Stoic and natural scientist, had the gay life of Jerash in mind when he wrote, "There were many clubs in which they amused themselves continuously, using the Gymnasia as baths, anointing themselves with expensive oil and unguents, and using the schools, for so they called the dining-halls of the members, as if they were their own houses, stuffing themselves there for the greater part of the day with wines and foods, and even carrying off much besides, amidst the sound of noisy lyres, which made whole cities ring with the uproar."

From the baths and the north tetrapylon the energetic visitor may choose to walk for twenty minutes beyond the North Gate to the springs which supplied the western half of Jerash with water. The Arabs call them Birkatein, meaning two cisterns, because of their double basins. They are better referred to as the Pool of Maiumas, for as late as the sixth century the notorious water festival of Maiumas was still being held at this spot. The early Christians of Jerash took a dim view of this festivity, which involved mixed bathing and various other practices not favored by the Church. Most visitors, after seeing the baths, will probably choose to retrace their steps southward along the Avenue of Columns and enjoy a picnic lunch beside the ornate Fountain of the Nymphs or in the comfortable upper seats of the South Theatre, feeling not a little envious of the lucky citizens of Roman Jerash and recalling the words of Marcus Aurelius: "Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong is its current; no sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by, and another takes its place, and this too will be swept away."

The Christian Years

When the central Cross came down on the rocky mound of Calvary that awesome Friday afternoon nineteen centuries ago, both Roman and Jewish overlords believed that Christ's teachings had died with him. But the leaven of his ideas began to work within thirty-six hours after his death. At first it was the faith of the original Disciples that was reaffirmed; then the new spirit began to spread among their relatives, followers and friends. This rebirth of zeal started in dramatic fashion.

"Now after the sabbath, toward the dawn of the first day of the week, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to see the sepulchre. And behold there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled back the stone, and sat upon it. . . . And for fear of him the guards trembled and became like dead men. But the angel said to the women, 'Do not be afraid; for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; for he has risen. . . .' "

Saint John tells us that three days after the death of Christ his disciples were gathered in their favorite meeting place, the house on Mt. Zion, when another event of the greatest importance to the early Church occurred. It was the first Sunday after the Crucifixion and, although the doors were shut, Jesus appeared and said to them, "Receive the Holy Spirit. If you forgive the sins of any, they are forgiven; if you retain the sins of any, they are retained."

Not long after this the house on Mount Zion was the site of the first Ecumenical Council of the infant Church. It was called by Peter, as Vicar of Christ, to select a successor for the traitor Judas, and it was attended by about 120 of the disciples.

"And they put forward two, Joseph called Barsabbas, who was surnamed Justus, and Matthias. And they prayed and said, 'Lord who knowest the fears of all men, show which one of these two thou has chosen to take the place in this ministry and apostleship from which Judas turned aside, to go to his own place.' And they cast lots for them, and the lot fell on Matthias; and he was enrolled with the eleven apostles."

Tradition also says that it was in this same house that yet another great event in the early history of the Christian Church occurred: "When the day of Pentecost had come, they were all together in one place. And suddenly a sound came from heaven like the rush of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them tongues as of fire, distributed and resting on each one of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

At this some of those present were amazed, while others mocked them and said they were filled with new wine. But Peter stood up and said that these disciples were not drunk: "Seeing it is but the third hour of the day." Rather, he said, it was the work of God as explained by Jesus of Nazareth. He therefore urged his listeners to repent and be baptized, and there were added that day to those that accepted Christianity "about 3,000 souls." "Thus the Christian community in Jerusalem grew, spending much time in the Temple, or eating together, taking their food with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favor with all the people."

Soon after this Peter and John were going up to the Temple to pray. There, "at the door of the Temple which is called Beautiful" they met a man who had been lame since birth and who begged for money. But Peter said, " 'Silver and Gold have I none, but what I have, that give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth walk'. . . and his ankle bones received strength. And leaping up, he stood and began to walk." And when the people marveled at this miracle, Peter preached unto them the message of Christ. The priests and the captain of the Temple were deeply upset by all this and had them arrested, "But many of them that heard the words believed, and the number of the men came to be about 5,000." Peter and John were released the next day because nothing could be found that they had done which merited imprisonment. So they went "to their own company," where they were greeted with prayers of thanksgiving.

As the number of faithful grew, their financial problems increased. Some devout men, such as Barnabas of Cyprus, sold a field and gave all the money to the Apostles. But another couple, whose faith was not so strong, sold a possession, kept back part of the price they had received, and gave the rest along with a false accounting. Whereupon, first the man and then his wife fell down dead. "And a great fear came upon the whole church, and upon all that heard these things."

As the word spread that Peter could cure the sick, crowds came to him from all parts of Jerusalem and from nearby villages in order to be healed. Again the High Priests had the chief Apostles arrested and put in jail, where they would have been killed but for the intervention of a doctor of the law who said, "Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this work be of man, it will be overthrown; but if it is of God, you will not be able to overthrow them." So the Apostles went daily throughout the city, preaching that Jesus was the Christ. "And the number of Disciples multiplied in Jerusalem exceedingly; and even a great company of the Priests were obedient to the faith."

One of the leaders of the disciples was called Stephen, a good man, full of faith and a keen debater. When the elders and scribes could not prevail against his arguments, they stirred up the people and brought Stephen to the council chamber, where he was denounced by false witnesses. Stephen defended himself with a sermon of great eloquence, but reason could not prevail. He was dragged from the city through what is now known as St. Stephen's Gate and stoned to death between the city walls and the Mount of Olives. The feeling against the Christians was so bitter that "there arose on that day a great persecution against the Church which was in Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad . . . except the Apostles."

As so often happens, the persecution had its good side, for many of the faithful continued to practice and preach the word of Christ after they had been scattered, making new converts in many places. There was, for instance, Simon, a sorcerer from the city of Samaria, who at first tried to buy the power of the Holy Spirit but ended by asking Peter to pray for him. Another was an eunuch, a man of great authority and the treasurer of the Queen of Ethiopia, who was so impressed by the teachings of Philip that he got down from his chariot to be baptized.

The most famous of the converts of this period was a young man from Tarsus whose original name was Saul. He was a leader of many

attacks against the Christians, perhaps including that on Stephen, for the men who stoned St. Stephen to death laid their robes at his feet, that they might not be hampered in the throwing of the stones. After the death of Stephen, Saul was given papers by the High Priest assigning him authority to go to Damascus and seize any men or women who belonged to the Christian heresy. And "as he journeyed, it came to pass that he drew unto Damascus and suddenly there shone round about him a light out of heaven; and he fell upon the earth and heard a voice say unto him, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' and he said, 'Who are Thou, Lord?' and he said, 'I am Jesus. . . .' "

After this Saul was blind for three days, but his followers led him to Damascus where he could neither eat nor drink. It seemed there were already some disciples of Christ in Damascus. One of these named Ananias was told in a vision to go into "the street which is called Straight," which is still the main shopping street of Damascus. There he was told to lay hands upon Saul, that he might receive his sight. At first Ananias objected, for Saul was well known as an enemy of the followers of Christ. But when the Lord insisted he did as he was told, and Saul received his sight. Soon after this Saul was baptized and preached the Gospel in many of the synagogues of Damascus, much to the amazement of all who heard him. Feeling against him ran so high that the disciples had to let him down by night from the wall in a basket. Saul returned promptly to Jerusalem, where once again the disciples feared him because of his past deeds. But he went on preaching, adding many souls to the ranks of those who were baptized and who by now were being called Christians.

As time passed, the followers of Christ became strong enough to have political as well as religious importance. The rulers of Jerusalem, therefore, moved against them and a party of soldiers killed James, the brother of John, with their swords. Peter was arrested at this time also and held in a dungeon, bound with chains between two soldiers, while other guards kept watch at the door of the prison. In spite of these precautions Peter escaped, perhaps through the intervention of an angel, as he described the event, or perhaps because some of the prison wardens were Christians. In any case, the guards were put to death and Peter's reappearance created a great sensation in Jerusalem.

As the size of the Church grew, elders were needed in various cities, and under the direction of Peter a series of leaders was chosen and sent out to the Gentiles. Among these missionaries was the convert

Saul, now known as Paul, who became so popular that he was told that if he returned to Jerusalem he would be killed. But Paul told the faithful, " 'I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.' So he went up to the Holy City and told the Jews there of the great things which the Lord had wrought among the Gentiles through his ministry. Then he purified himself and went up into the Temple, walking in an orderly manner and keeping all the laws. And when the days of purification were ended, his enemies stirred up the multitude, and they seized Paul and dragged him out of the Temple."

At this, word reached the chief captain of the garrison "that all Jerusalem was in confusion." So he took a detachment of troops and ran to the Temple just in time to save Paul's life. The Roman soldiers seized Paul and brought him to the Praetorium where the Romans always kept a garrison in case of trouble in the courtyard of the Temple. They were about to hurry the captive into a prison cell when he addressed the chief captain in Greek, asking permission to speak to the people. His request was granted and Paul, standing on the outside staircase of the Antonia Fortress, delivered a sermon to the assembled multitude. In it he told the story of the voice from heaven, of his conversion to Christ, and of his missionary work. Before he could finish the crowd began throwing dust into the air and shouting "away with such a fellow from the earth for it is not fit that he should live."

The guards would have scourged Paul then and there, but he cried out that he was born a Roman citizen, a fact which impressed the chief captain greatly, for he had bought his Roman citizenship at a high price. The next day Paul was sent before the religious council, where his words stirred up such a clamor that the soldiers again had to save him. Some forty of his enemies banded together and swore that they would neither eat not drink until they had killed Paul. But Paul's nephew heard of the plot, and the captain hurried Paul out of Jerusalem secretly in the dead of the night and marched him under guard to Caesarea. There he languished in jail for two years before being sent to Rome, where he was kept under house arrest but continued to preach and to write the Gospel of Christ "with all boldness, none forbidding him."

Even more important than the extent of Paul's travels and the number of his converts was his success in reconciling many aspects of the Christian religion and Greco-Roman culture. By Hellenizing Chris-

tianity, Paul and the Christian writers who followed him adapted it for export. Paul, however, could not and did not compromise with Greek and Roman polytheism. Thus the early Christians did not take part in public and religious ceremonies, particularly those in which the Emperor was worshipped. As a result many Roman statesmen, as well as priests, came to the conclusion that this new sect of Christianity could not be allowed to grow. In Rome, especially, the pagan leaders were baffled by the growth of Christianity and were looking about for a way to turn popular resentment against the followers of Christ.

They found their chance in 64 A.D. when a fire destroyed the center of Rome. The masses believed that the fire was one of Nero's mad pranks, and feeling against him built up. To save himself Nero was persuaded to blame the fire on the Christians. The result was terrible persecution, during which hundreds of Christians were burned to death in Nero's gardens—gardens which have only just been rediscovered. About four years later Paul, who was still carrying on his effective campaign of letter-writing from a Roman prison, was cut down by the swords of Nero's Legionaries. Peter also suffered martrydom about this time, being crucified head-down in the Eternal City.

By now the original disciples were passing and a new generation had grown up. When Titus and his Legions leveled Jerusalem in 70 A.D., such Christians as escaped the general slaughter moved to other parts of the Middle East, particularly Syria, where Antioch became for a while the heart of Christendom.

Another center of Christianity in the Near East during these difficult years was Nablus. This town got its "modern" start when the Emperor Titus rebuilt the ancient city of Shechem north of Jerusalem and called it Neapolis, or New Town. It was for awhile a camp for Roman Legionaries but gradually developed as a cultural center. One of the outstanding Christian scholars of Neapolis was St. Justin, who was born there in the second century. Tradition says that he started the first Christian school in Rome, where his teaching and sharp tongue so offended the pagan government that he was whipped to death about 165.

As the years went by, a considerable number of Christian churches and monasteries were built in Neapolis. Unfortunately most of them were destroyed during the revolt of the Samaritans in 529, when the Bishop of Neapolis and most of his priests were murdered. The eight mosques which dot the present city of Nablus were either built

on the ruins of these Byzantine churches or are what is left of chapels raised by the Crusaders after they captured the town in 1100.

As the second century passed, Christianity found itself contending with many other religions. One of these cults which achieved great popularity both in the Near East and in Rome was the worship of the Syrian Baal. In 218 A.D. a priest of Emesa was proclaimed Emperor of Rome under the name of Heliogabalus. When this fourteen-year-old priest from the Temple of Baal rode in triumph into Rome he carried with him in his chariot the sacred black-stone of the Syrian Sun God, who now became a senior member of the Roman family of gods. The sober services of the Christian Church seemed pale to many young Romans compared to the elaborate sacrifices on the perfumed altars of the Emesan Baal, where the rich wines of the Near East were mixed with the warm blood of dying victims. After a short rule in which this "exalted Priest of the unconquered Syrian Sun God" achieved a new high in extravagance and a new low in debauchery, Heliogabalus was murdered by his own guards who in 222 proclaimed another Syrian, Alexander by name, as Emperor.

Alexander turned out to be a very different type of ruler from his unbalanced predecessor. After announcing that he was not to be worshipped as a god while he was still alive, he sent back to Syria a shipload of sacred stones, religious curiosities and obscene objects with which the preceding Emperors had cluttered up the temples of Rome. His religious tolerance was such that he had busts set up in Rome of Abraham, Zoroaster and Christ and spent a good deal of time in the Near East before he was killed in 235 during a mutiny.

Some ten years later the all powerful Roman Legions set still another Near Easterner on the throne in Rome. He was known as Philip the Arab and came from a small village near the present frontier of Jordan and Syria. Philip was assassinated by his Legionaries in 249—completing the bloody cycle of Syrian masters of the Roman world.

Like most parts of the Empire, the lands along the Jordan felt the impact of this Syrian wave. Syrian merchants began to dominate trade and Syrian moneylenders became rich in the cities of the Decapolis and the towns of Palestine. Following the lead of the Near Eastern emperors, Syrians set up temples to Baal in almost every city of the Near East. Although the Baal of Philadelphia was well known, he was overshadowed by Baal of the Bekaa who was worshipped as far away as Spain.

As the rites of Baal and similar pagan gods became more popular, the worshippers of Christ came under greater suspicion. One of the worst outbreaks against them was the Great Persecution which was begun by the Emperor Diocletian in 303. This inquisition lasted unchecked for ten years, during which time Christians in northern Arabia were cut into small pieces with axes, their brothers in Palestine beaten to death with hot swords, and their co-religionists in Syria roasted alive on gridirons. But by now the Christians had roots, and this persecution ended with the Church stronger than ever. The worship of Baal was exciting, but the worship of Christ satisfied the inner needs of men and women whose world was in a state of change. Pagan Rome was dying, and a new world capital and a new world religion were about to be born.

The year 312 saw two contenders for the throne of Rome. While marching against the Holy City one of them, Constantine, saw a brilliant cross in the sky. On it was written in Greek the words "by this sign conquer." From then on Constantine adopted the cross as his imperial standard. Behind it he moved from victory to victory until he was Emperor of Rome. The next year in Milan he granted tolerance and freedom to all Christians within the Roman Empire. And under his direction, in 325, all the bishops in the Roman world assembled at Nicaea, in what is now Turkey, where they drew up the Nicaean Creed. From Petra to England Christians could now assemble openly in their churches and declare, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in His Only Son, Jesus Christ, Our Lord."

In May of 330 the Emperor Constantine dedicated a new capital of the Roman world. He placed it on the site of the ancient city of Byzantium where, beside the blue waters of the Bosphorus, the worlds of Europe and Asia meet. For the Near East this meant more than the move of power from Rome to Turkey; it meant an understanding of the Near East in the seats of the mighty.

When Constantine adopted Christianity he was influenced by his mother, Queen Helena, a remarkable woman and a devout Christian. So much did Christ mean to her that in 326, at the age of eighty, she traveled with a great retinue to the Holy Land. Pilgrims have come and pilgrims have gone to Jerusalem, but few have done so much for the city as Helena. One of her ideas was that the True Cross meant little to the Romans; therefore, they must have left it somewhere near

the Hill of Calvary. Once the Roman Temple of Venus had been torn down and the built-up enclosure on which it stood moved away, she had her servants dig in the foundations at a spot she had seen in a dream. While she watched, three crosses of wood were found at the bottom of a cistern about forty yards from the rock of Calvary. When a dying woman was miraculously cured by being stretched on one of these, Queen Helena was sure this was the Cross of Christ. She easily persuaded her Emperor son to provide the funds for the building of a Basilica on the spot, with a garden which enclosed the rocky mound of Calvary where Christ was crucified, and a Rotunda over the burial cave.

The "Invention," or Feast of the Discovery of the Cross, is still celebrated widely in Palestine and Lebanon, where the Christian peasants light great bonfires along the mountains. According to one legend, it was by this means that the news of the discovery was "telegraphed" by St. Helena from Jerusalem to Constantinople.

Not long after this a church was also raised over the grotto where Christ was born, which is the basis for the present Church of the Nativity. Of the many holy men who took up residence in Bethlehem during the next three centuries, the best known is Saint Jerome, who lived from 340 to 420 A.D.

It is to St. Jerome that we owe the Vulgate version of the Bible, the authorized text of the Roman Catholics. Jerome did most of this work in Bethlehem, translating the Old Testament into Latin directly from the Hebrew with the aid of several Palestinian rabbis.

This pious work offset a life of almost continuous controversy, for the good Saint was one of the most quarrelsome of the early church fathers. From his monastery in Bethlehem he thundered against every heresy and schism of the day. On one occasion his polemic grew so violent that an armed mob attacked the monastery and Jerome was forced to go into hiding, thus delaying the translation of the Old and New Testaments into Latin about two years.

Once the Roman world was safe for them, Christian places of worship sprang up in many other parts of Transjordan and Palestine. In the Greco-Roman city of Philadelphia three substantial churches were built, the largest of these a cathedral whose ruins lie just east of the main mosque of present day Amman. It must have been an impressive structure, with five apses, each about 170 feet long, but it was destroyed at the time of the Arab conquest. The remains of another early

Christian church in Amman can be seen on the hillside below the southwest corner of the old citadel; a third stood nearby in front of a cave and probably commemorated the life of some saint who lived in that cavern.

Another center of church building in the Christian years was the desert town of Thantia, better known by its Arab name of Umm al-Jimal, the Mother of Camels, whose dark ruins can be seen from the main road to Iraq about eight miles east of Mafrak. Like the other towns of this area on the edge of the desert, it was built almost entirely of black volcanic rock, which gives it an ominous appearance. Because it escaped some of the earthquakes that flattened many towns nearer the Jordan River, a surprising number of its buildings are still standing, rising behind long sections of the second century walls.

The most imposing of these is near the middle of the south wall, with a six story tower at its southeast corner. Although often referred to as the Barracks, it served as a monastery for many years. The ruins of a chapel with three aisles stand on its eastern side, while rows of small rooms opening on its central courtyard were probably the cells of monks. All told, the ruins of fifteen churches can be seen in Umm al-Jimal—the oldest of them, the Church of Julianos, going back to 345.

Even Jerash, the most Greco-Roman of the towns of Transjordan, took on a Christian flavor after 325. A cathedral in the form of a basilica was built on the site of the Temple of Dionysios which had stood west of the Nymphaeum. Adjoining it was a courtyard containing a fountain whose waters were said to turn to wine each year on the anniversary of the day when Jesus performed a similar miracle at the marriage feast in Cana.

In the belief that cleanliness is next to godliness, the Christian followers of Jesus at that time cleaned up the town garbage dump and slaughter house, which for several hundred years had been located west of this site. On the restored land they built the Church of St. Theodore and carved the following inscription over its gate: "I have been made a wonder, and a marvel of passersby. For all the cloud of unseemliness is dispelled, and instead of the former eyesore the grace of God surrounds me on every side. Once the baleful stench of four-footed beasts that toiling died and were here cast forth was spread abroad; and oft when going by one held his nose, and checked the pas-

sage of breath, shunning the foul odor. But now travellers passing all the scented plain bring their right hand to their forehead, making straightway the sign of the precious Cross."

Jerash enjoyed a further revival in the days of the Emperor Justinian, and its Christians celebrated by building seven more churches. The construction of these was poor, but it was enlivened with bright marble and mosaics, often stolen from nearby pagan temples. These mosaics show that, in keeping with this cheap and ostentatious construction, the women of Jerash at that time went in for imitation jewelry and "golden" bracelets that were actually gilded brass. So extensive was the destruction of pagan temples that the once beautiful courtyard of the Temple of Artemis was turned into a site for potters' kilns, some of which still remain. Almost all of the churches of Jerash were built with stones taken from temples, and an inscription from the Temple of Zeus can be read in the floor of the Church of St. John.

In those days the lands beside the Jordan were more universally Christian than they have ever been since. Although governors and generals were powerful there, the real leaders during the early Christian years were bishops and priests, well supported by numerous monks and nuns. At their direction new churches were built in every town of importance. As the years passed, the architects of most of these churches broke away from the Greco-Roman pattern of basilicas and followed a new style of architecture which was built in the shape of a cross, often with domes and bell towers.

Many of the early Christians were Jewish converts, and we have seen that some of the towns such as Jerash contain ruins of churches which were originally synagogues. In this period when religious architecture was dominated by basilicas, the main difference between Christian and Jewish places of worship was that the synagogues were oriented towards Jerusalem, while the altars of the churches were built at their eastern ends.

Christian communities often started with a small group that worshipped in the room of a member's house. When the community grew big enough to build a church of its own, it was designed like the single elongated room to which they were accustomed. There is an excellent example of such a one-naved church among the black ruins of Umm al-Jimal, which is believed to date from 344. But horseshoe-shaped apses at the eastern end of churches became increasingly popular, as

seen by several churches in Umm al-Jimal, and by the ruins of the early church which marks the spot on Mount Nebo where Moses stood and looked into the Promised Land.

Another characteristic of that period was the extensive use of mosaic floors, many of whose designs were copied from Jewish synagogue art. In them Jesus was portrayed as looking like Moses or as a Semitic shepherd guarding his sheep. Thus it is not surprising that the best preserved relic of that period is the remarkable mosaic on the floor of a church in Madaba, the little town that lies on the site of the Moabite settlement. Moses gave Madaba to the tribe of Reuben, and many years later it came under the control of Petra. It flourished under the Romans, but its greatest importance came in the Christian years when it was an important bishopric in the province of Boursa, and several large churches were built there whose outstanding feature was their mosaic floors.

After the Moslems came the site of Madaba was abandoned for many years, but in 1880 the Roman Catholic patriarch of Jerusalem and the French consul in that city persuaded Midhat Pasha, who was then the ruler of Transjordan, to permit a group of Christians to come up from the town of Kerak and take over the ruins. When they began to rebuild they uncovered many mosaic floors, the most important of which depicts biblical Palestine and the area as far north as Damascus and as far south as Alexandria. In the center is a detailed plan of Jerusalem. Since the mosaic dates from the second half of the sixth century, it is the oldest map of Jerusalem in existence. Unfortunately, large sections were destroyed in 1896 when a Greek Orthodox church was built on the site of the original Byzantine church. Nevertheless 147 towns or places can still be identified.

Not long after the map of Madaba had been laid down, the Christian dominance of Transjordan and Palestine drew to a close. As the western Roman Empire died in tired splendor, many Near Easterners turned to monasticism as a pattern of life. In revolt against the dissolute age that was passing, poverty and chastity took on new meaning. From Egypt, where they had been given impetus by Saint Anthony's life in the desert, ideas of asceticism moved into the Levant. Throughout the wild hill country of Palestine and the hills west of the Jordan Valley hundreds of monks began to live in caves. Some of them achieved great fame and founded monasteries in the wilderness such as Mars Saba and Mount Nebo.

And, as is the rule of civilizations, too much leisure brought a weakening of military power. Petty kingdoms sprang up and Bedouin raided deep into the farm lands. Perhaps another dry cycle began; outlying farms were abandoned; small villages became deserted; and life in the larger towns slowed to a walk. Into this growing vacuum the Persians swept in 611, pillaging Damascus and wiping out many of the cities of South Syria and Transjordan. King Chosroes conquered Jerusalem, tore down most of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and carried off the True Cross to Persia. The world of Rome was dead, the empire of Constantinople was weak, and all along its borders swords clashed in the twilight. A wintry interval between civilizations hung for a few years over the dying towns along the Jordan. Then out of the heart of the Arabian Peninsula there came a strange fresh wind, carrying with it a new religion and a new way of life. Mohammed had spoken and Islam was on the march.

The Coming of Islam

The True Cross came back to Jerusalem on September 14, 629. Heraclius, the Emperor of Byzantium, recovered the relic from the Persians and had it brought in triumph to the Holy City. The Persians had never opened the box in which the Cross was stored and the wooden beams, unharmed after fifteen years of travel, were again set up with much ceremony in the restored Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There was great rejoicing among the Christians of the Near East.

In his enthusiasm over the return of the True Cross, Heraclius undoubtedly paid little attention to the news that some 3,000 Arab camel riders had raided into Transjordan, going almost as far as Kerak before they were defeated by the Emperor's troops and their leader killed. From time immemorial men on camels had come riding up from the sands of the Arabian Peninsula to attack the towns of Transjordan, so Heraclius doubtlessly believed this was just another Bedouin raid. Actually, its leader was Zayd ibn Harith, the adopted son of the Prophet Mohammed, and Mutah, where he fell, now has the finest mosque in southern Jordan. The camel riders from Medina were the first faint ripple of the rising Moslem tide. Within three generations the lean swordsmen from Arabia had carried their war banners and their prayers to Allah as far as India on the east and westward across North Africa and Spain to the southern borders of France.

In the spring of 633 three columns of camel riders broke out of the Arabian Peninsula into southern Jordan. Two of them followed the main caravan trail from Tebuk to Maan, a path later made famous to Europeans by Lawrence of Arabia. The third column commanded by Amr, the future conqueror of Egypt, went east to Aila on the Gulf and then up the Valley of the Wadi Araba toward the southern end of

the Dead Sea. As the Patrician of Palestine advanced against it, his flank was attacked by one of the columns from Maan and forced to retreat in disorder to the coast. He was overtaken by the rest of the Arabs near Gaza, his army cut to pieces, and he himself killed. Transjordan and Palestine were now defenseless.

Heraclius was in the Syrian town of Homs when news of this disaster reached him, along with a message from the followers of Mohammed urging him to abandon Christianity and adopt Islam. Disregarding the suggestion, the Emperor collected a new army which he sent against the Moslems under his brother Theodorus. But again the Byzantines were defeated, and Damascus fell to the invaders in September of 635.

Heraclius realized that this was the fatal hour for Syria. He collected an army of about 50,000 men, including Armenians and such Arab mercenaries as he could get together, and moved south against the Arabs. The Moslems retreated slowly in the face of this superior force, giving up Damascus on their way. At last they made a stand just north of the Yarmuk River near the point where its tributary, the Ruqqad, came down from the Syrian plain, and the troops of Heraclius were maneuvered into a tight position between these two streams. August 20, 636, dawned hot and windy, and before long a dust storm was blowing down on the Byzantine troops and the faint-hearted mercenaries who accompanied them. The Christians waved their crosses, and their priests led them in prayers and chants that went unheard in the sand-filled wind. Riding with the sun and the wind behind them, the followers of the Prophet came racing out of the sand storm and fell upon the cramped Byzantines. The Arabs were outnumbered almost twenty to one, but their zeal was irresistible; the Christian line was broken. Thousands fell upon the field of battle, while more thousands were drowned in the two rivers or cut down as they tried to flee. Among those killed was the Emperor Heraclius. As he fell he is reported to have said, "Farewell, oh Syria, and what an excellent country this is for the enemy!"

The Arab tide had burst its banks. Transjordan, Palestine and Syria were lost to the Christians; the sons of the Prophet were on their way to empire. Damascus was reoccupied, and the war banners from the Hejaz did not stop until they reached the steep slopes of the Taurus mountains of Turkey.

For two years more Jerusalem, strong behind its walls, held out

against the men of the desert who had not yet learned the science of the battering ram and the movable scaling tower. Then, cut off from their food supply and from access to the Mediterranean, the Christians of Jerusalem decided to capitulate. The venerable Abu Bakr, one of Mohammed's fathers-in-law, had died in 634 and been succeeded as Caliph by Omar. On learning that he was in southern Syria the Jerusalemites sent for Omar to come and take over the city.

There are various legends regarding the Moslem entrance into Jerusalem, when dusty hordes of Bedouin camel riders, horsemen and foot soldiers poured through the city gates. At their head rode the Caliph wearing a patched and sand-worn robe. Some say he did this as an insult to the Christians, but the Moslems claim it showed his piety. He *had* only one robe.

The Patriarch Sophronius, "the honey-tongued defender of the Church" who met him at the city walls, was not favorably impressed. When the austere successor to the Prophet climbed down off his camel, Sophronius is reported to have said aside in Greek, "Truly this is the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the Prophet as standing in the Holy Place."

Tradition states that on entering Jerusalem the Caliph Omar asked to be taken to the site of the Temple, whereupon the Patriarch took him to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Omar examined the building but refused to say his prayers inside on the grounds that, should he do so, his followers would have to make it a place of Moslem worship. Instead, he crossed the courtyard to the south of the main doorway and said his prayers there on a spot now marked by a small mosque.

Omar then specifically asked to be taken to the site "from which Mohammed ascended into heaven." He was escorted to the location of Solomon's ancient Temple, where stood the Rock on which Abraham sacrified, and where Solomon and Herod had built their places of worship. The site was covered with rubble and dirt, but the Caliph himself is said to have moved the first stone, and eventually the Rock was exposed to view. It is known that Omar, while he remained in Jerusalem, frequently prayed at this Rock. The magnificent building which now stands there and is known as the Dome of the Rock is incorrectly referred to as the Mosque of Omar; it was not built by the Moslem conqueror of Jerusalem, but by the Omayyad Caliph Abd al-Malik.

Both at home and while campaigning, Omar slept on a bed of palm leaves and was so strict that he had his own son scourged to death for drunkenness. But for all his strictness as a Moslem, Omar was lenient with the Christians of Jerusalem, whose churches were untouched and who were allowed to keep their homes and possessions in exchange for payment of a poll tax. Like the other "peoples of the book" conquered by the Arabs, they became *dhimmis*, or people of the covenant, who enjoyed the protection of Islam but were not expected to perform military duties.

The Caliph Omar divided his conquests into military districts which, in general, followed those of the Byzantine Empire, which in turn had been based on Roman boundaries. Under this system Transjordan and Galilee formed the Province of al-Urdunn, the Jordan, while the region south of the plain of Esdraelon became the Province of Falastin or Palestine. When Omar returned to Mecca, Tiberias became the capital of al-Urdunn, while Ramle served as the capital of Falastin. Thus Jerash, Gadara, Philadelphia and the other cities of the Decapolis were bypassed and shrank in importance.

In 639 a terrible plague spread across Palestine and Syria, wiping out thousands of the faithful including the Moslem commander-in-chief and his successor. The Caliph Omar chose as the new commander for the area a young and energetic follower of the Prophet named Mu'awiyah, who had already distinguished himself as a warrior and organizer. A man who was to go far in Arab history, he married a Christian, had a Christian doctor and a Christian court poet.

Omar was felled by the poisoned dagger of a Persian slave in November of 644 as he led his congregation in prayer. He was succeeded by Othman, a member of the aristocratic Omayyad branch of the Quraysh tribe, who was responsible for the writing down of the Koran in the form in which it has been preserved to the present day.

While the able and energetic Mu'awiyah was organizing Transjordan and Palestine, political-religious troubles broke out in Mecca and Medina. His enemies felt that the Caliph Othman appointed too many of his relatives to high places and exhibited too great readiness to accept presents, particularly when they came in the form of beautiful handmaidens. In June of 656 Othman was assassinated in Medina as he was reading the Koran which he had collected and had transcribed. In his place Ali was proclaimed Caliph. He was the first cousin of the Prophet, husband of Mohammed's only surviving daughter

Fatima and father of the Prophet's only descendants, Hasan and Hussein.

Many of the faithful accepted Ali as Caliph, but not Mu'awiyah, the Governor of Syria. Hurriedly his agents rode down across Transjordan to Medina and back again. Then, at a Friday service in the great Damascus Mosque, Mu'awiyah denounced Ali as a murderer. He held up the blood-stained shirt of his cousin Othman and showed the fingers of the Caliph's faithful wife, which had been cut off when she tried to defend him against his attackers. The new Caliph Ali refused to accept the blame for the murder; instead he led an army into Syria against Mu'awiyah. A three-day battle took place at Siffin on the Euphrates; an arbitration session was arranged in which Mu'awiyah tricked Ali into abdicating. Not long after, Ali was assassinated in Iraq and Mu'awiyah proclaimed himself Caliph at Jerusalem. With him began the line of Omayyad Caliphs, the first hereditary dynasty in the Islamic world, which lasted from 661 to 749.

Mu'awiyah decided that Jerusalem was too exposed to Byzantine attack and established his capital in Damascus. Like most of the Omayyads, however, Mu'awiyah loved the desert, as did his favorite wife Maysun, who wrote several poems in praise of desert life. Mu'awiyah personally was too busy organizing his kingdom for leisure, but he had his favorite son Yazid I brought up in the desert. On his father's death, Yazid set the pattern for later Arab kings as a great hunter and lover of the outdoors; his best hunting dogs received golden anklets and a special slave each. Yazid was particularly fond of a hunting cheetah, which he trained to ride before him on his horse and then leap down to outrun and bring down a gazelle or boar.

In addition to hunting, Yazid I was an admirer of poetry and enjoyed the verses of Christians as well as Moslems. He encouraged poetry competitions and rewarded the winners handsomely. Under him the stern religious atmosphere of his father's court moderated considerably. As he grew older he gave large parties at the royal palace at which wine was served to the accompaniment of songs. At first the lyrics dealt almost entirely with war and great deeds, but gradually the emphasis shifted to love. Whereas, up to then, the leading performers had been men, he encouraged women singers, two of whom were included in his harem.

Yazid died in 683 and his son, a sickly youth, ruled only three months. The Caliphate then moved to another branch of the Omayyad

family. The second of these, Abd al-Malik, was one of the most enterprising Moslem rulers. Apart from expanding his domains he brought about many changes which affected the lives and actions of the people on both banks of the Jordan. Up to this time Greek had been the official language, but, under Abd al-Malik and his son al-Walid I, Arabic became the official tongue of the royal *diwan* in Damascus and of the local governments. Byzantine coinage, which had been universal in the area for several centuries, was now replaced by Arabic *dinars* and *dirhams*. Coins were made of copper at first but silver coinage soon followed.

Thanks to the peace and prosperity brought by the soldiers of the Caliph the end of the seventh century saw several new religious structures rise in Jordan. The most famous of these was the Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem, built by the Caliph Abd al-Malik. It stands in the center of the thirty-four-acre raised platform built by Herod the Great on the site of the still earlier Temple of Solomon, which marked the spot where Abraham was stopped by God himself from offering his son Isaac as a sacrifice. According to Moslem tradition, Mohammed paused briefly at this Rock and then took off from it on his way to Heaven, making the site holy to all Moslems.

In 691 Abd al-Malik had become engaged in a controversy with a rival claimant to the Caliphate, Ibn al-Zubayr, who was residing in Mecca. Partly through reverence for the place itself and partly to create an attraction that would divert some of the pilgrims from Mecca, Abd al-Malik decided to raise over this Rock one of the finest places of worship in Islam. Setting aside a sum of money equal to the revenues which the Caliphate derived from Egypt for seven years, he stored the coins in a little treasury which he had built just east of the Rock itself. The treasure house is a small octagonal building topped by a hexagonal second story on which rests a graceful dome. The money must have been kept in the second story, for the open area of the main floor is hardly suggestive of security. Abd al-Malik was so pleased with this little building, known as the Dome of the Chain, that he decided to build the sanctuary over the Rock along the same lines. For it he used native labor, some of whom had Byzantine training. Many of the stones were taken from the ruins of Christian buildings that had formerly stood on this spot and which had been knocked down by earthquakes. Thanks to the energy of Abd al-Malik, the genius of his architects, and the craftsmanship of his masons, a beauti-

ful eight-sided building was raised over the Holy Rock, the oldest Moslem building in these lands, virtually unchanged after almost thirteen hundred years.

The Dome of the Rock was later repaired by Abbassid Caliph al-Mamun who built the octagonal outer wall. No lover of the Omayyads, the Caliph from Baghdad had the name of Abd al-Malik cut out of the inscription which runs in gold on blue mosaic above the base of the dome and his own name inserted instead. But the new tesserae were of a darker blue, and the name is squashed together to make room for the extra letters. Moreover, although they changed the name the later artisans left in the original date, 72 by the Moslem calendar.

No traveler should leave Jerusalem without visiting this great symbol of Islam. It is a regular octagon, with each side about sixty-seven feet in length. In the center of the flat-roofed structure there rises a second story, topped by a dome 116 feet high made of wood and covered on the outside with lead. The dome rests on four massive piers with twelve marble columns providing additional support. Its inside is covered by stucco richly ornamented with gilt. The outside of the building, apart from the dome, was first covered with marble, but this cracked and fell off. In 1552 Suleiman the Magnificent restored the whole building and replaced most of the broken marble with porcelain tiles from Persia, of a type known as *Kāshānī.* Many of the stained-glass windows and the encrusted walls with their beautifully blended color schemes date from this Turkish restoration. The four great doors which face the cardinal points of the compass have medieval locks.

In the center of all this magnificence lies the Rock, an area some fifty-six feet long, virtually untouched throughout the ages. According to Moslem tradition, a pilgrim worshipping at the Dome must keep the Rock on his right hand. Special prayers must be said at its three corners and at a piece of marble pavement near the north gate which is said by some to cover the entrance to paradise, though others say that it covers the tomb of Solomon. According to tradition, Mohammed drove nineteen golden nails into this piece of marble, which have been falling out one by one. This process is believed to have been speeded by the devil himself, who was stopped just in time by the Angel Gabriel, so that three nails still remain in the stone. Pilgrims must pass the spot on tiptoe in order not to jar the other nails loose and thus hasten the Day of Judgment.

On the southwest side of the Rock there is a simple shrine contain-

ing hairs from the Prophet's beard. Near it in the Rock is a marking which was thought by Moslems to be the footprint of Mohammed. A little research by the Crusaders convinced them that it was the footprint of Jesus; but this theory was discredited when Saladin conquered Jerusalem and the Moslem belief took over once again.

On the east side are three showcases which contain the banners of Mohammed, those of Caliph Omar who first delivered Jerusalem from the Christians, and the buckler of Hamza, the rival of the Caliph al-Hakim. These cases are cleaned only once a year, and the dust which is collected from them is highly prized by the faithful.

Through a door at the southeast corner of the Rock, the pilgrim can go down eleven steps to the sacred cave beneath. While doing this it is proper to repeat the prayer of Solomon which begins, "Oh God, pardon the sinners who come here, and relieve the injured."

Originally a pearl of great size and the horn of Abraham's ram were hung by a chain from the center of the dome, but these relics were moved by the Abbassid Caliphs to Mecca, and their place was taken by a great chandelier in which burned five hundred oil lamps. This fell down onto the Rock one day in the year 1060, a most dismal augury for the Moslems. And a correct one it turned out to be, for thirty-nine years later the Crusaders captured Jerusalem, and the Dome of the Rock became the headquarters and Church of the Knights Templar. Much to the horror of the Moslems, they redecorated the building, both inside and out, with paintings of Christ and the principal saints. The Templars set up a marble altar on the Rock itself and put a gold cross on the top of the Dome in place of the Moslem crescent. Lastly they erected an iron screen of French workmanship between the inner ring of pillars surrounding the Rock, which still stands. They also transformed the cave under the Rock into a chapel in the belief that it was the site of the original Holy of Holies. The polygonal type of architecture used in the Dome was much copied by the Templars, and its dome became a symbol of the order and appeared on the seal of the Grand Master.

Walking south from the Dome of the Rock, one passes a stone pulpit dating from 1456, still used for sermons in the summertime. Near it is a large marble basin with many water faucets where pious Moslems wash their feet before entering the Mosque. Beyond it lies the building which the Moslems call Al-Masjid al-Aksa. "Masjid" means place of worship in Arabic, while "Aksa" means remote. The name comes from

the first verse in the seventeenth chapter of the Koran, in which it is said that God transported Mohammed from the "Sacred Mosque," at Mecca, to the "Remote Mosque," that is, Jerusalem.

It is generally agreed that in about 550 A.D. the Emperor Justinian built a Basilica here in honor of St. Mary, and parts of the present al-Aksa Mosque go back to that building. In order to bring the main floor of the Basilica up to the ground level of the rest of the Temple area, the architects had to construct a series of huge underground vaults.

When the Moslems conquered Jerusalem this Christian Basilica was converted into a Mosque. There is much dispute over the changes made by the various Caliphs. One tradition holds that because of the reverence with which the Moslems regarded this sanctuary its doors were covered with gold and silver in 691 A.D. by the Caliph Abd al-Malik. A generation later the structure was badly damaged by an earthquake, and the Caliph al-Mansur peeled off the gold and silver, making coins to pay for the restoration of the Mosque. After being badly shaken by another earthquake, the over-all width of the building was increased, possibly to make it more resistant to tremors. The changes were not too successful, however, for the roof collapsed in 1060 and had to be rebuilt.

The columns and capitals and part of the floor plan are all that are left of Justinian's Basilica. The magnificent north porch with its seven arcades was added about 1227, while the present roof of timbers overlaid with lead dates from the fifteenth century. The building was inspected in 1928 and found to be highly insecure, and funds were collected throughout the Moslem world for its restoration. Luckily this was well carried out and did not destroy the exquisite mosaics, the inlaid marble wall panels, the carved stonework, or the ornamental gilded inscriptions. Throughout the years many Moslem leaders have contributed to the beauty of this Mosque, including Saladin, who is thought to have added some of the best mosaics and the beautifully carved cedar pulpit which is inlaid with mother of pearl.

During the Crusader days the Order of the Knights Templar reconverted the Mosque into the Church of the Virgin, and the west transept opens onto an area known as the Hall of the Templars. A double colonnade was added by the Crusaders and is shut off from the rest of the building by an iron screen.

English visitors will wish to be shown the place near the main en-

trance of the Mosque generally referred to in legends as the Tomb of the Sons of Aaron. A later legend is that it marks the tomb of Thomas à Becket's murderers, who journeyed to Jerusalem as a penance for their sin and died while on the pilgrimage.

Visitors who are interested may go down the flight of stairs to the east of the entrance of the Mosque into the huge vaults on which the building rests. In the south wall of one of these vaults can be seen the vestibule of the ancient Double Gate. This ceremonial entrance definitely dates from the time of Christ, and it seems likely that he passed through it on many occasions on his way in or out of the Temple area. A part of the huge sub-cellar is referred to as Solomon's Stables, which it may well have been; and history also tells us that the caves were used as stables by the Knights Templar and the Christian kings of Jerusalem. Holes for the tethering of the horses of the knights can still be seen in many of the massive piers.

As the simple men from Mecca and Medina learned about the outside world, the court of the Caliphs became more elaborate and the ways of the governors and local judges followed suit. In order to make his sons fit to rule in this more complicated world, Abd al-Malik imported a series of tutors; and to keep healthy the boys spent much of their time in the desert.

The treatment worked, in part, on his oldest son Walid I, who ruled from 705 to 718, but it was not successful in maintaining the simple ways of the earlier Caliphs. Al-Walid was the greatest builder among the Omayyads. Rather than live in a tent, he took city comforts to the desert. In the sands of Transjordan some eighty miles east of Amman, he put up a series of hunting lodges which were a far cry from the austere tents of his grandfathers. The best preserved and most interesting of these is the small stone pleasure dome of Qasr Amrah which was built about 714. After being lost to the Western world for many centuries it was discovered by the well-known Czechoslovak scholar Alois Musil, who heard from the Bedouins that somewhere not far from Azrak there was a building whose walls and ceiling were covered with paintings. In June 1898 his guides led him down the Wadi Butm to the little palace of Amrah. He had been inside the building for only a few minutes when they shouted that Ruwala raiders were approaching—and he had to ride away in a hurry. Dr. Musil was able to come back two years later, however, at a time when the Beni Sakr tribe had

driven the Ruwala away. During the course of a three-day visit he took the first photographs of the paintings and made many measurements of the building.

The desert castle of Amrah can now be visited easily during the dry months of the year by motor from Amman. Driving southwest by car or jeep for about half an hour from the green oasis of Azrak, one comes across a small rise of ground and drops into a dry wadi bottom. A few struggling butum trees follow the line of the watercourse and suggest that 1,200 years ago the spot was probably well-watered and may even have been the center of a woods. Under the brow of the hill and just east of an earthen dam thrown up with American Point Four assistance to catch the seasonal water runoff, there stands an irregularly shaped stone building. Its center is a rectangle whose ceiling is rounded in three vaults. Various outlying rooms, also with vaulted ceilings, are attached to the center of the palace, some of them looking as if they had been put on as after-thoughts. There is no surrounding wall to keep intruders out, and the front door has long since been stolen. For centuries raiders have camped in the central hall, and Bedouin have tethered their goats in the attached bedrooms, kitchens and baths. In several places holes have been smashed in the walls by energetic Bedouin who think that all buildings contain hidden treasure. But, in spite of this neglect and decay, little Amrah is a jewel among desert palaces. In all of east Jordan there is no more interesting place for a picnic lunch than the hall of the palace, whose cool twilight is a happy contrast to the heat and glare of the surrounding desert.

Once the eyes of the traveler have become accustomed to the gloom he should look upward and study what is left of some of the earliest examples of Moslem pictorial art. Spread across the walls and ceiling he will see a delightful variety of colored paintings. There is a portrait of Caliph al-Walid I and his arch-enemy, Roderick, the last Visigoth King of Spain; five other portraits of royalty may be viceroys or aristocratic hunting companions of the Caliph. Figures representing history, poetry and philosophy are also to be seen, along with an ornate portrayal of victory. There are several hunting scenes, in one of which a lion is attacking a desert ass. On the walls of the small chamber to the east of the great hall and in the rooms beyond it leading to the baths are painted draperies, leaves pouring out of ornamented vases, twining vines, palm trees loaded with dates, and illustrations of desert birds, many of which still flit up and down the wadi behind the palace. In one

of the more amusing frescoes a bear is sitting on a footstool playing a stringed instrument, while a monkey on its hind legs is clapping its forepaws as other animals look on.

Even more striking than these pictures are the paintings of nude dancing girls and musicians, some of them life-size. There are no other such pictures to be seen in the Arab world. Even in the few years during which the author visited Amrah, many of these delightful frescoes have been darkened by the smoke of Bedouin campfires, and visiting Legionnaires and hunters have been unable to resist the temptation to use the more visible charms of some of the dancing girls as targets. It is to be hoped that a wall will soon be built around this desert treasure and a caretaker installed to keep the palace from further destruction. It would be sad if the world should lose forever these unique and delightful reminders that all the hunting which went on at Amrah was not directed toward desert game.

The rarity of these paintings is due to the fact that, quite early, the Islamic theologians decided that only God could make men and animals and that it was blasphemous for man to make pictures of them. This point of view derives largely from a *hadith*, or saying of the Prophet, that on the Day of Judgment the persons who will be most severely punished are the portrayers—a word which has been used to designate both painters and sculptors. Thus, except for occasional examples such as those at Amrah and some much later decadent paintings, Arab Moslem art consists largely of decorative motifs taken from geometric designs, which we now know as arabesques.

While the Caliph al-Walid I was busy building and decorating Amrah and the far larger Omayyad Mosque in Damascus, his generals crossed the Straits of Gibraltar and conquered Spain. After a series of highly successful campaigns the celebrated Arab General Musa ibn Nusayr, the son of a captured Christian from Beirut, marched back across North Africa with his booty. Coming up from Egypt, Musa led a glittering procession across Palestine, including four hundred Visigoth aristocrats and hundreds of camels, slaves and lesser captives loaded with the wealth of Spain. The Caliph al-Walid was ill in Damascus, but in February of 715 he was able to greet the conqueror of Spain before he died. The entry of the victory procession into Damascus, with the Visigoths wearing their crowns and their women arrayed in court costumes, produced one of the most spectacular days in the history of militant Islam. Among the treasures carried in the triumphal

procession was a table from the Cathedral in Toledo, decorated with gold and inlaid with precious stones. Legends state that part of the table came originally from King Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem; from there it had been taken by the Romans to the banks of the Tiber and thence by the Goths to Spain.

The next important ruler was Omar II who became Caliph in 717. He was a great admirer of his pious maternal grandfather, Omar I. Like him he owned only one shirt and a much-patched robe and devoted himself to prayer and simple living. Little interested in politics in general and completely opposed to poets and dancing girls, he spent most of his time discussing religion with the leading theologians in his realm. His fiscal reforms were welcomed in Transjordan and Palestine, where they contributed to the more equal treatment and eventual fusion of Arab and non-Arab Moslems.

Although Omar II encouraged converts to Islam and even remitted their taxes, he bore down hard on the Christians of Palestine and Transjordan. During his rule they were forbidden to hold public office; in addition they could not wear turbans, had to cut their hair in a special way, wear broad leather belts, and ride without saddles. They were not allowed to build churches and had to pray and hold religious services in subdued voices.

Omar II died in the year 720, full of good works and much beloved by the theologians. He was succeeded not by his own son but by Yazid II, the third son of Abd al-Malik, a ruler who soon confirmed Omar II's fears about the danger of amusements, which he sought in his harem in Damascus or the cool seclusion of his castle at Bait Ras, near Ajlun in Jordan. When relaxing, Yazid II divided his attention between his favorite wines and his favorite songstresses, Sallama and Hababa. One day he threw a grape at Hababa, who caught it in her mouth; but it stuck in her throat and she choked to death. This was such a blow to the ardent young Caliph that he followed her to the grave a week afterwards.

Yazid II was succeeded as Caliph by still another son of Abd al-Malik, named Hisham, who ruled from 724 to 743. Hisham was the last outstanding ruler of the Omayyads. He relaxed the humiliating restrictions which had been imposed upon the Christians by the austere Omar II, and at least one church is known to have been built in Jordan during his reign. Although he worked hard governing his vast domains, he nevertheless liked outdoor life. Hisham was a great lover

of horses and is said to have organized a race in which four thousand horses ran, the largest field ever recorded in the Near East. His favorite daughter shared his fondness for horses and racing, but it would seem that his oldest son was not as good a rider as his father. One day while he was out hunting in the desert he fell from his horse and was killed. When the Caliph heard of this he said, "I brought him up to be Caliph, and he pursues a fox."

Possibly because he suffered from the cold, the Caliph Hisham decided to build a winter palace in the warm air of the Jordan Valley. To do this he assembled the finest architects and builders throughout his realm and gave them unlimited funds. They were ordered to construct a palace which would combine the freedom of open-air life with the luxuries of a town house. With this in mind an area north of Jericho was enclosed by a wall nearly eight kilometers long. Thanks to an abundant supply of water brought from springs near the western hills, the area inside the walls became a green garden. In its center were built an elaborate palace, a mosque, a very large bathhouse, and a forecourt surrounded by a colonnade with an ornamental pool in its center.

The visitor to Jericho must not fail to drive north for ten minutes, up the road beyond the great tell and through the Ein es-Sultan refugee camp, to the ruins of Hisham's palace at Khirbat al-Mafjar. The foundations of the walls are standing, and the course of the aqueduct bringing in water from the west can still be traced. Leaving the car at the gate beside the administration building of the Department of Antiquities, one enters an area of about ten acres, most of which is paved.

Although it was occupied for a short time the building was never completed, probably because both its water supply and many of its roofs were damaged during a severe earthquake in 747. This was the tremor which damaged the Church of the Holy Sepulchre so badly and brought down the roofs of several of the Christian churches at Jerash. The Omayyad dynasty ended three years later, and their successors, the Abbassids, were more interested in building up Baghdad, the new capital, where the climate was so warm that there was no reason to winter in the tropical valley of the Jordan. Thus the Hisham palace was never restored, and the magnificent pleasure house in which the Caliph Hisham had hoped to enjoy the winter months was occupied only by Bedouin, local squatters or occasionally soldiers.

The palace enclosure is entered through a main gate from the south-

east forecourt. This entrance is through the lower part of a massive square tower, flanked by two-story, arcaded verandas. Inside the gate is a wide passage lined with benches for the use of guards and retainers. This passage was originally vaulted over with bricks in the Mesopotamian style, suggesting that artisans were brought from Iraq by the Caliph Hisham. Next to its mosaics, the most striking feature of this Omayyad palace is its elaborately fashioned stucco work. Almost all wall spaces of any importance were decorated in beautiful detail. Even the walls of the entrance passage and the clusters of columns along its sides were embellished with this stucco tapestry.

Proceeding west through the main gate, one enters the central court, well-paved and surrounded by a series of rooms along whose front ran two-storied arched cloisters. Some of the columns which formerly held up these arches can be seen lying where they fell during the earthquake. There are crosses carved on some of them, suggesting that they were probably taken from a ruined church. The rooms on the ground floor around this central court were for general living or social purposes, with the apartments of the Caliph and his family located on the second floor.

A larger chamber with a prayer niche occupies the center of the south side of the court and was probably the private mosque of the Caliph, for use when he was not attending the main mosque of the palace. In the center of the west side was the audience chamber which had a ceiling of vaulted brick. The whole of the north side of the courtyard is given up to a large rectangular hall whose roof was once supported by a central line of columns. This was the state banquet chamber, designed to witness many colorful feasts which were never held.

Visitors to this central court are puzzled by a circular monument with a six-pointed stone design in its center, which the excavators have set up on a modern stone base in the middle of the yard. To most Westerners it looks like part of an Aztec ruin; actually it is a window, reconstructed from fallen stones, which once lighted a private audience chamber in the center of the second story on the west wall.

One may go down the stairs located near the middle of the west cloister that lead to a mosaic-covered court and a vault built under the audience chamber, which was the main bath of the palace. The water pipe coming in from the west is still in place, along with a bathing pool and various benches and niches for dressing or resting. The place is

reminiscent of the baths in which the leaders of Rome spent so much of their time.

A shallow flight of stairs leads up from the northwest corner of the central courtyard to another open square, on the east of which are to be found the ruins of the palace mosque. Like most early places of Moslem worship this was a rectangular enclosure, uncovered except at the southern end, where a roof sheltered a prayer niche and an area where the most important officials prayed. Near the prayer niche can be seen the remains of the Caliph's private stairway which once continued up to the roof of the palace.

Southeast of the mosque there formerly stood a handsomely decorated, eight-sided pavilion built inside a square pool about a meter deep. Water once bubbled from a fountain in the center of the pavilion, which was covered by a dome decorated with red and yellow acanthus leaves. This is the only such pool dating from the Omayyad period in Jordan.

From the pool the visitor should proceed northwest around the mosque to the magnificent bath hall. This was a large square room with semicircular recesses in its walls, which originally contained carved figures of lightly clad men and women. One of these, which can be seen in the Palestine Museum in Jerusalem, portrays a heavy-set woman wearing a skirt, a necklace, earrings, and a rosette in her hair. The earrings are painted to resemble gold, the necklace and lips are red, and the hair and eyes are black. Also to be seen in Jerusalem, from this hall, is the restored plaster statue of a fierce-looking bearded warrior standing on a pair of lions. It is believed to be a reproduction of the Caliph Hisham himself.

The walls and columns of the bath area were elaborately decorated with stucco, and sixteen massive piers supported a roof whose latticed windows filtered the harsh sunlight of the valley. The southern side of the hall was given over to a swimming bath, while various dressing rooms and elaborate furnaces for hot baths can still be seen to the north.

The most remarkable thing about this bath area, however, is the magnificently colored mosaic floor which covers a thousand square feet. Each niche and bay has a different pattern, suggesting oriental carpets. Because this expanse of variegated mosaic was buried by sand and debris soon after it was built, the colors and design remain remarkably brilliant, especially when splashed with water.

A drab temporary building stands at the northwest corner of the huge bath hall, sheltering what was once the personal chamber of the Caliph. In it one enters a square room with seats on its sides. On the floor is a mosaic carpet, complete with tassels at each corner, whose tiles are even smaller than those of the main bath hall. Beyond this is a raised semicircular alcove where the Caliph reclined. It is covered with the finest mosaic in the palace—a picture of three gazelles being attacked by a lion under a fruit tree. In composition, color and artistry this landscape ranks with the very best mosaics in the Near East. The alcove was once roofed by a highly ornamented dome which, along with various statues and examples of elaborate stucco tracery and design, is now to be seen in the Palestine Museum in Jerusalem.

Had it survived the numerous earthquakes and wars, the Hisham Palace would have been the oustanding example of ornate Omayyad palace architecture. Even as they are, the sun-baked remains should be seen by every traveler to Jordan, who must picture in his mind's eye the sight of the Caliph Hisham reclining among the beauties of his harem, as they swam in the ornate pool or danced for him on the floor of cool mosaics in the bath hall of the palace.

Hisham's successor al-Walid II, son of Yazid II, was good-looking and strong; his interests centered largely in the realm of wine, women and song, and he ruled for only one year. After an auspicious start in Damascus he spent more and more of his time roistering with his boon companions in his desert palaces. His harem was the largest seen up to that time in Arab lands, and it was under him that the practice of having eunuchs guard the women's quarters became fully developed. Al-Walid II imported scores of these unfortunates, most of them from Byzantium, and copied the Byzantines in giving them an important place in his household. He awarded great sums to musicians and poets whose works he enjoyed; the more ribald the subject, the greater the reward. Whereas various Caliphs before him had drunk moderately or occasionally to excess, Walid II has been labeled by historians as a "royal drunk". In one of his palaces there was a pool which was kept full of wine. When thirsty he would dive in and frequently drink enough to lower the surface noticeably. Various earlier Caliphs had attended wild parties while sitting behind a screen or curtain, but al-Walid II had no such feelings of modesty.

Because he liked variety in his places of amusement, he built or expanded a series of hideouts in the desert. One of these was probably

al-Mushatta which was discovered by the British archaeologist Layard in 1840. It stands about three miles northeast of the railway station of Ziza on the Hejaz Railway, where the last battle with the Bedouin of Saudi Arabia was fought in August 1924. Its remarkable façades are now in a Berlin museum, but its carved walls, elaborate triple entrance, and ornate capitals make al-Mushatta an interesting picnic spot.

According to an Arab historian, al-Walid II was an unpopular ruler. "Since his people hated him, he began to build a city named after himself in the desert, for he gave his name to it; but the water was fifteen miles distant. He collected workmen from all quarters and built that city by means of forced labor; and on account of the multitude many died every day from the scarcity of water; for although the water was carried thither by 1,200 camels daily, yet this was not enough for them. Then al-Walid II was attacked by a man named Ibrahim who killed him and seized the government instead of him. Ibrahim released the enslaved workmen, who departed each one to his own place."

This description applies well to al-Mushatta; it also might apply to Qasr al-Tuba, another ruined desert castle-fort which lies some sixty miles southeast of Amman.

The most imposing of the desert castles is Qasr Kharanah, which was rediscovered in 1901 by the indefatigable Musil. It lies about an hour south of Amrah on the main track from Amman to the Saudi Arabian town of Kaf. This castle was probably built by the Omayyad Caliphs early in the eighth century and differs from most of the others because of the Mesopotamian elements in its architecture. It is a square fortress measuring about twenty-six by thirty-four meters, with circular towers at each corner. The main gate is on the southeast side, flanked by two ornamental towers. Much of the brown plaster still remains on the walls, but where it is chipped away one can see rows of roughly squared stones with much smaller stones set between them. Apart from the towers, the main outside decoration consists of several rows of bricks which project at a forty-five degree angle from the walls.

A square courtyard occupies the center of the castle with two stories of vaulted rooms running around it. Although some of the floors and ceilings have collapsed, it is safe to climb to the roof by way of the southern stairway in order to enjoy the magnificent view of the surrounding desert. Many of the vaulted second-story rooms are still in fair condition, their chief decoration being groups of three small

columns standing against the walls. There are often large niches between columns, topped by arches decorated with saw-tooth indentations. In spite of earthquakes which have separated the southwest tower from the rest of the building, Kharanah has weathered well, and attractive rosette decorations can still be seen on its walls. If the desert traveler is caught by an unseasonable rain or a sandstorm southeast of Amman, Qasr Kharanah makes a good stopping place for the night. Once the chosen room has been swept out and a small fire lighted, one's thoughts turn musingly to the night in World War I when Lawrence of Arabia rode quickly by the silent ruins on his way to Azrak, and to the gayer nights a thousand years ago when this distant fort sheltered the Caliph of all Islam.

Under the Omayyads the centers of Moslem power were Mecca and Medina in the south, Damascus in the north, and to some extent Cairo and parts of North Africa in the west. Jerusalem, Tiberias, Philadelphia and the other towns of Palestine and Transjordan were directly in the center of this triangle, and a constant stream of messengers, travelers and pilgrims passed up and down through them.

For over one hundred and fifty years the merchants of these towns, like their cousins to the south in Mecca and Medina, grew rich on Damascus-Hejaz caravan traffic. The Omayyad family frequently acted as bankers for these caravans, which required the equivalent of about 25,000 pounds sterling to outfit and supply. Relatives and friends were "cut in," and the caravans became early examples of the system of limited liability so common in our modern stock companies. In a custom which would be well regarded in Wall Street today, the organizers of the big merchant caravans guaranteed investors fifty percent on all money they put up, a safe enough figure in most years, since more than double that amount was realized if the caravan was successful. As many as 2,500 camels and their drivers took part in these caravans, plus about two hundred guards. One of the most expensive features of the venture was the payment of "protection money" to the Bedouin tribes who came racing out of the sands to ambush the convoys as they plodded up the ancient caravan roads east of the Jordan.

The leader of such a caravan was always an important merchant, sometimes a cousin of the Omayyads themselves. His prestige was as great as the family wealth he represented, since he was responsible for repaying individual merchants for loss or damage suffered by their

goods. The most important assistant of the caravan leader was the pilot, or guide, who determined both the direction and the length of the day's march and whose position was often hereditary. The big caravans of that period kept in touch with the cities along their route by a well-organized system of couriers, who rode fast horses and carried official as well as personal mail. When a courier brought news of the approach of a big caravan, the population of such cities as Kerak, Philadelphia, Jerash, or Tiberias would prepare to greet the long line of swaying camels with beating drums and songs of welcome. But if a courier rode into town with rent garments and his saddle harness backward, the friends of the caravan were plunged in gloom, while the prices of the commodities it carried rose sharply; for these were the signs of disaster.

There are records, reminiscent of the galleons coming in from the Spanish Main, of convoys moving across Jordan carrying nothing but bars of silver, or vases and platters made of the same metal. More frequently, however, the bales on the camels included dried raisins from near Jidda, ivory from Africa, and even Chinese silk which had reached Aden via Ceylon. Convoys moving south carried textiles woven in Damascus, rich in silk and threads of gold, olive oil, and in spite of the prohibition of alcohol, casks of wine. Then, as now, an illegal trade in arms flourished, but instead of Czech machine guns and German pistols there were Damascus swords hidden in the bags of grain.

Although the merchant caravans going north and south from Damascus were highly regarded and well cared for, the most important caravan traversing Transjordan for hundreds of years after the death of Mohammed was the *Great Hajj*. This was the annual pilgrim caravan made up of devout Moslems on their way to Mecca and Medina. Every adult Moslem man or woman who was not a slave, was of a sound mind and in reasonable health and economic circumstances, was expected to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Most of them went with a deep spirit of reverence, often paying off debts and settling all business and family matters before departure. Others, however, made the *Hajj* as a business trip, ready to buy and sell, not only at Mecca and Medina but also enroute. Since the great Damascus caravan was made up of from 5,000 to 10,000 persons, the opportunity for trade was considerable.

The Omayyad Caliphs had been only a short time in Syria before

they organized and encouraged the Western *Hajj* which included pilgrims from Aleppo and northern Iraq as well. At one time the Omayyads had a monopoly on camels to be rented to *Hajji* for the trip from Damascus. They made large profits out of this trade, for rentals were exorbitant and the camels could be sold for a good price on their return. The route followed approximately the line of the present paved highway. Stops were made at Mezerib, the present road juncture of Mafrak; at Zerka, the headquarters of the former Arab Legion; and at Maan, east of Petra. Below Maan the *Hajj* passed east of the deep gorge of Akaba and thence to Mudawwara, the most southern town in Jordan, before going on to Tebuk and Medina.

Important annual fairs were held at Maan and at Mezerib, where pilgrims from Palestine and Lebanon joined the convoy. The Crusader historian William of Tyre, who attended the *Hajj* fair at Mezerib during a period of truce between Christians and Moslems, was much impressed by its size and orderliness. In addition to these towns there were small forts about every thirty miles along the route across Transjordan, most of them equipped with reservoirs. Along the flat northern part of the route the camels often moved ten to fifty abreast, and dozens of broad tracks beaten by the *Hajji* camels can be seen in various places, such as in the desert near Mafrak. Further south, however, in the hilly country below Maan the pilgrims had to ride in single file, and the well-worn path cut by their camels lines many wadis.

Today most of the pilgrims move by boat, truck or airplane. In many ways the passing of the big camel *Hajj* is a loss, for its forty-day trip gave a wide variety of Moslems a chance to know each other, and the two-mile-long line of camels, dotted with brightly bedecked litters and led by the guards and servants of a pasha or amir, was a colorful addition to the deserts of Transjordan and Palestine.

Faster than the commercial caravans or the Damascus *Hajj* were the Caliphs' couriers, who moved regularly up and down between Damascus and the Hejaz, with side routes across the Jordan to Jerusalem and down to Egypt. Carrying official documents or important letters and sometimes accompanied by special messengers, they regularly covered a hundred miles a day and could do more upon occasion. Their standard time was four days for the trip from Damascus through Tiberias and Jerusalem to Cairo, and woe to him who delayed a galloping *beridi* with his distinctive yellow scarf streaming behind him.

Even faster than the couriers flew the carrier pigeons. Large sums were spent in training homing pigeons which were used in times of emergency or in war. The West learned of this secret weapon when a bird which fell into the Crusader camp at Acre was found to be carrying a message.

Most rapid of all the Caliphs' communications was the fire telegraph by which signals were flashed at night across long distances. Although this system was used earlier in Europe, it was developed to its highest degree in Syria and Palestine. The Crusaders took note of its possibilities in building their castles, most of which were located within sight of each other.

Situated as they were in the center of the triangle between Damascus, Mecca and Cairo, the people along the Jordan were much affected by Omayyad culture. Gradually the patterns of Greek, Roman and Byzantine life were replaced by the ways of the Arabs. Although Christians, Jews and other sects were in general allowed to worship in freedom, they were definitely second-class citizens. As a result many Christians accepted Islam. Education was rare in those days, but as time went by the emphasis shifted from Greek and Roman type schooling to classes held in the mosques, centering around the study of the Koran and the *Hadith*, or Sayings of the Prophet. The study of the sciences expanded, including medicine, alchemy, astronomy and astrology. Architecture changed from the classical pattern of Roman temples and villas to varied forms of mosque architecture with increasingly elaborate arabesque designs. As has been said, Arabic replaced Greek, Latin or Aramaic as the language of the court and the marketplace. Oratory flowed freely in the rich Arabic tongue, and poetry became ever more highly regarded. Along with poetry went song and the growth of stylized Arabic music, sometimes accompanied by drums and tamborines. After the first puritanical Caliphs, singers, dancers and musicians became respectable, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, more sought after and well rewarded in high places. Damascus was the center of this poetical and musical outburst, but Transjordan's role as the spring and autumn resort for the court meant that the country shared in this aspect of Omayyad cultural development.

As the years went by and the center of the empire shifted to Baghdad, the Decapolis cities faded and the thoroughfares and byways of Jerash, Gadara and Philadelphia lost their Greco-Roman appearance. Gone were the toga and the graceful robes of the Greco-Roman ladies in the Levant. Following the desert pattern, men took to wearing loose

Bedouin robes, with kerchiefs on their heads held on by black or golden coils as protection against sun and wind. More merchants wore the Damascus costume of pointed red shoes, baggy trousers and oversized turbans. Little by little, women began to be veiled and go out less in public, spending their time instead in harems, or women's quarters, talking endlessly to other women, sipping sherbet, and peeking through the latticed windows and balconies of their homes.

For the most part the Arabian newcomers lived in separate quarters of the towns, each given up to a tribe or a sub-tribe. In designing their new homes they kept the central courtyard of the Roman houses, with a cloister running around it in the wealthier homes. Where there was water, in or out of town, the thirsty men from the desert made the most of it, helping nature with canals and dotting their gardens with fountains and tiled pools.

Society under the Omayyads was divided into four broad classes. At the top came the aristocracy of the Arabian conquerors, with the Caliph and his household at the summit. Neo-Moslems who had adopted Islam from desire or from force came next. In theory they had full rights of citizenship, but this rarely worked out in practice.

Well below them came the *dhimmis*, the tolerated sects, including Christians and Jews. These were the people of the scripture and usually were allowed considerable freedom, although under a fanatic like the Caliph Omar II they were subject to all sorts of discriminations.

Farthest down the scale were the slaves. At first they were largely prisoners of war, including men, women and children; but as the Caliphate spread, so did the slave trade. Blacks from Africa, yellow men and women from Turkistan, brunettes from Spain, and strangest of all, blondes and redheads from distant parts of Europe and Russia appeared in the Near East. As the captives poured in, the prices of slaves fell, until one writer of love poems in Mecca is said to have owned seventy slaves; and a soldier in the army of the Caliph might have ten men serving him. The melting pot which resulted from this did much to break down distinctions in the Arab world, especially since the children of a woman slave by her master were free, while the freeing of slaves was declared by Mohammed a particularly worthy act.

Thus the years from 632 to 750 were busy and changeful ones in Transjordan and Palestine. New blood, new customs, a new religion, and a new pattern of life swept out of the Arabian desert, wash-

ing over Jordan and Palestine on their way to the Mediterranean and the mountains of southern Turkey. Thanks to this flood, during four generations the Jordan area found itself in the center of a new and exciting world. Then came a change.

Power in the Arab world of that period was split between the northern tribes and tribesmen from south Arabia. The policies of Walid II angered the latter, who tracked him down and killed him in the Syrian desert. The next two Caliphs together lasted less than fifteen months; and when the third, Marwan II, was assassinated the Omayyad dynasty came to an end.

For many years opposition to the Omayyads had been carefully encouraged by the followers of the descendants of the Prophet's uncle Abu al-Abbas, known as Abbassids, who used as their headquarters the remote village of Humaymah south of the Dead Sea, from which a well-financed underground was directed. When Marwan II and his immediate followers were out of the way, the council of the Abbassids decided that the rest of the Omayyads must be wiped out and their memory blackened. Pretending that he was ready to negotiate with the former reigning family, Abdullah, an uncle of the new Caliph, invited about eighty Omayyad princes to a peace conference. The gathering was held at the town of Abu Futrus, which is now in Israel about ten miles southwest of the Jordanian border town of Qalqilya. To celebrate the proposed peace the wily Abdullah laid on a banquet for his followers and the Omayyad princes. In the middle of the feast his bodyguards swarmed into the hall and cut down the Omayyads as they were eating. Most of the princes were killed outright, but a few were only badly wounded. The ruthless general thereupon ordered leather covers to be thrown over the bodies of the dead and dying. Then Abdullah and his officers calmly finished their meal, oblivious to the groans of the Omayyads beneath them.

The bloody banquet at Abu Futrus was a harbinger of things to come. Even the most distant relatives of the Omayyads were hunted down and killed, along with their known supporters. Omayyad tombs were opened and the corpses publicly crucified. The bloodthirsty Abdullah even had the body of the Caliph Hisham disentombed, lashed eighty times, and then burned.

Following the lead of his ruthless commander-in-chief, the new Caliph Abu al-Abbas took the title of al-Saffah, the Bloodshedder. He liked to surround himself with religious men and even on occasion to

wear the actual cloak of his distant cousin, the Prophet Mohammed. But his power lay in the long swords of his soldiers. The book and wine jugs, so typical of the later Omayyad days, were replaced at his court by leather bags awaiting the head of some luckless opponent of the Abbassid régime.

It was with fearful eyes that the citizens of Palestine and Jordan watched the severed head of the weak Caliph Marwan II carried past on its way to Iraq. With it went the center of power, wealth and glory. In many respects the real victor at the massacre in the banquet hall at Abu Futrus was not the new Caliph Abu al-Abbas, but Persia. The Abbassids called their régime the New Era, and the name was well chosen. When al-Saffah the Bloodshedder died in 754, he was succeeded by his brother al-Mansur. Uninterested in Damascus, he placed his capital in a little Christian village on the west bank of the Tigris River, a town with the Persian name of Baghdad, meaning Given by God. Trade and pilgrim routes were developed direct from Baghdad to Mecca and Medina. Although much traffic still moved across Transjordan and Palestine, those countries were no longer on the main lines of Islamic travel. No longer did the sons of the Caliph follow the chase across its eastern deserts on the balmy spring days. No more did the Caliphs build themselves pleasure domes in the green wadis between the desert and the towns. Arab history had crossed the Euphrates, and until the coming of the Crusades Jordan was just a way station on the road of empire.

It was, moreover, a rebellious way station. The people had liked their Omayyad Caliphs, whose armies won such brilliant victories against the infidels and whose reigns brought much prosperity to the Levant. Time and again the people who had sympathized with the Omayyads revolted against the new Abbassid Caliphs. Their general attitude was shown when the Abbassid Caliph al-Mansur remarked that the people were lucky to escape the plague during his reign. To this a Syrian official is said to have replied, "God is too good to subject us to the pest and to your rule at the same time."

In 812 there were wholesale desertions by Levantine troops from the army of the Caliph, under the slogan "Down with the Black Banner . . . Death in Palestine is preferable to life in Mesopotamia." In 840 an even more serious revolt against the Abbassids broke out in Palestine. Its leader was a little-known Arab of Yemenite extraction. In order to keep his identity a secret he always wore a veil and thus

went under the name of al-Mubarqa, the Veiled One. He is said to have rallied over a hundred thousand peasants and poor villagers behind him, capitalizing on the issue of oppressive taxation and the low prices they obtained for farm products. The revolt spread across the Jordan and became so serious that the eighth Abbassid Caliph al-Mutasim sent one of his best generals against it. Waiting till the army of the rebels had dispersed for the plowing season, the Abbassid troops made a quick raid on the village where al-Mubarqa had his headquarters. By a combination of bribery and torture they learned the identity of the rebel leader, who was captured and carried off, still veiled, to his death in the temporary Abbassid capital at Samarra.

As the years passed Transjordan and Palestine became less prosperous. Fewer Caliphate couriers galloped along the main roads with their yellow scarves of office streaming behind them. Smaller armies marched and countermarched as one weak governor succeeded another. Reduced numbers of pilgrims moved back and forth during the *Hajj,* and poorer merchant caravans stopped at the khans. And only occasionally did the Caliph himself pass quickly through Jordan.

The travelers who crossed Jordan, however, during the hundred years following 750 brought with them fantastic tales of what was happening in Iraq. They told of revolts and wars, of new cities built and vast palaces raised, of gold and pearls undreamed of, of murder and intrigue, of bright poets and fair concubines, of strong viziers and countless eunuchs. The deeds and scenes which they described firsthand have come to us in the pages of Abbassid history, in the *Adventures of Sinbad the Sailor* and the *Tales of the Arabian Nights.*

Al-Mansur, after he succeeded to the Caliphate, was as "blood-letting" as his brother had been. His victims were many; one of them was al-Mansur's own uncle Abdullah, who had been host to the eighty luckless Omayyad guests at the bloody banquet of Abu Futrus. Al-Mansur defeated Abdullah in battle, kept him in prison for awhile and then graciously "pardoned" him. The Caliph even gave him a newly built house with especially heavy stones in the roof to keep out the heat. What Abdullah did not know was that the walls of the house had been built on a foundation of salt. When he started to irrigate the surrounding gardens the walls collapsed and the ruthless general was buried in their ruins.

Although Baghdad prospered as an Arab capital, its culture soon

became Persian. Persian tiles decorated the walls, Persian carpets covered the floors, Persian wines were drunk with the meals, and the Caliph al-Mansur took to wearing a Persian turban. In such matters what Baghdad did one month, Damascus did the next, and Jerusalem was not far behind. Except for the Jews, the people along the Jordan have never originated a real culture of their own; but for five thousand years they have been masters at skimming the cultural cream off other people's civilizations. After centuries of Greco-Roman living they took easily to the ways of Byzantium. Then came the arabesque patterns of the Omayyads. Now all of this was given a light Persian overlay, particularly in the palaces of the aristocrats and the homes of the wealthy merchants and officials. But as has always been the case, the Bedouin remained unchanged, following their flocks happily through the late Bronze Age; and the peasant-farmers of Transjordan and the Palestinian highlands plowed timelessly, aware only of the passing of the seasons.

In 775 the Caliph al-Mansur knew his end was approaching, and he passed through Jordan on a pilgrimage to Mecca, where he died. Mindful of the desecration the Abbassids themselves had wrought on the tombs of previous Caliphs, one hundred graves were dug for him, and he was secretly buried in the hundred and first.

Harun al-Rashid, the Upright One, became Caliph eleven years later, and under him the Abbassid dynasty reached its golden prime. His palace occupied one-third of Baghdad, and its vast audience chamber, its floors inches deep in Persian carpets and its wall ringed with many-cushioned divans, produced a feeling of awe in all who saw it. Among the diplomats received there were ambassadors from the Emperor Charlemagne. They were said to have returned home full of praise for the Caliph and loaded down with silks and brocades, spices, a water clock and an elephant. There seems reason to question the story that Harun al-Rashid sent Charlemagne a set of symbolic keys to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. But there is no reason to doubt the story that through his interpreters the keen-minded Caliph talked with his European guests about Christianity, Jerusalem, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which they probably visited during their stay in the Levant.

Under most of the Abbassids the Christians suffered little. One Caliph had a Christian vizier, another had a Christian general, while many had Christian physicians. From Baghdad Christian missionaries went out to India and China and came back with tales of their wan-

derings, centuries before the days of Marco Polo. The Jews also did well in Baghdad where they had a flourishing colony which included money-changers, bankers and some important officials. Both the Christians and Jews in Iraq maintained close ties with Jerusalem and the Palestinian towns.

As the years passed, "wealth accumulated and men decayed," until the disintegration was well advanced. The tenth Caliph al-Mutawakkil was killed by his troops on instructions from his son. His successor ruled for only a year and gave way to a shadow Caliph, who was chased from his palace by his own guards, acting under orders from his slave mother. The all-time record for a short reign was held by the Caliph al-Murtada, who was deposed and killed after ruling for only one day, December 17, 908.

Things went from bad to worse in Baghdad, and the Caliph became an empty symbol to be raised up or killed at the whim of the viziers, the commanding general or the ruling harem favorite. During the space of three years al-Qahir was made Caliph, unmade, proclaimed Caliph a second time, deposed and blinded, and became a beggar in the streets of Baghdad. The bottom was reached when his two successors were also deposed and blinded, thus making it possible for the visitor to Baghdad to acquire merit by giving alms in the same day to three blind beggars, all of whom had once been Caliphs of Islam.

With this state of affairs in Baghdad it is not surprising that the power of the Caliphate over Transjordan and Palestine weakened greatly. Civil wars swept the Levant and local governors seized greater power. Agriculture became more difficult as the Bedouin raided deeply into Transjordan, and caravans of traders were attacked by robbers on even the main roads.

At last, through the din of wars, word came to Jerusalem of a strange invading army from Europe which was moving south from Byzantium. It was led by Christian knights in armor, and before it the disunited princes of the Near East could not stand. Antioch, the strongest of all the Levantine towns, was taken. Damascus turned the invaders aside, but, one by one, Beirut and the cities of the coast fell before their swords or paid money to hurry them past. In the spring of 1099 the iron men from Europe turned eastward from the coast and took over the deserted Palestinian city of Ramle. When, on the morning of June 7, the Moslems of Jerusalem looked down from their walls, they saw approaching in the distance the massed banners of the First Crusade.

The Clank of Crusader Mail

On the evening of Monday, June sixth, in the year of our Lord one thousand and ninety-nine, the army of the First Crusade reached the little Palestinian town of Emmaeus. Almost four years had passed since Pope Urban II stood upon a platform in the field east of the French town of Clairmont and called on Christendom to deliver Jerusalem. Of the more than 100,000 Crusaders who, during the next two years, left their castles, manor houses, monasteries, and peasant huts, less than 30,000 had reached Emmaeus. The rough road across the Balkans, the drought of the Turkish plain, and long-drawn-out battles with Moslems had taken a tremendous toll. Those who were left were the elite of the Crusaders, the strongest of the Iron Men.

Only a few tents were pitched that night in the village in the Judaean hills where, according to legend, Christ appeared to a group of his disciples in the house of Cleophas on the first Easter even. In one of them the leaders of the Crusade were meeting. There were Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lower Lorraine, the most respected of the knights, and his two brothers, Eustace and Baldwin. There was Robert of Normandy, the stocky son of William the Conqueror, red-haired and lazy unless aroused, whom his father often called Robert Short-Breeches. He had pawned Normandy to his brother William the Red to raise money for the Crusade. A great eater and lover, he was usually late in everything he did; but when he fought, he fought well.

With him was Robert of Flanders, "quiet Robert," rich, able, but with every intention of returning to his castle in Flanders when Jeru-

salem had been freed. And, stalking among them like a tiger, was twenty-three year old Tancred, a Norman from Italy. He was tall, fair, Arabic-speaking, a great swordsman and the hardest rider of the Crusaders—a tower of strength in battle and an ideal commander on a lightning raid.

Just such a mission was called for that night. Soon after dark, envoys had come to the Crusader camp from the small Christian community in Bethlehem. They had heard that the Moslems had destroyed the Cathedral of Saint George in Lydda rather than let it fall unharmed into the hands of the Christians. Now they were fearful that a similar fate would befall the Church of the Nativity. Some of the leaders counseled caution, but Tancred was not a cautious man. Striding from the council tent, he passed the word to his squire and the knights that followed him. While the rest of the army lay down for a short rest, his section of the camp resounded with the clank of Crusader mail. Before midnight, the "Djinn," or Dervish of the Crusaders, as the Arabs called him, rode out with a hundred picked knights. Guided by the envoys, they followed little-used trails around Jerusalem. From there they rode through the starlight to the hillside where the massive Church of the Nativity rose above the roofs of the little town of Bethlehem. Then, galloping through the empty streets, they dismounted in the paved square before the closed doorway.

"We are Christians come to rescue you," they called to the startled monks who peered down through the darkness from the battlements above the western doorway. But the monks did not believe them. It was more than 450 years since armed Christians had moved freely in the Holy Land. To the guardians of the birthplace of Christ the riders were Arab cavalry. Not until dawn lit up the courtyard did the monks move. Then they beheld Tancred in armor on his knees with his banner floating nearby, and behind him, bowed in prayer, his hundred fellow knights. Hardly able to believe their eyes, the monks hurried down the stone steps to open the little door of the Church. With Tancred in the lead, the Crusaders marched past the marble columns of the Basilica and down the stairs, to fall upon their knees in the Grotto of the Nativity.

When the prayers were ended and the relics properly revered, Tancred rode north again, leaving a small guard in Bethlehem and his personal banner flying from the Church. But instead of following the road on which they had come, Tancred led his men to a small village.

Leaving his knights by a stone bridge, he rode alone to the summit of the Mount of Olives. Below him on the rocky hillside he saw the olive trees in the Garden of Gethsemane; beyond them rose the mighty walls of Jerusalem. In the morning sunlight he could recognize the graceful shape of the Dome of the Rock and the white square of the Aksa Mosque. Somewhere within the city (he could not find it exactly, for the present church had not been built) he knew was the Mount of Calvary and the Grotto of the Holy Sepulchre. Tancred fell on his knees. As he prayed, a hermit in a robe of hair came out of a cave in the rocks. The hermit crossed himself and hurried to his cell thinking he had seen a vision, while Tancred looked long and carefully at the domes and walls of the Holy City. Then he mounted his charger and rode down to his knights waiting in Bethany. They rejoined the rest of the Crusaders on the rocky hill topped by the Mosque of the Prophet Samuel. The pilgrims had christened it Mont Joie, for from its summit they could see in the distance the walls and towers of the Holy City. That night, the seventh of June, the army of the Crusades raised its tents outside the walls of Jerusalem.

It was a miracle that the Christian army should have reached its goal. But another miracle was needed if Jerusalem was to fall before it, for the Holy City was a great medieval fortress. The walls of Hadrian had been strengthened and raised, the Moslem Governor Iftikhar had a large garrison, and more reinforcements were known to be on the way from Egypt. A skillful soldier, Iftikhar had poisoned the wells around Jerusalem, moved most of the Christian population out of the town, and gathered all the cattle and food in the neighborhood into the city.

Led by Tancred, on June twelfth the leaders of the Crusade climbed to the summit of the Mount of Olives to work out their plan of action. There the hermit came up to them and prophesied that, if they would attack the next day at dawn, the city would fall. Word of the prophecy spread throughout the army and all prepared to follow it. No one listened to Gaston of Bearn, the best engineer among the Crusaders, who stated emphatically that, without mobile scaling towers, battering rams and hundreds of ladders, any assault on the great walls would fail. "God wills it," rose the cry. At sunrise next morning the Crusaders began their attack with only a few makeshift ladders and light battering rams made from tent poles. By sheer weight of numbers and excess of zeal they reached the top of the wall. Then

the tide of battle turned; after three hours the attack was called off.

The failure of this attempt after the hermit's prophecy was a cruel blow to the rank and file. The leaders, however, were not surprised and they settled down to organize the siege. Robert of Normandy placed his men before Herod's Gate, with Robert of Flanders next to him outside the Damascus Gate. Godfrey of Lorraine and Tancred controlled the walls on the northwest of the city down to the Jaffa Gate, while Raymond of Toulouse camped on Mount Zion at the southwest corner of the city. As a result of what the Crusaders had seen from the Mount of Olives, the high eastern and southeastern sections of the wall were not to be attacked and were not even patrolled.

The first need of the besiegers was water, for Palestine is very dry in mid-June and July. Convoys with goat skins had to be sent to the hills six miles north of the city where the wells had not been poisoned. Other groups led by Tancred and Robert of Flanders went further afield and brought back logs from the forests of Samaria to construct scaling towers. The Crusaders felt that God was with them when, on June seventeenth, two Genoese galleys and four English ships reached the roadstead of Jaffa loaded with food. They also brought nails and the ropes needed for the towers and catapults. Under the direction of the engineer knights, Gaston of Bearn and William Ricon, two three-storied scaling towers set on clumsy wheels were made and an adequate supply of strong ladders built.

But the work went slowly in the heat and drought. When word came that an Egyptian army was approaching, some of the weaker-hearted of the Crusaders hurried down to Jericho. There they were baptized in the River Jordan and then went to Jaffa in order to sail back to their homes.

More than once in the past the Crusaders had been buoyed up by holy visions. On the morning of July sixth a priest reported that he had seen Bishop Adhemar, the spiritual leader of the Crusade, who had died before they could reach Jerusalem. In this vision Adhemar had told him that the first attack had failed because of the sins of the Crusaders. If they would repent and then walk barefoot around the walls of Jerusalem, the city would fall within nine days. Whether the priest ever saw such a vision or whether this was a little psychological strategy on the part of the leaders is immaterial. The story of the vision was believed and a three day fast proclaimed.

Then on Friday, July eighth, the Moslems on the walls of Jerusalem

were surprised to see a barefooted procession moving solemnly around the city. It was lead by bishops and priests carrying a cross. Next came the great princes: Godfrey de Bouillon, Eustace, Baldwin, Tancred, Robert of Normandy, Robert of Flanders and the others, followed by their knights and squires. Behind them toiled the sergeants, the foot soldiers of the Crusaders. At the end of the line walked the pilgrims who had accompanied them, followed by such few wives, relatives and camp-followers as had made the journey. Stopping frequently to pray, the Christians moved around the walls singing hymns as they went, while the Moslems roared with laughter and threw rotten vegetables and dirt in their direction. After circling the town the marchers gathered on the Mount of Olives, where Peter the Hermit exhorted them to action, supported by sermons from such chaplains as Arnulf of Rohes, who was considered more eloquent than Peter himself.

This was the stuff of which Crusader zeal was made, and morale rose, along with the wooden siege towers. According to Raymond of Aguilers, a chronicler who was with them, the fighting men of the Crusade now numbered 1,200 knights and squires, each supported by an average of ten foot soldiers chosen from among his vassals and serfs. As the sun rose on the fourteenth of July, silver trumpets sounded among the Crusader tents. White banners with red crosses were unfurled, and the men moved forward in the attack. The heavy catapults and mangonels went into action, and their stones crashed against those parts of the walls which the Moslems were still trying to make higher. Showers of arrows came down from the battlements as the besiegers moved up battering rams made from trunks of heavy trees, and their movable scaling towers.

Worried by the threat, that night the Moslems hastily raised the level of the walls opposite the scaling towers with ramparts of wood. Early next morning the Christians began shooting lighted arrows against these wooden barricades, and the scaffolding was soon in flames. As a result, the Moslems had to leave that part of the wall undefended. Scaling ladders were quickly brought into place, and one of the more courageous knights, Lithold of Touraine, and his brother climbed to the top and stood upon the smoking wall walk. This was the moment for which Godfrey had been waiting. The drawbridge of his tower was dropped and he raced across it, followed closely by his brother Eustace, young Baldwin of the Mount, and a group of picked knights. Jumping over the burning timbers, they ran along the wall,

their great swords flashing through the smoke. The Moslems were many but the wall walk was narrow, and their numbers counted for nothing. Foot by foot the Moslems were driven back. Then the knights fought their way down the open stairs on the inside of the wall until they held a little of the street inside Saint Stephen's Gate. Pressed from behind, the defenders weakened and a battering ram broke down the gate. Shouting "God wills it," Robert, Duke of Normandy, and the irrepressible Tancred rode through on their chargers. In a matter of minutes the white flag of the Crusaders with its red cross, which had been blessed four years before by Pope Urban II, fluttered on the wall above Saint Stephen's Gate. Jerusalem was in the hands of the Crusaders.

The leaders may have been ready to spare the inhabitants, but the rank and file had suffered too much to be merciful. For two days they stormed through the streets and bazaars of the old city, killing everyone they met. Whole families of Moslems were cut down in their homes, while those who sought the mosques fared no better. The few Christians who remained in the city took shelter in the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. At first the Crusaders were about to cut them down as well. Then the Christians began to sing, "Kyrie eleison," "Lord have mercy upon us," and the Iron Men put away their swords. Soon they too knelt in prayer in the Chapel of Calvary and at the site of the Holy Sepulchre. As Raymond the Chaplain wrote, "And this day shall be renowned through the ages. It changed all our sorrows into joy. 'This is the day the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad in it.' "

When the blood had stopped flowing in the streets and the first services at the Holy Sepulchre were ended, the knights assembled to choose a ruler for Jerusalem. Robert of Flanders was the ablest of the gathering, but he said he was planning to return soon to his home in Europe. The dashing Tancred was the finest swordsman, but he was under twenty four and had few followers. Raymond of Toulouse had age and wealth on his side, but was arrogant and unpopular. After much debate the choice fell on Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lower Lorraine. He was a valiant knight, a great noble and, a rare thing among the Crusaders, a man who in his private life "had no fault beyond an excessive fondness for prayer." When asked if he would be king, Godfrey replied that it would be sacrilegious for him to wear a crown of gold in the city where Christ had worn a Crown of Thorns.

Instead, he took the title of *Advocatus Sancti Sepulchri*, the Defender of the Holy Sepulchre.

Most of the Crusaders welcomed the choice of Godfrey as their acknowledged leader; but not so the proud Raymond, youngest son of King Henry I of France, who had always visualized himself as King of Jerusalem. Taking most of his troops with him, he rode down the steep trail to set up camp in the Valley of the Jordan. There he and his whole company joined in prayers and psalm-singing, plunged into the holy waters of the River Jordan and put on clean garments. As the chronicler Raymond of Aguilers wrote, "Though why the Holy Man told us to do this we do not yet know."

Meanwhile, Godfrey chose the Aksa Mosque as his residence, for he liked the beautiful white building at the southern end of the Temple area. With his horses stabled in the arched cellars under the building and his men-at-arms guarding its ornate doorways, the *Advocatus* and his leading knights took over the small blue-tiled rooms where the Moslem divines had lived before them. The Mosque itself was turned into a cathedral, a bell was hung in its minaret, and it was topped by a cross.

As a result of the siege and the massacre, the city of Jerusalem was nearly empty and the Crusaders could pick their houses at will. Although much had been destroyed by pillagers, much of value remained. The knights soon found themselves maintaining households far different from the rough castles and simple manor houses of eleventh century Europe. They walked on marble floors covered with Persian carpets. They sat on low sofas or divans that ran around the walls of the living rooms, deep in cushions of brocade. They ate from carved metal trays set on delicate octagonal tables inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. They drank the juice of fruits and sipped the native wines from crystal glasses such as only a few kings in Europe then possessed. New-found slaves served them olives, white cheeses and dried raisins, while native cooks prepared feasts in which sheep roasted whole were served on platters banked high with rice and nuts.

The few Western women who had lived to complete the Crusade with their knights dressed themselves in bright silks and gold-and-silver-threaded brocades. And most of the Crusaders who had not brought their wives found that the women of the Levant were not unattractive. The sound of laughter and the rustle of silk soon filled rooms lighted by oil lanterns intricate with brass-work and many-

colored glass. Godfrey, in his room in the Aksa Mosque, could dream of the Christian Kingdom. In the dim recesses of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the prayers of the monks rose night and day. For many of the Crusaders Jerusalem gave every sign of being The Promised Land.

As has been the case in Palestine since time immemorial, peace did not last for long. Word reached Jerusalem that the Vizier of Egypt, al-Afdal, had come up from there at the head of a great army. Godfrey sent out the hard-riding Tancred on a scouting expedition. Through him he learned that the Moslems were at Ascalon on the southern seacoast of Palestine. Rallying to the call for a *jihad*, or holy war, the flower of the Egyptian army had assembled and the tribesmen of Syria and Transjordan were on the march. On hearing of the massacre in Jerusalem, al-Afdal had vowed to kill every Christian in the Holy Land and to level the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to its foundations. Godfrey realized he could never hold Jerusalem against such a host; his only hope lay in the striking force of his knights.

Godfrey at once sent urgent messages for his barons to join him near Ascalon. Tancred was already there, along with Godfrey's brother the trustworthy Eustace. Robert of Flanders rode down immediately with his heavily armored knights. But Robert Short-Breeches, the easy-going Duke of Normandy, took his time in arriving. And Raymond of Toulouse sulked in his hot tent near Jericho until further messengers convinced him that, if the Crusaders did not fight together now, they would die separately later. Only a few of the lesser knights and a handful of sergeants were left to hold Jerusalem, where Peter the Hermit was told to lead continuous prayers for the success of the Crusaders.

On the eleventh of August all the fighting men gathered at Ibelin near the present town of Ramle. No more than twelve hundred Crusader horsemen, including knights and squires, and perhaps nine thousand foot soldiers, marched for Christendom that day. Tancred reported that the Moslem army contained at least 20,000 warriors, plus thousands of Bedouin and infantry. A miracle was needed, and in the minds of the devout Crusaders a miracle occurred. Al-Afdal and his generals apparently came to the conclusion that the Crusaders had received reinforcements. Because of this they drew up a long thin line of battle with al-Afdal and his best warriors at the center, but they did not charge. The Crusaders were able to take up positions on good

ground and had time to send their bowmen ahead. Under a rain of Christian arrows the front line of the Moslems wavered.

Then the Crusaders, or rather one Crusader, attacked. Throughout the many battles of the Crusades so far, stocky Robert Short-Breeches had fought well, but without much to distinguish him except that he was usually late. For some reason the drowsy Norman was a different man today. His enemies have suggested that his new Turkoman horse ran away with him. Others have implied that he had overcompensated for the lack of water around Ramle by several deep draughts of wine with his breakfast. But let us give the Duke of Normandy his due; it was not for nothing that he was the son of William the Conqueror. When the other knights paused, Robert lowered his lance, gave spurs to his charger, bent low over his pointed shield, and galloped alone across the open space between the two armies. The archers on both sides held their fire, and the knights watched with as much amazement as did the Moslems. The Egyptian bowmen opened their ranks before him, and he crashed into the first line of the cavalry from Cairo. Through the dust the Crusaders could see his lance break. He tossed it aside and his long sword flashed above him in the sunlight, bright at first, then red with blood. So great was the momentum of his charge that he reached the standard-bearer of the Vizier and cut him to the ground. At this the Crusaders came to life. When an avalanche of a thousand armored knights hit the center of the Moslem line, the Vizier turned his horse and fled, not stopping until he had found safety behind the high walls of Ascalon. Without him the battle became a rout—Jerusalem had been saved for the Christians.

The ranks of the Crusaders had always been divided between those who had come to redeem the Holy Places and those who had come to carve out estates for themselves in the Near East. Most of the former now felt that their task was done. For the last time they feasted together in the camp of Godfrey and in the festooned banquet halls of Jerusalem. Then the caravans moved out towards the coast, the squires helped the Iron Men upon their chargers, and the victorious Crusaders rode off upon the long journey home. With them up the Levant coast went the bitter Raymond of Toulouse, still angry that he was not King of Jerusalem. Robert of Flanders left also, content with his able role in freeing the Holy Land. Along with him went the other Robert, Duke of Normandy—Robert Short-Breeches, the hero of Ascalon. With their retinues and knights they rode away into the pages of history.

Behind them they left some two hundred knights to help Godfrey guard the Holy Places. The restless Tancred, with only a few dozen knights, rode in a different direction. He soon sent back word that he had captured Tiberias beside the Sea of Galilee, had found the house of the Virgin Mary in Nazareth, and had decided to create for himself a realm north of Jerusalem which he called the principality of Galilee.

Gradually the people of Palestine became accustomed to the presence of the Crusaders. The rulers of Ascalon and Acre agreed to pay tribute to Godfrey, and the first small caravans began to move in from Damascus, Transjordan and Jericho. Probably the Moslems did not realize how few Crusaders had stayed in the Holy Land. And a series of raids by Tancred left them unsure at which point the Christians would strike next. To the Moslem mind only a powerful army would act with so much confidence. Before the summer was over, Advocatus Godfrey was able to secure his southern frontier by capturing the ancient Palestinian town of Hebron. The Crusaders fortified the mosque and called the town Saint Abraham because the Old Testament Patriarch was buried there.

December saw the arrival in Jerusalem of two other great Crusaders. Bohemond of Taranto, the uncle of Tancred, was a Norman knight from southern Italy. He had come to the Middle East first to find a kingdom and second to worship at the Tomb of the Holy Sepulchre. He had fought in the vanguard of the Crusaders through the Balkans and Turkey. But he stopped in north Syria to take over for himself the rich trading city of Antioch. Bohemond now came to Jerusalem to carry out his vows.

Along with him rode Godfrey's brother, "fair young" Baldwin—tall, valiant, ambitious, and a great lover of pomp and women. By now he had conquered for himself the most easterly of the Crusader states, the virtually indefensible principality of Edessa on the north Syrian plain. With them also arrived a new Papal Legate, Daimbert, former Archbishop of Pisa, an ambitious politician whose appointment was one of Pope Urbans's few mistakes. Godfrey and his distinguished guests spent Christmas in Bethlehem, where their almost constant attendance at divine services and holy processions gave the little town one of the most colorful holidays in its long history.

Then Daimbert went to work. The original Patriarch of Jerusalem, Arnulf, was deposed and his place taken by the ambitious Legate. As a reward for their role in his enthronement, Daimbert, in the name of

the Pope, officially invested Godfrey as Advocatus Sancti Sepulchri of Jerusalem and Bohemond as Prince of Antioch. At the same time Tancred took the title of Prince of Galilee. Godfrey's brother, Baldwin of Edessa, who had his eye on the throne of Jerusalem, chose not to pay homage to the new Patriarch.

With their vows completed and their legal positions secure, Bohemond and Baldwin left Jerusalem on New Year's Day, 1100. Godfrey and the Patriarch Daimbert went with them down to the oasis of Jericho. There the Feast of the Epiphany was celebrated by a marvelously elaborate blessing of the muddy waters of the River Jordan. Then the visitors rode north to Antioch and Edessa, while Advocatus Godfrey returned to Jerusalem to strengthen his state.

The hills of Gilead east of the Sea of Galilee were held by a local amir who was called by the Crusaders the Fat Peasant. Rather than recognize the overlordship of Tancred, this unsavory character appealed to the ruler of Damascus for help. Tancred, in turn, called in Godfrey, and a series of raids and counter-raids ensued which ended in a Crusader victory. This was the first extension of Crusader power east of the Jordan, and it increased their control over the caravan trade between Damascus and the cities on the coast of Palestine.

In addition to matters of military strategy and trade routes, Godfrey found himself deep in religious politics. Control of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre had long been divided among Greek Orthodox, Armenians and Copts. In their first zeal the Crusaders had pushed all of these to the side and had given the preeminent position to the Latins, or, as we normally say, the Roman Catholics. This led to complications.

On Easter Eve of 1100, the first after its liberation from the hands of the "infidel," an unusually large gathering of Greek Orthodox crowded into the Church, waiting, candles in hand, for the Holy Fire to appear from the Sepulchre. As the hours dragged on, word spread through the city that the Sepulchre was still dark. Godfrey and his divines realized at once the dangerous implications of the failure of this annual miracle to take place. There were hurried talks between the Greek Patriarch and the leaders of the Latin Church. Then, to the great relief of all the faithful, the Holy Fire appeared. The bells of the Orthodox churches rang in triumph, and the great Easter Miracle had occurred once again. Only the more politically-minded cared to note that, thereafter, the position of the Greek Orthodox in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was greatly improved.

Godfrey had not been in the best of health when he left Europe. The long journey from Europe had tired him greatly, and the efforts to strengthen the Christians in the Holy Land had left him in a weakened condition. In June of 1100 an epidemic of typhoid was raging in the cities along the coast of Palestine, and Godfrey fell ill. His health failed rapidly and all realized his end was near. The Advocatus deputized a close cousin, Count Warner of Gray, to act for him in Jerusalem. Then, on July the eighteenth, 1100, Godfrey, Duke of Lower Lorraine, Advocatus of the Holy Sepulchre and leader of the first Christian state of Jerusalem, died quietly. He had not been a strong leader, but he was widely respected. For five days Jerusalem lay in deep mourning. Then he was buried in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre where his tombstone can be seen just to the left as one enters the main doorway.

As soon as Godfrey was dead, Warner of Gray and his knights took over the fortress called the Tower of David and with it the control of Jerusalem. He then dispatched the Bishop of Ramle and two knights to the distant Syrian fortress of Edessa to tell Godfrey's brother Baldwin that the Advocatus was dead and that he should hasten to Jerusalem. Baldwin of Edessa was popular with a majority of the Crusaders; he was able; and he was very eager to be King of Jerusalem. But he had enemies in high places, including the Papal Legate Daimbert and Tancred.

As he approached Jerusalem his friends among the knights came out to meet him. Along with them were many leaders of the Greek, Armenian and Syrian communities who knew him not only as a brave Crusader but as a man who had shown great tolerance to all Christian sects. Baldwin was escorted in triumphal procession to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, while Daimbert fled from the Patriarch's palace to the greater safety of a monastery outside the walls. Even young Tancred realized it was no time for cavalry charges; he left Jerusalem for his principality in Galilee. At the high altar of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, on Christmas Day in the year of our Lord eleven hundred, Baldwin, the impecunious younger son of the Count of Boulogne, became the ruler of Jerusalem. He had no scruples here about wearing a crown. Forgiving Daimbert's opposition to him, he was crowned by the Papal Legate as Baldwin the First, King of Jerusalem.

The success of the First Crusade and the return to their homes of

many of its members caused much excitement in Europe. It was recognized that King Baldwin and his knights needed help to hold and expand the Christian Kingdom, and armies of French, Germans and Lombards were sent through the Balkans. But they had neither the strength, the wisdom, nor the luck possessed by the leaders of the First Crusade. The Turks attacked them one by one, and only a few lived to reach Jerusalem. A further effort, which turned into a fratricidal war against Constantinople, also ended in failure.

Meanwhile, King Baldwin I was proving himself to be a worthy ruler. Within a week after his arrival in Jerusalem he showed his might before Ascalon, swung inland to strengthen Hebron, and then led a raid across the Wadi Araba as far as the lonely Monastery of Saint Aaron near Petra. It was described as follows by the chronicler Fulcher, who made the trip with him.

> Then we entered the mountains of the Arabs, in the depths of which we halted that night... We found, on the summit of the mountain above us, the monastery of Aaron where Moses and he were wont to talk with God. Whence we rejoiced greatly, since we had entered places so sacred and hitherto unknown to us. [Petra]... For three days we took our ease in that valley of all good things, fattening the animals upon the grazing and giving the pack beasts a needed rest. About the second hour of the fourth day the king's horn sounded, and he ordered us to start again upon the return road... And so, upon the day in which the winter solstice begins, we reached Jerusalem.

This foray and a successful raid against the Bedouin of Transjordan in the spring of 1101 added so much to King Baldwin's reputation that many of the Moslem-held seaports of the Levant sent him tribute. The ruler of Damascus even paid him 50,000 gold bezants to ransom the Moslem leaders he had captured.

In 1108 Baldwin made a ten-year truce with the Moslem ruler of Damascus. Under this the revenues of northern Transjordan were split: one-third went to Damascus; one-third to Jerusalem; and a third remained for the local rulers in Ajlun. Some of the more fanatical Crusaders objected to the idea of a Christian king in Jerusalem making a treaty with an infidel. But thanks to the arrangement, the trade between Acre and the lands east of the Jordan revived. More and more caravans came in from Baghdad and Damascus while an ever in-

creasing number of European ships, most of them Italian, appeared on the coast of the Levant.

The kingdom's southeastern frontier was still exposed, however. At the request of various Greek monasteries, Baldwin again crossed the Wadi Araba and forced the enemy to withdraw from the district around Petra. When more trouble threatened in this area, Baldwin in 1115 marched east around the southern end of the Dead Sea. At the little town of Shobek on a well-watered promontory between the Wadi Araba and the desert of Jordan, he built a strong castle which he called Montreal. Although stationed a hundred miles from the nearest Crusader town, the well-armed garrison of Montreal soon proved its value in controlling raids.

The energetic King Baldwin went southeast early the next year with a group of picked knights and a pack-train of mules. Stopping briefly to replenish the supplies at Montreal, he marched south past Wadi Musa and Petra until his dusty knights could bathe their horses and themselves in the blue waters in the Gulf of Akaba. There he fished and built a tower called Aila. Collecting some boats from the terrified inhabitants, he sailed over to the island of Jesirat Farun. On it he built a castle which he called Ile de Graye. He left a garrison and collected many supplies before marching back past Montreal and Shobek to his capital in Jerusalem. Life must have been hot and lonely for the Crusaders on the Ile de Graye. But while that castle stood, along with Montreal further north, the lucrative trade up the eastern shore of the Red Sea to the Levant from southern Arabia, India, and even the Spice Islands paid tribute to the Crusaders.

Two years later Baldwin moved into an even more dangerous area. After successful negotiations with the tribes in southwest Palestine, he led his troops out of Hebron and across the Sinai Peninsula. Although he had only 216 knights and some 400 foot soldiers, the inhabitants of Farama in Egypt fell back before him. Before long he and his followers in armor stood on the banks of the Nile.

But there is a limit to what one man can do. Struck down by malaria or typhoid, or both, he dismounted for the last time; his men had to carry him north again on a litter. At the little frontier post of el-Arish, lying in the arms of the Bishop of Ramle, King Baldwin died on April the second, 1118. Five days later he was buried in Jerusalem beside his brother Godfrey in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Still another veteran Crusader had died before him. In December of 1112, aged only thirty-six, Tancred the Norman, the hardest rider and best swordsman of the First Crusade, had breathed his last in Antioch as he was preparing for an expedition against the Moslems. He had been loyal to his Crusader oath and to his superiors; his strong right arm had served the Crusades well. Had there been more men like him, the Christian Kingdom in the East would have lasted longer.

King Baldwin I died without leaving a son and without designating a successor. On his death a message was sent to his brother Eustace in Europe, telling him the throne was vacant. But the Count of Boulogne, who was not particularly interested in leaving his rich lands, set out slowly for the East. Before he had sailed from Italy messengers told him that the decision had already been made. On the day the body of King Baldwin I was laid to its long rest, Baldwin of Le Bourg rode unexpectedly into Jerusalem from his principality in Syria. Ostensibly he came to make an Easter pilgrimage to the Holy Places; actually he had been working for some time to succeed his cousin. He had enemies but his friends and supporters were many, including Jocelin, the powerful Prince of Galilee. In the difficult task of holding together the virtually indefensible principality of Edessa, Baldwin of Le Bourg had proven his bravery as a knight and his ability as a leader. The council in Jerusalem deliberated but a short while before electing him King without a dissenting vote. He was crowned Baldwin II, King of Jerusalem, on Easter Sunday, April the fourteenth in the year 1118.

The new King was good-looking, with a long blond beard. He liked a joke and he had learned that to rule in the Levant one must be both strong and cunning. So genuine was his religious devotion that he had callouses on his knees all his days. His private life was above reproach, he and his Armenian wife Morphia being genuinely in love with each other. With his selection the Christian states in the Levant were internally in the best position they had yet enjoyed.

The surrounding Moslems, however, decided to test out the strength of the new ruler. When the Governor of Damascus demanded the cession of all Frankish lands east of the Jordan, the new King and his knights retaliated by crossing into Ajlun for a successful attack on the town of Deraa, then as now a junction for caravan routes.

For some time the religious leaders of the Crusades had been worried about the tendency of the knights, and even some Christian priests, to adopt the easy ways and morals of the East. King Baldwin II, therefore, in January of 1120 held a council in the town of Nablus, where

this subject was reviewed and regulations drawn up in an effort to check the trend. The council also considered the problems arising from the serious shortages of knights, squires and sergeants—a problem much aggravated by recent losses in a battle in Syria known as the Field of Blood. It was decided to strengthen and expand the military Orders.

In 1070 the Christians of the town of Amalfi in southern Italy had established a hostel in Jerusalem where poor pilgrims were housed and fed. It was dedicated to Saint John the Alms Giver, its staff took monastic vows, and its master was under the authority of the Benedictines in Palestine. When the Crusaders captured Jerusalem in 1099 many pilgrims joined the staff of this hostel. It was made an Order of its own, owing obedience directly to the Pope, and its members were given the name of the Hospitalers. Various knights assigned it land, and some of the richer bishops helped its finances. When the Grand Master died in 1118 he was succeeded by an energetic and warlike man of God, Count Raymond du Puy. He developed a theory that, in addition to running the hostel in Jerusalem plus some branches elsewhere, the ranks of the Hospitalers should contain a group of knights dedicated to keeping open the pilgrim roads from Europe to the Holy Places. The idea of combining military action with monastic devotion appealed to the twelfth century mind, and the Knights Hospitalers, with white crosses woven into their tunics, grew in strength and numbers.

So also did the Knights Templar, a religious military Order believed to have been organized in 1118. In that year a knight, Hugh of Payens, convinced the King of Jerusalem that he should have an élite corps to help free the kingdom from bandits and to fight the heathen whenever the need arose. Hugh and a small group of his knights were permitted to take over a wing of the Aksa Mosque as their headquarters. Since this stood near the site of Solomon's Temple, they were known as the Men of the Temple, or the Knights Templar. An independent Order under the Pope, the Templars consisted of three classes: noble knights who wore a red cross on a white tunic, sergeants distinguished by black crosses, and chaplains. These two military Orders were popular with the religious-minded nobles of Europe, and their strength and wealth continued to increase even after the weakening of crusading spirit had set in. Without them the Kingdom of Jerusalem would not have lasted as long as it did.

Strengthened by Templars and Hospitalers, King Baldwin II con-

tinued the active defense of his kingdom. July of 1121 saw him again east of the Jordan, carrying out a series of raids between Philadelphia and the Yarmuk River. On one of these he captured the fort which had been built by the Moslems in the ruins of the Roman Temple of Artemis at Jerash.

This campaign was successful, but in September of the next year Count Jocelin of Edessa was captured by a young and aggressive Moslem leader named Balak. The next spring King Baldwin rode north to see what could be done about freeing his vassal. Although he was deep in enemy territory, no Moslem troops were reported nearby, and the King decided to spend the morning hunting with his falcon. Suddenly Balak charged into the Christian camp. Most of the knights were killed and the King himself was taken prisoner. Although treated with the respect due him, he soon found himself in the distant fortress of Kharput along with his vassal Jocelin.

The Council of the Knights promptly met in Jerusalem and elected the Lord of Caesarea and Sidon, Eustace Garnier, as Constable and Bailiff. He ruled well, and to the surprise of the Moslems the internal peace of the kingdom was little affected by the absence of its King. But Baldwin was not a man to be idle, even in a jail. The Castle of Kharput was situated in country inhabited by Armenians, and both he and Jocelin had Armenian wives. Before long the King and Jocelin were in touch with friendly Armenian leaders. Disguised as merchants with a grievance to present to the Governor, about fifty Armenian Christians gained entrance to the Castle of Kharput. There they threw off their disguises, overpowered the defenders and presented the King and Jocelin with control of the Castle.

It was agreed that King Baldwin would try to hold the Castle while Jocelin went for help. Moving cautiously at night and hiding in the daytime, the Count of Edessa slipped through the Moslem lines and made his way to the Euphrates River. No boats were available and Jocelin could not swim. However, he had two water bags made of goat's hide with him. Pouring out the water, he blew them up with his own breath and floated on them across the river. Thence he proceeded to the town of Turbessel where his troops, his court and his wife were staying. After a short rest he rode on to Jerusalem and promptly offered his chains on the altar in the Chapel of Calvary. Then Joscelin, Constable Eustace and all the available knights set out for Turbessel with the True Cross carried before them.

There they heard bad news. The hard-riding Balak had already surrounded Kharput and told King Baldwin he could go free if he would hand over the Castle. Baldwin refused, and the few defenders could not stand against the army of the Moslem leader. Charging through its corridors, the fanatical Moslems put most of the garrison to death. In his anger over the betrayal of his Castle, Balak had all the Armenian warriors who survived the attack thrown to their death from the highest tower. Then the Armenian women in his harem who were suspected of having aided the Franks were thrown after them. Only King Baldwin and two of his companions were left alive. They were quickly hurried to the distant Castle of Harran, out of reach of Frankish rescue.

After two years of negotiations King Baldwin II was ransomed for the vast sum of 8,000 dinars, payable in instalments. He rode out of the Castle of Harran on his own steed which had been carefully kept for him. But it was not until April of 1125 that he reached Jerusalem, where he spent the next several years completing the payments on his ransom.

By now it was clear that, although she had four daughters, Queen Morphia would bear him no sons. According to medieval law, on Baldwin's death the throne would pass to his eldest daughter Melisande, for whom a husband had to be found. After long deliberation with his council King Baldwin sent a delegation of knights to Europe to ask Louis VI, King of France, to select a suitable nobleman. King Louis considered the problem and came up with the name of Fulk V, Count of Anjou. An illustrious knight and a rich noble, he seemed an ideal choice and the Pope supported his candidacy. At the end of May, 1129, Count Fulk arrived in Jerusalem. Amid elaborate festivities he was married to Princess Melisande. Almost everyone in Jerusalem was pleased by the arrangement except the bride, who was not attracted by her short, middle-aged husband.

The next year young Bohemond II of Antioch was killed by the Turks, and his headstrong wife, King Baldwin's second daughter Alice, took control of the city. Only a hurried trip to Antioch by the King prevented her from paying homage to the Moslem ruler of Aleppo.

After a stormy interview the King forgave his daughter Alice, but her action shook him seriously. Perhaps he saw that it foreshadowed a new era for the Crusades—an era in which iron men would no longer

follow the True Cross to victory over the infidel. Ahead lay years in which the boundaries of eastern Christendom were to shrink, decade after decade, while a series of ever weaker kings would sit on the throne of Jerusalem, unable to control either the rising tide of Moslem strength, their local vassals, or the passions of their wives.

When King Baldwin II returned to Jerusalem after the painful family scene in Antioch his health began to fail. At his behest he was moved from the royal palace in the Aksa Mosque to the residence of the Patriarch, next to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There, on August twenty-first of 1131, he called his family and his nobles to his room and bade them support Melisande and her husband Fulk as their next rulers. Then he laid aside his kingly dress, put on the robe of a monk and became a Canon of the Holy Sepulchre. He died that day and was buried beside the tombs of Godfrey and Baldwin I in the quiet darkness of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. With him were buried the best days of the Crusades.

Sunset on the Crusades

King Fulk showed himself to be an energetic ruler in dealing with the Moslems. But, in an affair which set the tone of Jerusalem court life for the rest of the kingdom, he ran into troubles in his own home. One of the better-looking young men in Jerusalem was Hugh le Puiset. After both of his parents died King Baldwin II had brought him up at the royal court where his constant companion was the young Princess Melisande. When he grew up he married a widow of considerable wealth but also of considerable age, and her twin sons, Eustace and Walter, did not approve of a stepfather who was no older than they. After he came to the throne King Fulk was away from Jerusalem a good deal of the time. Furthermore, it was known that Queen Melisande did not care for him, although he loved her. As time went by she saw so much of Hugh le Puiset that the whole court began to gossip. The King heard the talk, and his suspicions were fanned by Hugh's resentful stepsons. Soon the court was split between the party of the King, which contained the more conservative knights, and the party of Count Hugh.

Throughout the hot summer months of 1132 tension mounted in the corridors and banquet halls. At last, unable to control himself further, young Walter stood up in the throne room. As a hushed silence fell upon the court, he accused his stepfather, Count Hugh, of plotting to kill King Fulk and challenged him to a duel. Hugh denied that any such plot existed and accepted the challenge to settle the issue in a single combat. When the day arrived Walter rode into the list in full armor; but Count Hugh did not appear, some said because the Queen did not wish to have her lover in danger. His absence was considered by even his supporters as a sign of his treason, and the

King's council declared him guilty. When he attempted to flee he was caught, tried and sentenced to three years in exile. But he was allowed to come to Jerusalem to tell his friends goodbye. There, one evening, he was rolling dice in front of a shop in the Street of the Furriers when a knight came up from behind and stabbed him. The King was widely suspected of having arranged the attack but was determined to prove his innocence. The attacker was tried by the High Court. He swore he had had no contact with the King but had acted on his own initiative to gain Fulk's favor. The culprit was then taken to a public square, where his hands and feet were cut off, one after the other. Then, while he was still alive, he repeated his oath that the King was not involved. This convinced most people that Fulk was not guilty, but did not persuade the Queen. For a long time the King's supporters could not appear in public without an armed escort. After this, many said that Melisande, rather than Fulk, was King of Jerusalem.

Growing Moslem pressure in south Syria now forced the King of Jerusalem to strengthen the Christian position east of the Jordan. Under his direction the Lord of Transjordan, who had the title of Pagan the Butler, had, in 1132, built a great fortress overlooking the little town of Kerak. This castle, high in the hills east of the Dead Sea, dominated the plains of Moab and the north-south trade route. Under Fulk's direction Kerak was now strengthened and its garrison increased, along with those in the outpost castles of Montreal, Petra, Aila, and the Ile de Graye in the Gulf of Akaba.

While King Fulk was thus busy across the Jordan, his Queen Melisande, who had turned from intrigue to pious work, was busy helping her third and youngest sister Joveta. Since there was no suitable prince for her to marry, Joveta had become a nun. In 1143, for the greater glory of God and her family, Melisande bought the village of Bethany, which lies on the Jericho road just east of Jerusalem, from the custodians of the Holy Sepulchre. There, on the site of the house of Martha, Mary and Lazarus, she built a handsome convent and endowed it with the revenues of Jericho. A few yards up the Mount of Olives from the convent, the Queen built the strong tower whose ruins may still be seen rising above the little hamlet. Joveta was installed at Bethany as abbess, and the convent became the richest and most fashionable in the kingdom.

In the autumn of the same year the royal court, as was its custom, went down for a holiday to the Port of Acre. As they were starting out

for a picnic on November 7, a hare dashed across the trail and King Fulk, who was in good spirits, galloped after it. When his horse stumbled the King was thrown, his mount fell upon him, and the heavy saddle hit him on the head. He died three days later and was buried beside his predecessors in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Queen Melisande's grief was loud but not too convincing. It did not keep her from appointing her eighteen-year-old son Baldwin as her colleague, and the two were made joint rulers on Christmas Day, 1143.

Four years later the youthful Baldwin led an expedition across the Jordan. Deraa was taken, but when the tired and thirsty Crusaders approached the fort the Moslems had built in the ruins of the old Roman amphitheatre of Busra, they found it occupied by a strong Moslem army. At its head was a young general, Nur al-Din, the son of Zengi, who was to prove himself an even greater warrior than his father; the Christians were forced to turn back. It was with real difficulty that they were able to fight their way through Ajlun. Tradition has it that, when all seemed lost, a scarlet banner appeared before them carried by a knight on a white horse. He led the retreating army to the safety of the ruined Roman town of Gadara, high in the hills southeast of the Sea of Galilee.

The next spring, strengthened by the presence of King Louis VII of France and Conrad of Germany, young Baldwin again attacked Syria. Moving across the Jordan via Baniyas, the army of the Crusaders reached the suburbs of Damascus on July 24 and camped in the rich oasis. The force was the strongest the Crusaders had ever assembled, and its leaders were illustrious and devout; but they were not united. Although scouts reported Nur al-Din was hurrying down from Aleppo, the Crusaders argued over who would govern Damascus after its capture. While they argued, the Moslems attacked the Christians' camp, which was scattered throughout the orchards south of the city. On July 27 the Crusaders pulled back from the gardens and camped on the plain. There was no water there, and Moslem guerrillas were able to pick off the Christians when they tried to get supplies from the river. When several faint-hearted attempts to scale the walls failed, the Damascenes stepped up their attacks. Word spread that there was treachery among the Christian leaders, and most of the knights lost heart.

Five days after the Crusaders had marched so bravely up to Damascus the order was given to retreat. Harried by Moslem cavalry and

weakened by thirst and heat, the once proud army of the Franks straggled across southern Syria to the safety of Palestine. The defeat at Damascus meant more than the loss of a campaign. It showed to the world in general, and the Moslems in particular, that the heart had gone out of the Crusades. Kings Louis and Conrad returned to their lands in Europe, and only a few of the knights who had come with them remained to reinforce the Frankish states in the Levant.

When young King Baldwin III came of age in 1151 Queen Melisande wished to be crowned jointly with him. The ceremony was set for Easter Sunday, March 30 of the next year, but Baldwin had it postponed. On April 1 with a picked escort of knights he strode into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There the unhappy Patriarch was forced against his will to crown Baldwin III without his mother. In the open break that followed between mother and son, the Kingdom of Jerusalem was torn by civil war. King Baldwin was in the end triumphant, but the throne was weakened by the struggle. That autumn, for the first time in a generation, a Moslem army crossed the Jordan and penetrated to the summit of the Mount of Olives before being driven back.

Six years later the Moslems again invaded Jordan. In April of that year Nur al-Din attacked the Crusader Castle of Habis Jaldak on the lower Yarmuk River southeast of the Sea of Galilee, and King Baldwin set out from Jerusalem to rescue it. Rather than go to the Castle itself, the King marched around the north end of the Sea of Galilee as if he were heading for Damascus. Afraid of being cut off, Nur al-Din raised the siege and chased the Franks. He caught up with them at Butaiha east of the upper Jordan River. If the whinny of a Moslem mule had not given away the presence of Nur al-Din's troops, the Franks would probably have been wiped out. But once they located the Moslem army, the knights drove home a charge, and Nur al-Din, who was in bad health, left the battlefield. His army moved off behind him, giving the Christians one of their few victories over the great Moslem leader.

In 1160, while passing through Tripoli on the coast north of Beirut, King Baldwin was taken ill. In spite of the care of the Count of Tripoli's own physician, his health grew worse and he died in Beirut on February 10. He was in the prime of life at the time; most of his knights believed he had been poisoned.

Baldwin III's sixteen-year-old widow had borne him no children, so the kingdom passed to his brother, the twenty-five-year-old Amalric. Most of the twelve years of his reign were devoted to a series of fruitless campaigns against the Moslems, waged in alliance with the Byzantine Emperor Manuel. In 1168 the two of them invaded Egypt. The expedition was a failure, its chief result being the establishment of an energetic young Moslem called Saladin as the new master of the Nile. From then on, Egypt under Saladin was a constant threat to the little Kingdom of Jerusalem. Before the end of 1170 his fleet on the Red Sea had sailed up the Gulf of Akaba and captured the Christian outposts of Aila and Ile de Graye.

In 1171 Saladin pushed inland from Akaba and attacked the Castle of Montreal north of Petra, then the southeastern outpost of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. When King Amalric set out to relieve his garrison, Saladin unexpectedly raised the siege and hurried to Cairo. But he was back in Transjordan again two years later. This time he bypassed Montreal and besieged the great fortress at Kerak. The Castle was then owned by Miles of Plancy. He was away with the King at this time, but Kerak was defended by one of the most redoubtable of the Crusader noblewomen, Stephanie of Milly. At a time when there were relatively few European women even in the cities of the coast, and when any Christian living east of the Jordan was in constant danger, Stephanie spent years of her life in the wild hills of Moab. Her husbands, of whom she had two, considered her perfectly competent to command the great fortress of Kerak in their absence, and so she was.

When Saladin entered her domains from the south, Nur al-Din came down upon Kerak from Damascus. The "Lady of Kerak," as she was called by the Moslems, was not in the least dismayed by the threat of simultaneous attack from the two most formidable Moslem leaders of the age. She moved her serfs and cattle inside the Castle walls, collected all available food, made sure that her cisterns were full of water, and hauled up the drawbridge as the Moslems came into sight. Then, when darkness fell, she signaled by bonfire from the battlements of Kerak sixty miles across the Dead Sea to the fortress of Jerusalem. There her first father-in-law, the old Constable of the Realm, was given the news of her plight. When word reached Kerak that he had mobilized an army of knights to relieve her, Saladin gave up the siege and returned to Egypt. But Nur al-Din hung on until the Christians were

across the Jordan. When the Constable came toiling up to Kerak from the heat of the Dead Sea he found that all the Moslems had fled and Stephanie was going about her business of running Moab as usual.

Nur al-Din the warrior died in the spring of 1174. In July of the same year he was followed to the grave by King Amalric of Jerusalem. Amalric's son and heir, young Baldwin not yet thirteen, was a good-looking and intelligent lad of whom much had been hoped. Four years before, he had been sent to a school for the sons of noblemen conducted by William, Archdeacon of Tyre. There he distinguished himself both in his lessons and in his physical courage. One of the games in which the future knights took part ended by their driving pins into each other's arms, the boy who showed the most bravery being declared the winner. Amalric's son Baldwin was so regularly and unflinchingly the winner that the Archdeacon William felt impelled by curiosity to examine his arm. To his horror he discovered that the "courage" of the Crown Prince was due to insensitivity from leprosy.

But under feudal law the council of the realm had no alternative. In spite of his illness the youth was crowned Baldwin IV four days after his father's death. At first the King's closest friend, Miles of Plancy the Lord of Transjordan, acted as regent. But some weeks later Count Miles was assassinated, leaving Stephanie of Kerak once again without a husband. The Second Crusade had brought to the Near East a particularly unscrupulous adventurer called Reynald of Chatillon. Since he had no prospects in Europe, this fortune-hunter stayed on in the Levant and married Stephanie, the richest heiress in Jordan. He may have been attractive to Stephanie, but his treacherous dealings with the Moslems hastened the end of the Christian kingdom by many years.

When Baldwin the Leper reached the age of sixteen his sickness grew rapidly worse, and it was clear that he could never marry. The succession to the throne would thus have to be through his sister Sibylla, who was married to a good-looking weakling called Guy of Lusignan. Under feudal law, on the King's death he was destined to rule as regent until Sibylla's infant son came of age.

With his kingdom torn by feuds among its chief nobles the leper-King realized the importance of external peace. He negotiated a truce with Saladin which permitted caravans of Moslem and Christian merchants to move at will through each other's territories. One of the main routes of such trade was from Mecca and Medina to Damascus, a trail

which passed through the lands of Reynald of Chatillon and the intrepid Stephanie. Unhappy at the sight of so much wealth slipping through his fingers, the unscrupulous Reynald disregarded the truce. In July of 1181 he led his forces stealthily to the Arabian oasis of Taima, where he seized a rich caravan on its way to Mecca. Saladin retaliated by capturing fifteen hundred pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem, and war between the Christians and Moslems broke out again.

Saladin's deputy then moved across Transjordan, raided northern Palestine, and captured the oft beleaguered fortress of Habis Jaldak at the mouth of the Yarmuk River. Although his leprosy was in an advanced stage, King Baldwin IV marched up the west bank of the Jordan, escorted in the best Crusader tradition by the Patriarch and the True Cross. He met Saladin's army southwest of the Sea of Galilee, and both sides claimed a victory. The next autumn again saw the King with his knights and the True Cross in action in Transjordan. This time he moved north, bypassed Deraa and Busra, and retired, laden with booty after penetrating almost to Damascus. But the campaign nearly killed him, and he lay ill in Nazareth for a long time.

The hard-boiled Reynald of Chatillon, all-powerful in the hills of Moab, saw this as the opportunity for which he had long waited. About Christmas time he marched south from Kerak, past Montreal and Petra to the waters of the Gulf of Akaba. There he recaptured the port of Aila from the Moslems and launched a small fleet of galleys made from Moabite timber. After trying unsuccessfully to take the former Crusader Castle of Ile de Graye, Reynald's fleet sailed south with Moslems acting as its pilots.

While the Lord of Transjordan returned to Kerak, his squadron of freebooters sacked the port of Aidhab on the African side of the Red Sea, in what is now the Sudan. Their booty included rich merchant ships from Aden, East Africa, and even as far as India, plus the wealth of a long camel caravan from Cairo. From Aidhab the pirates, who certainly could not be dignified by the name of Crusaders, attacked the ports of Hawra and Yambo. They even sank a Moslem pilgrim ship near one of the ports of Mecca.

Such a thing had not happened since the days of the Prophet. Saladin's brother, the Governor of Egypt, sent his best sailor, Admiral Lulu, down the Red Sea with orders to wipe out the Franks. The Tower of Aila was recaptured, and the Moslem sailors overtook Rey-

nald's fleet off the port of Hawra. Every ship was sunk and many of the crews killed. Part of the survivors were taken to Mecca, where they were executed during the next pilgrimage; the others were sent in chains to Cairo where they were publicly beheaded. Saladin vowed that he would personally avenge the upstart Reynald for this sacrilegious raid on the Holy Land of Islam.

In September of 1183 Saladin again led his army across the Jordan south of the Sea of Galilee. A few days later he set up a base at Tubaniya, known to the men of the Old Testament as Jezreel. Guy of Lusignan, the regent, collected the Crusaders and led them to the nearby Pools of Goliath, where Saladin, who had many more troops than the Christians, was able to cut off supplies needed by the Frankish army. If the men of the West had not discovered that there were fish in the Pools of Goliath, they would have been without food. The younger knights, led by Reynald of Chatillon, wanted to attack at once; but wiser counsel prevailed. Saladin's supply position was even more difficult than that of the Crusaders. On October 8 he broke camp and moved east across the Jordan. By now the braver knights knew how weak a leader was Guy of Lusignan, and most of the foot soldiers considered him a coward. When the troops got back to Jerusalem the ailing King attended a meeting of the council and deposed Guy as regent.

In all the chronicle of defeat and disorder one colorful scene stands out. The little princess Isabella, the daughter of the former King Amalric, had been engaged for three years to young Humphrey, the son of Stephanie of Kerak who was determined the wedding would be the most brilliant ever held in the Christian kingdom. Thanks to her great wealth, the storerooms of Kerak were piled high with the richest foods of the East, its cellars filled with great casks of wine from Jericho and the vineyards of Lebanon. At Stephanie's invitation every lord and lady of importance was soon fording the Jordan and riding up the steep trails to the great Castle of Kerak. From Antioch and Tripoli they came, and from the castles of Jerusalem itself. Along with them rode a colorful procession of musicians, dancers, troubadours and jugglers. The huge stables beneath the Castle were crowded with prancing chargers, the standards of almost every noble in the Near East waved from the battlements, and the guest rooms and antechambers were filled with the flower of eastern Christendom. By day the knights tilted in the court of the Castle, and at night the

Moabite moonlight lit up the long banquet tables. Family feuds were forgotten as sunburnt knights toasted the ladies of friends and enemies alike, and the troubadours sang of the charge of Robert Short-Breeches at Ramle and the loves of Lady Melisande in many a silk-hung tower.

When the festivities were at their height messengers burst into the banquet hall with the word that Saladin and his warriors had crossed the Wadi Hesbah and were closing in on the Castle. On November 20, 1183, he reached the town of Kerak, but Lady Stephanie was unimpressed. Once again she ordered the local Christians with their flocks and herds to camp in the Castle courtyard; then she pulled up the drawbridge. After arranging for the knights to stand watches around the clock, she told her servitors to bring up another round of wine. As Saladin settled down to the siege and the stones from his mangonels crashed against the Castle walls, little Isabella and Humphrey were married by the Patriarch of Jerusalem.

Lady Stephanie personally sent out dishes from the bridal feast to the tent of Saladin. In reply the courteous Moslem asked to be told in which tower the bride and groom were sleeping in order that he might spare it from bombardment. His thoughtfulness was undoubtedly appreciated by the older guests but may have been wasted on the eleven-year-old bride, especially since history records that the good-looking Humphrey of Toron was not interested in women.

Meanwhile, the bonfire telegram had flashed to Jerusalem the news that Saladin was once more on the prowl, and the leper-King rallied his troops. Carried in a resplendent litter, he was borne through Jericho with his mounted knights around him. Crossing the Jordan, they hurried up out of the valley past Mount Nebo. As they reached the deep canyon of the Wadi Mujib, Saladin lifted the siege of Kerak and moved off along the desert road past Amman to Damascus. Soon the knights and their ladies, the minstrels and the troubadours were riding home again; the sunset shadows lengthened across the courtyard at Kerak; and the gayest party of Crusader Transjordan came to an end.

It was King Baldwin's last sortie. Once back in Jerusalem he took to bed and never rose again. But before he died in March of 1185 he called his barons together and read his will. In it he left the throne to his nephew Baldwin V, Sibylla's eldest son. He specifically stated that Guy of Lusignan was not to be regent; control of the kingdom should go temporarily to Raymond of Tripoli. The assembled barons swore

to follow the King's wishes. A few weeks later he died and was buried in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

One of the King's last suggestions was that a truce should be made with Saladin, to which the great leader was agreeable. But external peace did not mean internal quiet. In August of 1186 the King-designate, Baldwin V, died at Acre in his ninth year. After some of the trickiest double-dealing seen in Jerusalem since the days of Herod the Great, Sibylla had herself crowned Queen of Jerusalem. When the Patriarch refused to do so, she herself put a crown on the head of her husband Guy.

Once the throne was theirs, Sibylla and Guy tried to continue the policy of peace with the Moslems. But this did not suit the unscrupulous Lord of Transjordan, Reynald of Chatillon. Late in 1186 another rich camel caravan came up from Cairo on its way to Damascus. As it crossed Moab, Reynald attacked it and took the merchants, their families and their goods into the Castle at Kerak. Saladin sent an envoy to Reynald, who would not even talk with him. The ambassador then rode over to Jerusalem and laid his case before King Guy. When the weak monarch took no action to punish his strongest vassal, Saladin prepared for war against the Kingdom of Jerusalem, collecting troops from Aleppo and even from Mosul, in what is now Iraq. On the first of July 1187 he crossed the Jordan. The next day he took the town of Tiberias and pitched his camp northeast of Mount Tabor.

By now the barons were assembled. Most of them agreed when Count Raymond, Regent of the Realm, said that the best strategy would be to leave Saladin alone. It had been a dry year and water was scarce in northern Palestine. But Reynald of Chatillon told the King to his face that he was a coward and probably in the pay of the Moslems as well. When he urged an advance, the weak King sided with the Lord of Transjordan. Soon the army of the Christians was camped at Sephoria northwest of Nazareth. The site was well-watered and so easily defended it is unlikely that Saladin would have attacked it.

That night, however, a dusty messenger came to the King's tent. He brought news that, although Tiberias had fallen, Countess Eschiva, the wife of Raymond the Regent, was still holding out in her castle above the town. King Guy called the knights together in his tent and Raymond's sons begged tearfully that their mother be saved. At the thought of the Christian noblewoman surrounded by the hordes of Saladin, many of the knights urged an immediate attack. But the

level-headed Raymond opposed the move. Much as he loved his wife and strongly as he wished to save his castle, he felt that it would be folly to leave the well-watered camp at Sephoria. His counsel prevailed and the knights left the King's tent after deciding that the brave Countess should be left to her fate.

The Grand Master of the Templars then returned to the tent. He told the King that the besieged castle was the key to northern Palestine and could not be lost. In addition, it was shameful to allow a Christian noblewoman only a few miles away to become a prisoner of the infidels. King Guy, who usually agreed with the last person with whom he talked, was persuaded by the argument. Before dawn his heralds moved through the sleeping camp, proclaiming that the Crusaders would march that day to the rescue of the fortress of Tiberias.

Friday, the third of July, 1187, was hot and dusty on the Palestinian plain. Leaving the gardens of Sephoria, the men in armor marched slowly east under the scorching sun. Because Tiberias was part of his domain, Raymond of Tripoli led with his men. The King was in the center of the line, while the knights of the military Orders and Reynald of Transjordan were at the rear. Strange as it may seem in the light of modern logistics, the Crusaders carried no reserve supplies of water. Saddle bags were soon emptied and men and horses began to suffer thirst. Stragglers who dropped behind were finished off by the light Moslem cavalry which hung on the heels of the Crusaders.

By late afternoon the Christian army reached the plateau above the town of Hattin. There the ground rises in two rocky knolls called the Horns of Hattin; beyond them it falls away sharply to the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee. When the vanguard reached Hattin the Knights Templar sent word to King Guy that they could not march any further. Raymond came back and pointed out that the Sea of Galilee lay only five miles ahead. But the King, who was himself exhausted, gave word for the army to halt. When Raymond received the order he cried, "Ah, Lord God, the war is over; we are dead men; the Kingdom is finished!" Guy pitched his camp below the hills of the Horns of Hattin where there was a well. The site might have had merit in a wet year but, as the Franks soon found, the well was dry.

Tired and thirsty, the Franks spent a miserable night. A few of them went off to find water and were killed by Moslem scouts. The rest clustered around the King, most of them too weary to set up their tents. The wind was blowing from the east, and when Saladin's men

set fire to the dry grass on the hillside the Christian camp was blanketed in smoke. When the long night finally ended, the Franks saw that the Moslem army had surrounded them.

The battle began soon after dawn on Saturday, the fourth of July. The Frankish foot soldiers, driven wild by thirst, tried to reach the Sea of Galilee. But they were greatly outnumbered and the Moslems cut them down or took them prisoners. As the day wore on, the warriors of Saladin closed in on the knights. Acting on the King's orders, Raymond and his armored knights struck against the center of the enemy line. The Moslems merely opened their ranks, let the chargers thunder through, and then closed their lines again. After trying unsuccessfully to rejoin their comrades, Raymond and his followers rode off disconsolately to Tripoli.

King Guy had his red tent moved to the summit of the Horns of Hattin. As the afternoon passed, the circle of knights around it grew ever smaller. Al-Afdal, Saladin's son, described the scene as follows:

> When the Frankish King had withdrawn to the hill-top, his knights made a gallant charge and drove the Moslems back upon my father. I watched his dismay. He changed colour and pulled at his beard, then rushed forward crying: 'Give the devil the lie.' So our men fell on the enemy who retreated up the hill. When I saw the Franks flying I cried out with glee: 'We have routed them.' But they charged again and drove our men back again to where my father stood. Again he urged our men forward and again they drove the enemy up the hill. Again I cried out: 'We have routed them.' But my father turned to me and said: 'Be quiet. We have not beaten them so long as that tent stands there.' At that moment the tent was overturned. Then my father dismounted and bowed to the ground, giving thanks to God, with tears of joy.*

When the Moslem leaders had fought their way to the top of the hill, they found only King Guy and a handful of knights still alive. Most of them were lying flat on the ground, scarcely strong enough to give over their swords in surrender. Among the dead was the Bishop of Acre who was found with his hands still upon the True Cross. It was taken with the prisoners to Damascus.

From the hilltop the knights were led to the tent of Saladin which had been hastily pitched on the battlefield. There the Moslem leader

* *The History of the Crusades*, Vol. II, Steven Runciman, pages 458-459.

received King Guy and the other captured knights. After greeting them courteously Saladin asked the King to sit beside him in the tent. There he gave him a goblet of water, cooled with snow from the summit of Mount Hermon. When he had drunk, King Guy handed the goblet to Reynald who was standing near him. Saladin at once told his interpreter to say, "Tell the King that *he* gave that man drink, not I." Under the code of Arab hospitality the giving of drink or food to a guest or captive means that the host is responsible for his safety for at least three days. Saladin then reminded the Lord of Transjordan of the many times he had broken the truce between the Moslems and the Christians, and of his sacrilegious raid against the Holy Places of Islam. Reynald gave him a discourteous reply, whereupon Saladin drew his sword and cut off Reynald's head.

King Guy expected to be killed next, but Saladin said, "A King does not kill a King," and gave orders that Guy and the other lay knights should be spared. The members of the military Orders, however, he considered his special enemies. Except for the Grand Master of the Templars, who was held for ransom, all other members of the military Orders were put to death. Saladin then sent his prisoners to Damascus. There the King and his barons were given comfortable quarters, but the poor captives were sold as slaves. So many prisoners were taken by Saladin that the price of a slave in Syria fell to three dinars, and it is reported that one Moslem soldier exchanged the prisoner allotted to him for a pair of sandals.

Saladin followed up the victory energetically. With hope of rescue gone, Countess Eschiva surrendered the Castle of Tiberias to him the next day. Nablus also fell before his warriors, who then advanced upon Jerusalem. There were only two knights left in the city, and Ballian of Ibelin, who took charge there after his escape from Hattin, was forced to knight every noble youth over sixteen in order to create a group of officers. The silver was even taken from the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in order to buy arms; but it was all in vain. On Friday, October 2, 1187, the anniversary of the day when the Prophet Mohammed came to the city in his sleep, the victorious Saladin rode into Jerusalem.

For yet another hundred years the knights of the West hung on in the cities along the coast of the Levant. Crusaders—some with mighty

names such as Richard the Lion-Hearted—sailed to the Near East. Battles were fought and cities taken and retaken. But, little by little, the Franks were pushed into the sea. When, one night in 1303, the last of the Templars slipped out through the sea gate of their castle on the island of Ruad, the Crusades were over. After two hundred and eight colorful years the Christian Kingdom of the Levant had come to an end. It was born of the oratory of Pope Urban II, speaking in the fields of Clairmont in November of 1095. Although its ghost flickered on the sea coast for another century, it died that day in 1187 when the red tent of King Guy of Jerusalem came down upon the Horns of Hattin.

Four Hundred Years of Turkish Rule

The Turkish Sultan Selim I was a devout Sunnite Moslem and a brilliant soldier. In a series of campaigns starting in 1512 his army moved south out of Turkey and across the Syrian plain. The Mamluk Sultan from Egypt, a tired old man of eighty, rode up to meet them. With him he brought the puppet Caliph Mutawakkil who was residing in Cairo. In his company also were the leaders of the four chief Moslem sects, who had with them a copy of the Koran said to be in the handwriting of the great Caliph Othman, written about 650 A.D. But none of these impressive assets, even when supported by squadrons of the famous Mamluk cavalry, availed against the fire power of the the newly developed Turkish artillery. The Egyptian forces were routed a little north of Aleppo, where the aged ruler suffered a heart attack and fell dead from his horse as he was fleeing from the battlefield. The people of Aleppo, who only a few days before had cheered the Mamluks, rode out to greet the Turks and escorted them into the city in a torchlight parade. The victors then took the Syrian towns of Hama and Homs and entered Damascus in triumph in September of 1516.

The Sultan spent the winter there, but his troops pushed on across south Syria and over the Jordan. In rapid succession Nablus, Gaza and Jerusalem opened their gates to the conquerors, rather than have them smashed down by the dreaded Turkish guns. [In these and other Levantine towns the Turks were often welcomed as liberators, who helped the citizens of Syria, Jordan, and Palestine throw off the cor-

rupt and oppressive rule of the Egyptian Mamluks, who had dominated Palestine during much of the previous two centuries.] The farmers and traders of the region also looked to the Turks to put an end to Bedouin raids, which had seen warriors from the desert racing their camels around the walls of Salt and, on occasion, penetrating as far west as Hebron and Jerusalem.

On his way from Damascus to Gaza that spring Sultan Selim spent some time in Jerusalem. He arranged to have its weakened walls repaired, and he set up several trusts to assist the poor and the pilgrims coming to the Moslem shrines in Jerusalem. Before leaving he appointed one of his best soldiers, Bayrum Chuvush, as the first Ottoman Governor; his tomb can be seen in the Subyan school which he built inside the walls of Jerusalem.

At this time the Mamluk district of Damascus was remade into a Turkish *vilayet* ruled by a *vali*. It had ten subdivisions called *sanjaks*, ruled by *beyler beys*, of which the most important were: Jerusalem, Nablus, Gaza, Sidon and Beirut. At first Selim appointed experienced Mamluk civilians to high places in his government in the Levant, but when they proved untrustworthy they were liquidated and replaced by Turkish valis and beyler beys. In contrast to this pattern of vilayets or sanjaks, Selim permitted the district of Mecca and Medina to be ruled by members of the Hashemite family, the descendants of the Prophet Mohammed. As such, they were entitled to be called Sharif, or "Noble," and were given considerable autonomy as long as they recognized the Turkish Sultan in Constantinople as their suzerain. This pattern of government laid down by Sultan Selim was severe but just. It served as the basis for a Turkish administration which lasted for almost four hundred years.

Sultan Selim was great, but his son Suleiman the Magnificent was greater. Before this ablest of the Turkish rulers died in 1566 he had made considerable strides in carrying out his father's wishes, which included the rebuilding of Jerusalem as a strong point, thus restoring it from the desolation into which it had fallen after the Crusades. One of his projects there was to replace the crumbling mosaic on the outside of the Dome of the Rock with the colored tiles and contrasting marbles which now adorn it. Another was to restore the walls of Jerusalem, whose present form dates largely from his efforts. Suleiman made an enlarged Damascus Gate the crowning glory of the new

walls; it still stands for all to see and has been called "the last great flowering of Islamic architecture in the Levant."

Since at least the time of the Roman Emperor Hadrian there had been a gate at that point in the walls of Jerusalem. If one looks carefully at the foundations of Suleiman's Damascus Gate, he will see that they are actually large Roman blocks, with lines cut on their surface by the Turks to make them match the smaller stones used in the renovation. The only picture we have of Hadrian's Gate is in the mosaic map of the floor of the sixth-century Basilica in the Transjordan town of Madaba. This shows the Gate with a pillar behind it like the column of Trajan in Rome. The pillar is gone, and so are all but the foundations of Hadrian's Gate. Although we of the West speak of the Damascus Gate, many of the people of Jerusalem still call it Bab al-Amoud, which means "Gate of the Pillar".

An unusual feature of the Gate's outer façade are some eight round projecting stones or bosses. These have no structural importance, but are meant to look like the ends of Roman columns, so often used by the Crusaders and other military builders of the Middle Ages to tie together the inner and outer walls of their fortifications. The new Gate was designed more for show than for military strength; from inside the city one discovers that the upper part of the Gate is only one stone deep; but seen from outside, the effect of the central pointed arch, the projecting belvederes, and the graceful crenellations give a superb impression of strength and grace. For more than four hundred and twenty years it has stood, through wars and riots—a fitting entrance to the Holy City.

Sad to say, these architectural and other improvements wrought in Jerusalem and Palestine by Suleiman the Magnificent did not mark the start of better days, but rather the high point of Turkish rule there. Suleiman was succeeded by his son Selim II, who was known in history as Selim the Sot, without even the benefit of the word Magnificent. During his rule and over the next three hundred years, Jerusalem saw no important building erected. As the years passed, the population dwindled and dozens of houses were abandoned. Even the art of fine building was forgotten. When the British built their consulate in Jerusalem early in the nineteenth century, they were forced to bring stonemasons all the way from the island of Malta.

During the centuries of Turkish rule power in the Levant was

divided between the Turkish military, who had the force, and the *ulema*, the religious doctors of Islam, who had the Law and the Prophet. But most civilian officials, including the Sultan and his Grand Vizier in Constantinople, as well as the valis and beyler beys, were usually military men. The real center of power was the élite corps of the army known as the Janissaries. These professional warriors, often prisoners of war or young Christian youths, were chosen at an early age for their strength or brains and taken from their families, never to return again. They lived in special barracks and their leaders attended a school attached to the palace in Constantinople. There they were taught complete obedience to the Sultan and instructed in the latest developments in warfare, such as the use of artillery in which the Turks excelled. Their disciplined power gave the Turkish Empire its early greatness, but neither they, nor any of the chief officials, were free men. In all matters, including those of life and death, they were under complete subjection to the Sultan.

Local Turkish officials received no salaries but took their pay and expenses out of the taxes they collected, whose only limit was how much could be squeezed from the local inhabitants. The ability of the tax collectors to throttle initiative and to reduce production was astonishing. If a farmer did not pay the exhorbitant taxes set for him, his trees were cut down and his home and those of his tenants destroyed. This may have frightened other farmers, but it meant the end of production on that farm or village, whose lands were soon overrun by Bedouin. In order to meet these high taxes, the farmers cultivated steep hillsides. Thus, the good soil was washed from the hills which became barren, while the streams below were blocked with mud and turned into stagnant malarial marshes.

The people along the Jordan were grouped and governed on the basis of religious beliefs, rather than race or the territory where they resided. Such groups were known as *millets*, of which the two largest were the Moslems and the Rum (Romans), meaning persons of Greek Orthodox faith. Such Jews and Armenians as lived in the Levant were also grouped by the Turks into separate millets. The Turks dealt only with the leader of a millet, who in turn exercised important civil functions among his co-religionists.

The few Europeans living in the Levant, largely monastic groups or merchants, were likewise organized into millets. In 1521 Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent signed a treaty with the Venetians guaran-

teeing them certain privileges in their lives and trades, most of which they had formerly enjoyed under the Byzantine emperors. This treaty had thirty chapters, known in Latin as *capitulae*, and its terms were referred to as "capitulations," a word still used in connection with extra-territorial privileges granted to foreigners. In 1535 the French also obtained a set of capitulations, which dealt to a considerable extent with their rights and those of other Christians at the Holy Places in and around Jerusalem. As a result, the French have ever since felt themselves to be the special protectors of Christendom in the Levant.

These capitulations served the Westerners in the Levant in good stead as law and order there disintegrated. The valis often quarreled among themselves over the boundaries of their domains and the division of their tax monies, disputes which led to bloody conflicts. When this happened the central government would send in a powerful detachment of Janissaries, who usually liquidated the disputing valis and many of their supporters as well. As soon as they arrived in a town the Janissaries treated the local people as their personal slaves, ordering them about and confiscating useful items such as wheat, horses, and the better-looking girls. Any revolt on the part of peasants or townsmen was ruthlessly suppressed, and the people fell into a state of frustration and passivity. Their chief weapon against such rulers was a carefully worked out system of hiding their wealth, along with a remarkable ability to "know nothing."

This was a period of economic stagnation, due in part to the fact that much of the trade between Europe, India, and the Far East no longer moved across the Levant. In 1497 the Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama had struck the merchants of the Near East a terrible blow by opening up the sea route to India around the Cape of Good Hope. Later, the Portuguese were largely supplanted by the Dutch and the British. But in any case the time-honored trade routes from the Spice Islands and India, which ran up the Arabian Peninsula or the Euphrates, no longer brought wealth to the Arabs and Turks. Petra was long since finished; Gaza, Jerusalem, and even Damascus fell upon evil days.

Silk no longer came to the West from Lebanon, cotton and oil from Palestine, or wool from Transjordan; all were produced in Europe. As farms were abandoned and cities shrank, illiteracy spread. Virtually no important poets, scientists, artists or philosophers were produced, although there was some writing of history and biography

among Turkish civil servants in Damascus and in Mecca. Almost the only cultural bright spot in the Levant was the Christian Maronite colony in Lebanon, which, from the late sixteenth century on, sent students to Rome and to France. They anticipated a process of Westernization that Moslems were to follow three centuries later.

Until the last quarter of the nineteenth century Turkish Transjordan had virtually no history. Each year the shrinking pilgrim caravan of camels plodded south into Arabia under heavy Turkish guard; and each year the *Hajjis* returned to Damascus, venerated by the faithful and thankful to have survived the rigors of the trip. A decreasing number of merchant caravans followed the same route, or crossed Transjordan on their way to Jerusalem, Acre and other Mediterranean ports enroute to Egypt. By now the old Roman towns such as Philadelphia, Jerash, and Gadara were deserted, except for the Bedouin who roamed around them unopposed and occasionally camped in their ruins. The Transjordan town of Salt alone continued as a small center of trade and farming, while further south the partly ruined mass of the great Crusader Castle of Kerak provided sanctuary to a few Christian villagers. Jericho was reduced to a handful of forlorn huts; while in the hills of Palestine such walled towns as Nablus, Hebron and Ramallah, dozed through the years.

Christian pilgrims continued to come to Jerusalem and Bethlehem although, since the defeat of the Crusaders, they traveled by tens instead of by hundreds. The center of their interest in the Holy Land was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. It was cared for largely by the Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre, an organization of Greek Orthodox under the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Jerusalem. Through the millet system the Greek Patriarch in Constantinople was made responsible for all Greek Orthodox throughout the Empire. This worked well at first, but as time passed the shadow of graft fell upon the Holy Places. There were even occasions when the Patriarchate at Constantinople was sold to the highest bidder, who in turn collected large sums of money from the churches under him. Furthermore, the membership of the Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre was entirely Greek, while the Greek Orthodox congregations in Jerusalem and the Holy Land were local Arab Christians. Thus a gulf developed between the Brotherhood and the average members of the church, which became more serious as the Patriarch of Jerusalem and the hierarchy of

the church there were always chosen from members of the Greek Brotherhood.

Meanwhile, the Roman Catholics, or, as they are called in the Near East, the Latins, led difficult and often persecuted lives. When possible they were supported by the Catholic powers of Europe through the consuls of Venice and Geneva, and later by the French after they had received their capitulations. The only group of Latin Catholics to remain in the Holy Land throughout the entire Turkish period were the Franciscan monks who, since the days of the Crusaders, had maintained a small monastery on Mount Zion. They were able to move into their present building inside the city walls during the sixteenth century. They also were allowed to hold on to their churches at Jacob's Well near Nablus, the birthplace of John the Baptist at Ain Karem, and Nazareth. The head of the Franciscans in Jerusalem was known as the Custos of the Holy Places. As the years went by, he began to dress and act like a patriarch, partly to encourage his followers, but largely to impress the Turkish officials and thus make easier his dealings with them.

The completion of the much needed repairs and the rededication of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem was celebrated by a special Church Council which was held in 1672. The meeting was called by the Greek Patriarch and was attended by outstanding Christian leaders from all over the Levant. This Council marked a turning point in Christian affairs, and the years after it saw an increase in the number of Greek Orthodox pilgrims coming to Jerusalem and Bethlehem at Christmas and Easter time. Their number made up in part for the decrease in the Latin pilgrims reaching the Holy Land. During all these years the Protestant churches had no rights or important properties there. Traveling Protestants were sheltered, fed and guided about by the Greek Orthodox, the Armenians or the Franciscans.

The Jewish community in Palestine increased in size and importance under the millet system. In addition to Jews from Egypt, so many Sephardic Jews came from Spain, Portugal and Italy that at one time they outnumbered the local Arabic-speaking Jews. There was also an influx of Ashkenazis from Poland and other parts of northern Europe, until the Jewish quarter occupied a considerable part of the south central section of Jerusalem.

But the heart of Judaism in Palestine at that period was the town of Safad north of Lake Tiberias, which became a center for cabalistic scholarship. During the middle of the sixteenth century there were more than 15,000 Jews in Safad alone. They were supported largely by the farmers of the surrounding area, and were thus able to devote most of their time to study and devotion, including a great deal of religious dancing. It was said that "Safad had three thousand looms and nine thousand mystics."

When it became clear that eastern Galilee was not safe for colonization, an increasing number of Sephardic Jews gathered in Jerusalem. Throughout the next several centuries the Jewish community there produced some sound scholars and a remarkable number of extremely religious men. It remained in frequent, though difficult, contact with another of the Jewish centers. This was Hebron, where a small number of Jewish scholars and merchants held out against the often oppressive regulations of the local Moslem rulers and attacks by Bedouin tribes.

Further waves of Jewish settlers in the late seventeenth century were encouraged in part by the lenient policies of an upstart Bedouin chieftain named Zuhair al-Umar, who was then carving out a kingdom for himself in northern Transjordan and Galilee. Zuhair al-Umar was the shaikh of the Beni Zaidan, a tribe who grazed their flocks in the area north and west of the Sea of Galilee. In 1737 Zuhair led his Bedouin in raids which resulted in the capture of Safad and Tiberias. The inhabitants of these places had been so badly oppressed by the Turkish officials that they welcomed the invaders. Feeble efforts by the Turks from Damascus to drive him out were unsuccessful, and before long Zuhair added the towns of Beisan, Nazareth and Nablus to his principality. His energy increased as he grew older; in 1750, at the age of sixty-four, he captured the seaport of Acre and repaired its fortifications.

Wise marriages for his sons and daughters extended his domain into Transjordan and southern Syria. He encouraged the raising of cotton by the peasants in his lands and carried on a lively trade with Europe through French merchants, who at that time had a virtual monopoly on that Near Eastern crop. With his encouragement merchants from other Christian countries settled in the seaport of Acre, and its trade with Europe expanded. An unusual feature of the rule of Zuhair al-Umar was the equal treatment of Moslems, Christians, and Jews.

Unfortunately, Zuhair made a deal with his Bedouin cousins from Transjordan, under which they raided the Moslem pilgrimage caravan on its way to Mecca and he disposed of the loot. The Sultan in Constantinople could not tolerate this interference with the sacred *Hajj* and eventually had him assassinated. Dubious as such a character may sound to us today, Zuhair was actually one of the best men to rule in the area for many generations.

At his death control of the lands along the Jordan passed into the hands of a really unsavory adventurer by the name of Ahmad. He had been born a Christian in Bosnia in the Balkans. In order to escape the consequences of abnormal sex practices, while still comparatively young he made his way to Constantinople, where he sold himself profitably to a slave dealer. After various vicissitudes he became the property of Ali Bey, the ruler of Cairo, who recognized his sadistic tendencies and made him chief executioner. So diligent and imaginative was young Ahmad in his work as a torturer that he was given the surname of al-Jazzar, the Butcher. It is reported that he was very proud of this title and was always happy to show that he had not lost his skill. After getting into trouble in Egypt, al-Jazzar fled to Syria where he played a part in the liquidation of Zuhair. As a reward he was given the rule of Sidon, and proceeded to take control of Acre as well. During the course of various military campaigns he extended his domains into northern Transjordan and southern Syria, and ruled so successfully that in 1780 the Turks made him vali of Damascus. The modern visitor to Acre can visit the mosque built there by Ahmad al-Jazzar, although he will find that the Butcher is better remembered locally for his cruelty than for his piety.

From the Western point of view al-Jazzar is best known for his role in defeating Napoleon. In January of 1798 Napoleon, who was in Egypt, learned that the Turks were gathering an army in Syria to drive him from the Near East. He thereupon led twelve thousand of his troops along the difficult trail across the Sinai Peninsula into Palestine. The Frenchman had counted on help from the Christians of Palestine against their Ottoman rulers; but the wily al-Jazzar, suspecting that this might happen, had rounded up all the Christians he could find and moved them into the interior. Napoleon's men conquered Haifa and then found their way blocked by the walls of Acre. Without the aid of the French fleet, Napoleon had to depend on such artillery as his men had been able to drag across the sandy wastes of Sinai. These guns were no match for the cannon of al-Jazzar, who by now had

received Turkish reinforcements. Furthermore, the British navy sailed its ships close to the shore so that its guns could support the defenders of Acre.

For two months Napoleon tried unsuccessfully to dislodge al-Jazzar or to bottle him up in his seaport capital. But reinforcements from the north kept reaching the Butcher; Napoleon's ammunition and food supplies began to run low, and there was not enough water for his men. At last plague broke out among the Frenchmen. After a final unsuccessful attack on May 10, 1799, the discouraged French turned about and marched back across Sinai into Egypt. Napoleon is reported to have said, "If Acre had fallen, the history of the world would have been different."

Thanks to this successful defense of Acre, al-Jazzar's stock rose in Constantinople. He was given additional powers by the Turks, and used them to put down a revolt in Nablus with his usual severity. Then, after living in pomp and cruelty for four more years, he passed away peacefully in 1804, a rare example of a Levantine ruler of that period who died of old age.

A year after his death, a young Albanian officer by the name of Mohammed Ali, who was serving under the Turks, made himself master of Egypt. This ambitious man and his able son Ibrahim Pasha developed plans for freeing the Arab world from Turkish rule and setting up a kingdom of their own, which would run from Cairo and Mecca in the south through Jerusalem to Damascus and Aleppo. As no secrets are ever kept long in the Near East, Mohammed Ali's plan for an Arab state leaked out. The Moslems of Transjordan and Palestine, crushed by Turkish tax collectors and ever fearful of Bedouin raids, welcomed the idea. And because Mohammed Ali had treated the Christians of Egypt with fairness, the Christians of the Levant, particularly those in the Jerusalem area, supported the scheme. In the summer of 1832, after fighting his way across the Jordan River and up the Yarmuk Gorge into Syria, Ibrahim Pasha captured Damascus. For the next seven years his word was law in the Levant.

During the first years that he was in power Ibrahim stressed the the theme that this was a new age for the Arabs. In his proclamations he referred to the past glories of the Arab people and to their bright future. He reorganized the local governments in Palestine, Transjordan and Syria, enforcing both religious and civil equalities. Many oppressive taxes were ended, and lawless elements that had preyed on

trade were punished. A more mundane improvement was the building, in 1833, of Turkish baths in the old city of Jerusalem, some of which are in use today.

But as time went by, Mohammed Ali in Egyt found that he needed more money and soldiers. Acting under the direction of his father, Ibrahim Pasha imposed new and higher taxes on the citizens of Palestine and Transjordan. He organized a widespread system of conscription, under which hundreds of young men were taken from their homes in the villages to serve in his armies. When discontent showed itself he tried to disarm the population.

Revolts against his rule broke out in Palestine, starting in the restless towns of Nablus and Hebron and then spreading across the river to Transjordan. The insurrection was at last put down, but with so much severity that his earlier popularity vanished. Conditions went from bad to worse, until in 1840 Ibrahim Pasha was forced to leave. His failure, or rather that of his father Mohammed Ali, to form an Arab empire was partly due to Turkish and Western opposition. Equally important, however, was the fact that there was, as yet, no national feeling among the Arabs.

The leadership of the Near East now moved back to Constantinople, where in 1876 a new Sultan, Abdul Hamid II, came to power. A scheming and two-faced ruler, he at once appointed an enlightened statesman as his Grand Vizier and proclaimed a comparatively liberal constitution, which was widely acclaimed throughout the Turkish East. Abdul Hamid followed this by inaugurating a new parliament. Then, having quieted his more liberal subjects and calmed the fears of the Western powers, the arbitrary Sultan got rid of the vizier and suspended the constitution. For the next thirty-one years his rule was marked by tyranny and corruption.

Abdul Hamid used the Moslem faith for his own political ends. He set out to restore the power and popularity of the Caliphate and to identify himself with the strongest aspects of Islam. Holy men and Moslem theologians became prominent in his court in Constantinople, where the religious practices of Islam were strictly observed. A large number of Moslem missionaries were trained in a special college in Turkey and sent throughout the Islamic world to preach the benefits of the Moslem faith and the glories of the Sultan. Through friendly leaders in Mecca the agents of Abdul Hamid worked on the pilgrims, particularly non-Turkish elements such as the Arabs. Arab chiefs

and leaders, including those of Transjordan and Palestine, were given so many high honors that it came to be said in Constantinople, "The Turks run the Ministries, but the Arabs run the Palace." As part of this drive to win over the Arabs, Abdul Hamid decorated and repaired many important mosques in Mecca, Medina and Jerusalem.

It was under Abdul Hamid also that the reconquest of Transjordan from the Bedouin began. At his direction some twelve thousand Circassian refugees from the Russian Caucasus moved into the eastern highlands in the late 1870's and took over the best water-holes. By this move the Sublime Porte removed the problem of hordes of Circassian refugees in Turkey, while at the same time creating a bulwark against Bedouin in Transjordan.

The year 1880 saw two more waves of Circassian immigrants reach Transjordan; a large party from the Qabartay tribe came to Amman, while another from the Batharogh settled about eight miles west of that city around the clear springs of Wadi Seir. Two years later the colony in Amman was reinforced by a second group of Qabartay, who pitched their tents a little west of the first arrivals in what is now known as the Muhajireen Quarter. Muhajireen means immigrants, and many people mistakenly think this refers to refugees from the Palestine War, rather than to this much earlier group of Circassian refugees from the persecutions of the Tsar.

In 1901 still more Circassians arrived from Turkey and founded the village of Naour, where the new Point IV road starts down into the Valley of the Jordan. Then, about 1907, members of another tribe, the Chechens, also immigrated to Transjordan, taking up land around the springs at Zerka, later made famous by the Arab Legion, and at Swaileh and Shuneh on the road between Amman and the Jordan River. Finally, in 1909, a last group of Qabartay moved into the area around the springs at Ruseifeh ten miles east of Amman. All of these groups call themselves *Hijrat,* which is their word for immigrant. At first the various Circassian tribes had difficulty talking to one another, but gradually their dialects merged, and now they all understand each other adequately and are flourishing in their adopted land.

They were the first persons to bring wheeled carts to Transjordan since the days of the Crusades. Most of these were made in Jerash, where the Circassian settlers had access to the forests on the hills of Ajlun. They also had plows, and many fields in this part of Transjordan were tilled and planted for the first time in many centuries. The

Circassians brought water buffaloes, which did poorly except in a few of the river beds; but the oxen and cows which they introduced multiplied, although not as fast as the locally acquired sheep and goats which need relatively little pasture.

The Circassians, especially those of the Qabartay tribe, have always been known as breeders of fine horses and as expert horsemen. The relatively few horses they brought with them were well cared for, crossed with Arab steeds, and have produced a sturdy strain. The Circassians, however, never liked camels and do not even use them for carrying loads.

In rainy years the hard-working Circassian farmers are rewarded for their primitive efforts by bumper crops of wheat and barley, which are brought to the threshing floors in rough two-wheeled carts with high woven-reed bodies. The large threshing areas such as that east of Wadi Seir still present a fine sight in late summer, with piles of wheat twenty feet high. Between them, on circular threshing floors, Circassian boys ride sledges in endless circles over the golden grain, while their fathers toss the trampled wheat high into the air. The wind blows the chaff to one side and the wheat falls back, to be gathered in huge brown gunny sacks and taken by cart to caves and storerooms.

At harvest time they are helped by members of certain small Bedouin tribes. These "okies" of Transjordan, who move on donkeys or on foot with their women carrying their belongings, pitch forlorn tents beside the threshing floors for a few months and then drift away. Each year as many as seventy-five such tents turn the empty wadi south of Jabal Amman into a busy campsite whose camel-dung fires twinkle cheerfully in the late summer twilight. Although time, Circassian rifles, and Glubb's Desert Patrol have calmed the enmity between the Bedouin and the Circassian farmers, their ripening grain fields and rich threshing floors are still carefully guarded, and the occasional shots heard in their vicinity after dark are not all aimed at jackals.

During the last few years locusts have been fought by the Jordanian authorities and by international anti-locust patrols. Up until World War I, however, such modern organizations were unknown in Transjordan, and the Circassians had to resort to their own primitive methods of fighting the black swarms of hungry insects. In addition to beating drums and burning smoky fires, they regularly dispatched missions to Turkey, who brought back "locust water." This liquid

came from areas in Turkey which were free of locusts and had been blessed by persons known to have special powers against insects. Fields properly treated with "locust water" were believed by the Circassians to be locust repellent, and farmers whose fathers spent good money for this remarkable liquid still boast of its potency.

Even more serious for the Circassian commuunity than this insect infestation is the threat of drought. About one year in seven the wind fails to bring rain clouds from the southeastern Mediterranean, and the faint green that spreads every January across the Transjordanian hills withers and dies beneath the cloudless April sunshine. When no rain has fallen by December, the first resort of the Circassian settlers is special rain prayers which have been handed down from generation to generation. If these do not work, the farmers gather and sing rain songs, shouting and clapping their hands. On such occasions the children make a figure like a scarecrow, dress in old torn clothes, and march through the streets, stopping outside houses of farmers to sing their "rain songs." Many a householder will then "set God an example" by throwing a bucket of water over the singers, who are rewarded after the symbolic shower by presents of sweets and cakes.

Still another ceremony practiced by the Circassians to bring rain is known as *psi khadse*. This is based on the theory that, if water won't come to you, you should go to water. A group of farmers moves down the village street singing a "rain song"; the first person they meet is picked up as a sacrifice and thrown into the nearest pool or river. No true Circassian can refuse the honor of this sudden bath, be it man, woman or child, and the more important the person the more likelihood of rain.

Although wolves and jackals preyed on their flocks, swarms of locusts ate their wheat, and drought sometimes made their fields brown, the first danger to the Circassian settlements came from the Bedouin. Some tribes made treaties with the farmers, but most of them objected to having their water-holes taken over by outsiders, while they felt that anyone who stooped so low as to plow the ground, harvest grain, and live in a house was sent by Allah to be robbed. From the 1880's down to the mid-1930's, the history of the Circassians in Transjordan is full of incidents and battles with the Bedouin.

The second chapter in the reconquest of Transjordan occurred about the turn of the century when Sultan Abdul Hamid decided to build the Hejaz Railway. His purpose in this was both to help pacify

Transjordan and to make it easier for pilgrims to reach Mecca. A board of outstanding Moslem businessmen and divines was established for the railroad, and all Moslems throughout the world were asked to contribute to this worthy cause. About one-third of the total cost of the line was obtained in this way, the rest of the money being raised through special taxes, plus forced contributions from local officials. The survey for the line ran into opposition from the tribes of Transjordan and Arabia, which had in the past made money by supplying the pilgrimage with camels, or else had levied tribute upon the *Hajj* caravan as it passed through their domain. But this opposition was either shot down or bought off, and the building of the line began.

Moving slowly from Damascus, the railway reached Amman in 1902 but took another year to arrive at the city of Maan. It was a truly international project, being conceived by the Turks, planned by German engineers, and built with Italian skilled labor. The Circassians worked on the road as unskilled laborers, supervisors and timekeepers.

Some of the Bedouin tribes tried to stop the trains from running, for they saw them as a threat to their revenues. This opposition broke into open warfare, and the Turks did not have sufficient troops to protect the line. They, therefore, organized groups of Circassians, some of whom were placed in and around the railway stations, while units of Circassian cavalry patrolled the tracks. There were many bloody skirmishes at various parts of the railroad line, and incidents continued as late as World War I. Although it was never fast or efficient, the railroad proved a great blessing to east Jordan in general and the Circassians in particular. Thanks to it, they had a direct connection with Damascus and the outside world, in which they could market their surplus produce and which supplied many of them with good jobs as well.

In spite of Abdul Hamid, his spies and his repression of education, the passing years saw more young men from Transjordan and Palestine going to Beirut or Europe to be educated, and new ideas about freedom and democracy began to spread in the lands beside the Jordan. The existing American, French and British schools expanded, and German, Italian and Russian institutions came into the Near East, many of them centering in Jerusalem.

The first organized move toward Arab nationalism was the setting up in Beirut in 1875 of a revolutionary secret society. Its leaders were five young graduates of the recently established Syrian Protestant

College, now known as the American University of Beirut. Their goal was to drive the Turks out of the Levant, and although they were all Christians, they soon enlisted Moslems and Druzes in their society. Branches were set up in other cities, such as Jerusalem. After several years devoted to secret discussions of ways and means to overthrow the Turks, the revolutionaries began posting anonymous placards in the streets of the main towns, denouncing the abuses of Turkish rule and urging the people to rise. Many arrests were made and many houses searched, but the conspirators covered their tracks successfully for about four years. Then the pressure from the police and the Sultan's spies became so strong that the society burnt its records and ended its meetings.

In the spring of 1909 the Committee of Union and Progress deposed Abdul Hamid II and proclaimed the sixty-four-year-old Mohammed V as the new Sultan. He was a gentle nonentity who permitted the Turkish reformers to run the Empire as they chose; and they chose to run it by and for Turks. The period of inter-racial friendship was now over, and societies such as the Ottoman-Arab Fraternity were banned. The Arab leaders in Jerusalem, as well as those in the more provincial centers of Nablus, Hebron and Salt, realized that they had little future in this new Turkish pattern; their only hope lay in independence and in the expulsion of the Turks from Arab lands.

One step in this direction was the formation by them of public associations such as the Arab Literary Club. Although its official headquarters were in Constantinople, its real strength lay in Damascus, Jerusalem, Nablus and Mecca. A somewhat similar society was the Decentralization Party, which was organized in Cairo late in 1912. Its founders were Arabs of political stature, who used it to set up an elaborate party machine. The Decentralization Party had branches in Jerusalem, Hebron, Nablus, Salt and the growing town of Amman. By 1913 the members of its central committee had become the spokesmen of the political aspirations of the Arabs. In addition to such overt organizations, two secret societies carried on the work of preparing for a revolt.

Thus, by 1914 educated and progressive Arabs had become convinced that they must put an end to Turkish rule. The most important among them was Hussein, the Sharif of Mecca, and from the Hejaz to Aleppo thousands of Arab patriots were ready to follow his lead. In fact, a revolt against the Turks was long overdue. Not only had the

people living along the Jordan discovered Western ideas, but the people of the West had, in the nineteenth century, rediscovered Jordan. Some of their adventures are worth recounting before we continue with the story of the Arab Revolt.

The West Rediscovers the Holy Land

At the opening of the nineteenth century only a handful of Westerners made the pilgrimage each year from the Mediterranean to Jerusalem, Bethlehem and the River Jordan. They rarely strayed from this beaten path, and almost no European had visited the highlands of Transjordan since the ending of the Crusades. Akaba was known vaguely as an unimportant seaport. The location and even the existence of Petra had been forgotten. The great Crusader Castle at Kerak had been seen by few Western eyes for 600 years. That there were Arab palaces still standing in the desert of Transjordan was unsuspected. Travelers in Jerusalem and Jericho heard stories of the Roman ruins in Jerash and Amman, but they were unverified, as were tales of the black cities in the lava desert of northeast Jordan such as Umm al-Jimal. Apart from Greek, Roman and Crusader references, the country east of the Jordan was a blank on Western maps when Napoleon fought his way up the coast of Palestine. The Turkish rulers discouraged travel, the Moslem population of the towns was unfriendly to strangers, especially Christians, while the Bedouin and robbers were a law to themselves outside city walls.

But Napoleon's feats stimulated new interest in the Levant, as it did in so many things Eastern. In the years that followed, a growing number of Westerners moved about, not only in Palestine but even in Transjordan, until almost everything of interest from Nablus to Hebron and from Jerash to Petra had been seen and recorded. By the end of the century Palestine had an adequate network of carriage

roads, while it was possible for the more adventurous to travel in Transjordan with only moderate danger from robbers or Bedouin.

Apart from the early pioneers such as the German scholar Seetzen, who rediscovered Jerash in 1802, and the Swiss Arabist John L. Burckhardt, the first European to see Petra since the Crusades, the Westerners visiting Jordan during the nineteenth century fell into four main categories: explorers, pilgrims, gentlemen travelers, and missionaries or monks.

The American naval officer William F. Lynch was the first modern Westerner to row down the entire length of the Jordan and to explore the Dead Sea. Lynch came ashore through the surf in the harbor of Haifa in April of 1848. With him were the American vice-consul from Acre and several companions. He brought a *laissez-passer* signed by the Grand Vizier of the Turkish Sultan in Constantinople, a mountain of baggage and two metal boats. They had been made in Brooklyn and were named the "Fanny Mason" and the "Fanny Skinner." After disregarding dire warnings that the Jordan Valley was unsafe for Christians, and bypassing the bribe-hungry local governor, the enterprising young naval officer organized his own caravan, loading his boats on two carts. Finding that horses were unobtainable, he harnessed three camels to each of the vehicles and set off with his command, which included two other officers, ten American sailors, a bow-legged cook, and an escort of fifteen spear-wielding Bedouin on Arab steeds.

Five days and many adventures later, the strange cavalcade reached the little settlement of Tiberias, and the craft from Brooklyn, plus a wooden boat bought locally, were soon floating on the calm surface of the Sea of Galilee. A last-minute effort to stop the expedition was made by a villager who told them that an Englishman named Molyneux had descended the Jordan River the year before but had died upon reaching the Dead Sea. Lt. Lynch listened politely, then set sail across the Sea of Galilee to the spot where it emptied into the Jordan River. Thence for two hundred miles the expedition followed the winding course of the River. Occasionally they moved on calm water, but more frequently they bumped over sandbars, were tossed in rapids and banged against boulders. Steep mud banks caved in as they moved past, and they often had to clear the channel of fallen timber and debris. Several times the boats were nearly wrecked on the ruins of bridges. Once they almost went over a waterfall, and several

portages were needed where the river was impassable. All the while they felt the gaze of spying Bedouin eyes.

The explorers knew they were nearing the Dead Sea when they looked up to see a group of pilgrims dressed in white gowns decorated with black crosses, bathing in the holy water at the presumed spot where Christ had been baptized. Singing, shouting and praying all at the same time, these men, women and children spent three hours being baptized in the Jordan and then disappeared in the direction of Jerusalem.

When the last shallow was finally crossed, the much-battered boats moved out on to the heavy waters of the Dead Sea. A strong wind was blowing and the tired explorers were covered with strange-smelling salt spray, which almost blinded them and caused sharp pain in every cut and scratch. Recalling the Arab tradition that no one could sail on the "Salt Sea" and live, the party camped beside a brackish spring surrounded with dead locusts. The Americans found they could swim quite easily in the Dead Sea, whose high chemical content kept them well above the water. However, a horse and a donkey that they pushed into the sea did not have such good luck, and had to be rescued when they turned over on their backs.

In spite of the heat, the salt spray, the heavy air and the strange stillness, the expedition spent the next week moving back and forth across the sea making careful records of locations, distances, temperatures, and the pressure of the barometer at that, the lowest place on earth. They even climbed up to Kerak as guests of the local Christian community, though the Moslems were far from hospitable.

Once the survey of the Dead Sea was finished, the wooden boat from Tiberias was left anchored near the shore, with an American flag nailed to its mast, and the members of the expedition set out for the Mediterranean with their iron boats again on the camel carts. Some days later they arrived at Beirut, badly exhausted but with the satisfaction of knowing that they had completed the first modern navigation and survey of the Jordan River and the Dead Sea.

The second kind of Western traveler to reach Palestine in those days was the pilgrim, often an educated person with an interest in some particular aspect of the Holy Places. Such a man was Robert Curzon,

an English gentleman and a student of religious manuscripts and unusual church services. In pursuit of this goal Curzon, who must not be confused with his relative Lord Curzon, later Viceroy of India, came to the Holy Land in the spring of 1834. There he visited such monasteries as Mar Saba and St. George in the Wadi Qilt and attended many religious services in Jerusalem. Curzon described in detail his terrible experiences while watching the Ceremony of the Holy Fire, which that year became a massacre. This rite was then and still is—in a safer form—celebrated each year in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre by the Greek Orthodox community, to whom the igniting of fire inside the Tomb appears as an annual miracle.

On the evening of Greek Good Friday he went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where the Roman Catholic monks with whom he was staying gave him and his companions a place in their gallery for the night. When he awoke the next morning he found the building so crowded that some worshippers were moving about by crawling over the heads of others. As time went on, the heat and confusion increased; pilgrims were carried away by the excitement and began to scream like madmen. At last a squad of soldiers entered the church, and by using the butt ends of their muskets opened a path through which Ibrahim Pasha, the ruler of Syria and Palestine, proceeded to the royal gallery where a divan had been prepared for him. According to an old custom he was greeted by an irreverent-looking parade led by three monks "playing crazy fiddles," while on his appearance the hundreds of women in the Church set up a strange shrill cry.

By noon it seemed that the heat and tension could grow no greater. At last a procession of magnificently dressed priests appeared and, led by the Greek Patriarch, moved three times around the Saviour's Tomb. After this the Patriarch took off his outer robes of shining silver and proceeded into the Sepulchre where Jesus was buried.

There is a small hole in the south side of the marble chapel which surrounds the rock walls of the Tomb. To this a Greek gentleman was escorted by a guard of soldiers, and word spread that the wealthy pilgrim had paid 10,000 piasters for the right to receive the Holy Fire, an honor believed to guarantee his eternal salvation. Silence descended upon the crowd as this man prayed before the opening in the Sepulchre. Then a flame appeared out of the Tomb, coming from a bundle of wax candles burning inside an iron frame. The "fire taker" passed the light to the priests and pilgrims next to him, and soon the Holy

Flame had jumped from candle to candle and from torch to torch, until the darkened interior of the Church was alight with tiny fires. Everywhere pilgrims waved their lighted tapers above their heads, often holding the flame against their hands and faces in order to purify themselves of their sins. The Patriarch then emerged from the locked door of the Sepulchre and was carried from the Church in a fainting condition on the shoulders of his clergymen.

The interior of the Church was darkened by columns of smoke pouring up from thousands of candles and torches. The smell became terrific, and the heat so great that Curzon saw three unfortunate pilgrims fall from the upper gallery of the Rotunda upon the mass of people below. Not far from him a seventeen-year-old Armenian girl fell over dead. At this point Ibrahim Pasha left the Church, his guards opening a line for him by force through the ranks of candle-waving pilgrims. Curzon could hear terrible shouts and cries around the door of the Church after the Pasha had left, but paid little attention to them.

After a while he and his friends worked their way down from the gallery and across the floor of the Rotunda to the spot where it is believed that the Virgin Mary stood during the Annointment. Looking about, he was amazed to see people lying all over the floor of the Church. Pushed on by the press of the crowd behind, Curzon was forced to step upon them; it was only then that he realized they were dead. Many of their faces were black from suffocation, while others had been stamped into a bloody mass by the feet of the surging crowd. Climbing slowly over these heaped up bodies, Curzon reached the entrance hall of the Church, between the main south doorway and the marble that marks where the body of Christ was laid to be annointed after the Crucifixion. There he was stopped by a sea of worshippers who had lost their heads and were fighting madly to get out. At this some of the Moslem guards, finding themselves crushed by the mob, fixed their bayonets and began stabbing at them, while other soldiers beat out the brains of frantic worshippers with the butts of their rifles. All who fell were trampled to death by those behind, and in their fear and panic pilgrims began to grapple with each other. Before Curzon knew what was happening, his coat was seized by an officer of the Pasha's bodyguard, and the two of them fell down, wrestling, upon the body of an old man. With a prodigious effort, Curzon fought free from his assailant, who was soon trampled to death under the crowd.

For some minutes after this the press of worshippers was so great that Curzon could not move in any direction and could scarcely breathe. Then the crowd thinned again and the pilgrims began tearing at each other in their efforts to reach the door. Curzon decided to go sideways rather than forward. After a fearful engagement with a "thin half-naked man whose legs were smeared with blood," the English visitor was able to work his way across the carpet of fallen bodies and around the walls of the Church until he reached the Rotunda, where many of the pilgrims were still waving their tapers and praying, oblivious to the horror at the Church door. From it he gained the safety of the Roman Catholic sacristy, where he and his friend spent two hours in prayer. Then, having heard that the Church was almost empty, they made their way into the open air, past a mound of bodies still lying in the entrance to the Church, at the foot of the Mount of Calvary.

The third type of visitor was that of wealthy young men, usually with an interest in writing, who extended their grand tours of Europe to include a visit to the Holy Places. One of the earliest of these was an amateur English novelist and somewhat over-dressed dandy who visited the Near East in the early 1830's. A result of his trip was the romantic novel called *Tancred*. A more important result was the understanding his trip gave him of the importance to England of the Near East. This, undoubtedly, played a part in his later thinking when, as Prime Minster of England, Benjamin Disraeli had that country invest heavily in the shares of the Suez Canal.

By the 1860's travel in Palestine was no longer dangerous and the travelers became tourists. These were the days when the upper classes had the money to travel and plenty of time to enjoy what they saw. A series of travel books resulted, telling of "adventures with the wild Bedouin." They might be full of passages such as, "after sketching the great ruins for three days, we rode our spirited Arab steeds eight miles to a sheltered spot beside a waterfall and camped there for the weekend; not uncomfortable, since the six servants which each of us employed took good care of our tents, our baggage, our guns, our whiskey and ourselves."

The first guide book on Palestine and Jordan came out in German

in 1875, a truly pioneer effort. By a generation later a useful edition of Baedeker's *Palestine and Syria* was available, based to a considerable extent on first-hand material provided by a longtime resident of Jerusalem. Even then, however, many Turkish officials took a dim view of travel in the Holy Land, for some copies of that edition of Baedeker contained a yellow slip which read: "The excessive zeal of the Turkish censorship sometimes even extends to the confiscation of guide-books. The traveler is therefore advised to place this volume in his pocket before crossing the Turkish frontier or entering a Turkish port."

According to this guide book, "The great majority of travelers in the Holy Land entrust themselves to the guidance of a Dragoman . . . The so-called dragomans in the towns are, however, nothing more than *valets-de-place*, who usually speak English, French, and German. They will be found useful in the crooked Oriental streets but . . . no confidence should be placed in their explanation of the antiquities. . . ."

A tourist who certainly placed little confidence in the explanations given him by dragomen was Samuel Clemens, familiarly known as Mark Twain. In 1867 the editors of a newspaper called *Alta California* paid Mark Twain's expenses on a tour around the Mediterranean. During the course of that leisurely trip the American humorist wrote a series of weekly letters, which were combined two years later in that delightful travel book entitled *The Innocents Abroad.* Of it Mark Twain said that it was "only a record of a picnic, but what a picnic it was!" Following adventures in many parts of the Mediterranean, Mark Twain and the other innocents landed in Beirut, where he reported that they were a fearful nuisance to the American consul.

After being over charged for everything there, Mark Twain and his seven traveling companions "roughed it" over the mountains to Damascus, with only twenty-six pack mules and nineteen serving men to help them. Whenever a halt was made for the night these worthies put up five stately circus tents, "brilliant within with blue and gold and crimson and all manner of splendid ornaments." In them each night were set eight iron bedsteads equipped with mattresses and pillows, along with a table generously supplied with pitchers, basins, soap and water. Thick carpets were spread on the ground beneath the tents, and Mark Twain felt ashamed of the blanket which he had brought along as his only camping equipment. When darkness fell the servants produced gleaming candlesticks for each tent, and the ringing of a bell called the travelers to their dining tent, which was "high enough for

a family of giraffes to live in and was very handsome and clean and bright colored within . . . a gem of a place." A table was set for eight, complete with silver candlesticks, tablecloth and white napkins. There a parade of waiters in baggy trousers and fezzes served a "sparse" supper of roast mutton, roast chicken, roast goose, potatoes, pudding, bread and tea, apples, and grapes. This sustained the travelers throughout the short night hours until the breakfast of "hot mutton chops, fried chicken, omelette, fried potatoes and coffee, which prepared them for the day's ride."

The trail over the mountain to Damascus was crowded with other caravans, mule trains and lines of camels, to which Mark Twain had a particular aversion. He noted that, when being loaded, they looked "like a goose swimming," but when they were standing up they looked "like an ostrich with an extra set of legs."

From Damascus Mark Twain and his companions rode southwest along the old caravan trail past Caesarea Phillippi. Further south the vegetation must have given out completely, for there the innocents passed a herd of goats "gratefully eating gravel"; at least Mark Twain presumed they were eating gravel, for there was nothing else for them to eat.

The country west of the Sea of Galilee, however, put him in a lyrical mood. Of it he wrote: "The plain of Esdraelon—the battlefield of the nations—sets one to dreaming of Joshua, and Benhadad, and Saul, and Gideon; Tamerlane, Tancred, Coeur de Lion, and Saladin; the warrior Kings of Persia, Egypt's heroes, and Napoleon—for they all fought here. If the magic of the moonlight could summon from the graves of forgotten centuries and many lands the countless myriads that have battled on this wide, far-reaching floor, and array them in the thousand strange costumes of their hundred nationalities, and send the vast host sweeping down the plain, splendid with plumes and banners and glittering lances, I could stay here an age to see the phantom pageant. But the magic of the moonlight is a vanity and a fraud; and who so putteth his trust in it shall suffer sorrow and disappointment."

Two hours beyond Mt. Tabor lay Nazareth, where the innocents viewed the Grotto of the Annunciation, and where Mark Twain noted that the Holy Family seemed always to be living in caves. Thence they rode to Ein Dor, or Endor, where it appeared the witch sought out by King Saul still lived among the howling beggars who milled around the entrance to a gloomy cavern.

That night they camped in Jenin and, because their guides were in a

hurry, got up shortly after midnight to push on past the pit into which Joseph was thrown by his brethren. On a hill near the trail they visited the ruins of Samaria, the former home of the good Samaritan "who was not then in residence." His place had been taken by dozens of aggressive beggars and guides, who sold handfuls of Roman coins and collected *baksheesh* for showing the ruins of a Crusader church where once had lain the body of John the Baptist.

Egged on by their dragomen, the innocents left the Nablus area and rode until ten that night—a nineteen-hour day—only to be routed out of their beds at two in the morning by their over-enthusiastic guides. At last, when it seemed they could stand no more, the city of Jerusalem rose before them, "perched on its eternal hills, white and domed and solid." Mark Twain estimated that its population was then 14,000. Early in the afternoon they passed through the Damascus Gate and found themselves in the narrow streets of the Holy City.

The American travelers were delighted by the little plastered domes set in almost every roof, and by the lattice-work wooden cages projecting from most of the windows. Mark Twain felt that "to reproduce a Jerusalem street, it would only be necessary to up-end a chicken coop and hang it before each window in an alley of American houses." He found the streets badly paved and so narrow that the cats jumped across them without trouble. "In fact, the cats could have jumped twice as far without trouble." He noticed that the population was made up of Moslems, Jews and Christians of all sorts, with only a hundred Protestants among them. He was depressed by the empty spaces and multitude of wretched beggars, so that he wrote, "Jerusalem is mournful and dreary and lifeless. I would not desire to live here."

The first goal of the innocents was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which was viewed in all its dust and splendor, leaving Mark Twain edified but more depressed than ever. He did not miss a relic or a shrine, from the grave of Jesus to the sword of Godfrey de Bouillon. But he was not impressed by the column marking the exact center of the earth, or the story that dust was taken from under this to make Adam who, "though only a cousin, was nevertheless a relative of his."

Mark Twain listened open-mouthed and not always believing, as a fast-talking guide led the innocents under the Ecce Homo Arch and along the Via Dolorosa. At one point the guide showed them one of the stones mentioned by Christ when, during his triumphal entry into

Jerusalem among the shouting crowd, he told the Pharisees, "I tell you if these were silent, the very stones would cry out." Mark Twain asserted that the stones did not cry out, to which the guide replied, "this is one of the stones that would have cried out."

Clemens felt fortunate in being allowed to see the inside of the Mosque of Omar for, up to a year or two before his coming, Christians had been forbidden to enter the Dome of the Rock. But he thought there was reason to question the story that the Rock was suspended in midair.

As the days passed by, the innocents gazed carefully, if not solemnly at the Pool of Bethesda, the Pool of Hezekiah, the Pool of Gihon, and the Pool of Siloam. They climbed the Hill of Evil Council, the Hill of Offense, and the Hill of Ophel. They looked at the Tomb of Absalom, the Tomb of St. James, and the Tomb of Zacharias. At last they were "surfeited with sights." Human nature could stand no more, and the innocents began to sleep late and linger long over their breakfast before setting out for such sites as the Tombs of the Kings. A change was clearly in order, and they decided to ride down to Jericho and have a look at the River Jordan. On the way they passed through Bethany, which is not much of a town today—it must have been less of a one a hundred years ago. When Mark Twain was shown the Tomb of Lazarus he felt it "more desirable as a residence than any house in Bethany." From there they rode down the steep switch-back trail that leads through the Wilderness of Judaea to the valley of the Dead Sea. Mark Twain thought that Jericho had not yet recovered from the destruction wrought by Joshua's trumpets. But the innocents slept there nonetheless and, as usual, were turned out of bed at two in the morning for the ride to the River. It was very dark when they reached the Jordan, and Clemens took a miserable nap under a bush until he was awakened by the singing of his companions as they marched solemnly into the muddy waters of the stream. Not to be outdone, Mark Twain joined the others, and they all waded over to the east bank and then back again, to sit on the west shore and wait for the sun to rise and warm them. But the sun did not rise, so they filled some bottles with river water and rode off while it was still too dark to get a view of the place they had come so far to see.

A two-hour ride brought the party to the Dead Sea whose "heavy brooding silence" made even the genial Mark Twain "think of funerals and death." They had been warned of the painful effects of swimming

there, but found the buoyant water only mildly uncomfortable. Mark Twain's chief comment on the Dead Sea was to note that a horse could neither swim nor stand in that body of water but promptly turned on its side. After more than an hour in the water, the party climbed out on the beach, "shining like icicles under their coating of brine." After scrubbing themselves free of salt they rode off towards Christ's birthplace, disappointed at not seeing the pillar of salt that had been Lot's wife.

Once inside the little town of Bethlehem they hurried to the Church of the Nativity, where Mark Twain was "so compassed about by monks and beggars and pilgrims and over-decorated grottoes that he was unable to think the meditations suitable to so holy a spot." It was with relief that he sank at last on the bed of his Jerusalem hotel, ready and anxious to say goodbye to the sanctuaries of the Holy Land.

The final category of nineteenth century visitors to the Holy Land was made up of the missionaries and clerics who took up residence there. Around the middle of the century they increased in numbers until their ranks can now be counted in the hundreds. For most Protestants, the best known missionary group in Jerusalem is the American colony, which runs the hotel of the same name. The matriarch of this organization is Mrs. Bertha Vester, a remarkable doer of good deeds, hotel keeper, and friend of the world's great. Born Bertha Spafford in Chicago, she first arrived in Jerusalem in 1881. Except for short intervals, she has spent her life in and around the Holy City, thus making her the oldest American resident of Jordan.

There were no electric lights in those days, and the future Mrs. Vester and the other children of the American colony, who lived inside the walls, found the dark streets and darker churches of Jerusalem exciting and mysterious. Until a few years before their arrival the city gates were shut at sunset, but by then Palestine had become a little safer, so the Damascus and Jaffa Gates were left ajar at night. Almost no Palestinians wore Western clothes, and their brightly colored costumes, varying from village to village, delighted the Americans. Jerusalem was waking up after its long sleep and a building boom was beginning, while some of the city's streets were being paved with cobblestones. One of the favorite playgrounds for the American

children was the supply depot of Thomas Cook and Sons, where there was a beautiful *terebinth* tree. They were told that Turkish rule in Palestine would end when this tree died. Strangely enough, this happened in 1917, only a few months before General Allenby and his British troops entered Palestine in triumph.

As the years went by, the American colonists became better known, and many interesting and important visitors to Jerusalem dropped in for a cup of tea on the flat roof of their house in the Old City, set high above the Damascus Gate. One of the most famous of these was General Charles Gordon, frequently referred to as "Chinese Gordon" because he had occupied Peking as head of the "Ever Victorious Army."

General Gordon was interested in Bible history, and he spent many evenings talking about the antiquities of Jerusalem. One of the problems which interested the General was the location of Calvary. He noted that the Bible says Christ was crucified *outside* of the walls of Jerusalem, so he questioned the placing of Calvary inside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is well within the present walls. From the Spafford's roof Gordon was able to look across to a hill which stands a few hundred yards to the north of the city walls, about midway between the Damascus and Herod Gates. Two caves and a rocky projection on the steep southern face of this hill give the appearance of a skull. General Gordon came to the conclusion that this must be the true Golgotha, "the place of the skull," mentioned in Matthew 27:33 and the other Gospels. It happened that this site had recently been bought by a wealthy Greek, and his excavations there laid bare a tomb cut in the rock about a hundred yards to the west of the cliff of the skull. The tomb answered the description of the one owned by Joseph of Arimathea, in which Christ was laid to rest.

General Gordan was killed in 1885 during his heroic defense of Khartoum, but the idea of "Gordon's Calvary" being the true site of the Crucifixion gained some acceptance in England. A society was formed and money was raised to buy the tomb and the land around it. Added support for the correctness of Gordon's theories was found when the new site was cleared, revealing the foundations of an early church. Although the best evidence suggests that this was not the site of Calvary and the Tomb of Christ, nevertheless the Garden Tomb is worth a visit, for it shows what a tomb of that period was like. A growing number of persons, most of them Protestants, visit it each

year. The Easter sunrise service at the Garden Tomb is one of the most moving of those celebrated in the Holy City.

The American colonists had not been long in Jerusalem before they began to care for the sick, particularly the children of the Jerusalem poor, and this work was expanded into a clinic hospital. They also ran a soup kitchen which kept alive many thousands of the poor of all sects. In summer the colonists helped friendly peasants and it was through their efforts that the first potato was grown in Jerusalem.

Mrs. Vester's father died in 1888. Although he had been its guiding spirit, the American colony was by now firmly planted and continued to grow. As the number of its members increased to over eighty, their housing situation became acute. By good fortune the group was able to buy one of the mansions of the Husseini family outside the Damascus Gate. Hardly had they moved in when travelers began asking to be put up for the night. Before they knew it they were in the hotel business, and they still maintain the American colony hostelry that is well known to many visitors for the attractive tile work in its entrance hall, its beautiful central courtyard and colorful upstairs sitting room. The first telephone in Jerusalem was installed between the building and its store. It produced a great sensation for, as one Bedouin said, "It's like pinching a dog's tail in Jerusalem and he barks in Jericho."

Another event which brought Jerusalem closer to the Western world was the completion in 1892 of a narrow gauge railway from the Holy City to the port of Jaffa. The arrival of the first train was celebrated in typically Turkish style, with a discordant military band and the serving of coffee and sweets to the notables of Jerusalem in a huge tent lined with arabesque patchwork.

In addition to the American colony, many other Protestant groups established missions in the Holy Land during the late nineteenth century. These included the Anglicans, the Presbyterians, the Baptists and the Lutherans. There are also several non-conformist groups, of whom the most important are the Assembly of God, the Christian and Missionary Alliance, the Holy Land Christian Approach Mission, and the Zion Christian Mission. In contrast to the various Orthodox and Catholic churches which have a strong position in Palestine, exercise rights at the Holy Places, and have long owned large properties, most of the Protestant groups have no special rights in any of the im-

portant Holy Places, and with a few exceptions their properties are not impressive.

An exception is the Anglican Episcopal Church which grew out of the work of British missionaries who came to Jerusalem soon after the Napoleonic wars. After a period of joint activity with the Prussians, Dr. Blyth, the Archdeacon of Rangoon, was consecrated as Bishop of the Church of England in Jerusalem in March 1887. During his tenure the Cathedral Church of St. George the Martyr was built on a fine site north of the Damascus Gate, and serves as the center of Anglican work in the Holy Land.

Most of the Protestant groups in the Holy Land run schools, hospitals, clinics or orphanages. All the Protestant sects taken together, however, form only a small minority of the Christians in the Holy Land. The largest of the Christian communities is that of the Greek Orthodox, or Greek Church, whose Patriarch traces his succession back to Saint James, the "brother of the Lord." When Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans in 70 A.D. the seat of that Church was moved to the coastal town of Caesarea. Then, when the Crusaders took over the Holy Land, the Greek Orthodox Patriarch was exiled to Constantinople where he remained until 1876, when he returned to Jerusalem. He heads the ancient Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre, which is charged with the guardianship of many of its Holy Places and presides over a flock of some 60,000 Christian Arabs.

The second largest Christian community is that of the Latin, or Roman Catholics. Although they have ties in Jerusalem going back to the first century, the Latin Catholics first obtained a firm foothold in the Jerusalem-Bethlehem area during the Crusades, when many hundreds of Roman Catholics came to the Holy Land from Europe. The Latin Patriarchate of Jerusalem was established in 1099. The Turkish government in 1535 recognized the government of France as the official protector of the interests of Catholics throughout the Near East. This resulted in the Franciscans being designated under the millet system as the official representatives of all Western Christians. The Latin Catholic position was further strengthened by the Papal Bull of 1633, which recognized the members of the Franciscan Order as custodians of the Holy Land.

The Franciscan Order is still an important one. Other Catholic Orders which own churches, monasteries, and properties in and around

Jerusalem include the Jesuits, the Benedictines, the Dominicans, the Carmelites, and the Lazarists.

Lastly, from the viewpoint of ties with the West, there are in Jerusalem churches which acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope in Rome, while at the same time maintaining their Eastern customs and liturgies. These are the Greek Catholics, Armenian Catholics, Syrian Catholics, Ethiopian Catholics, Chaldean Catholics, and the Maronites. They are known as the Uniates and come under the general category of Catholic believers. The largest Uniate congregation is that of the Greek Catholics, whose Archbishop resides in Amman.

This expansion of churches in Jerusalem during the last 150 years has resulted in a substantial increase in the number of religious persons from Europe and America living in the Holy City. The close religious and financial ties, particularly between the Catholics and Rome, the Anglicans and England, and many of the Protestants with the United States, has caused a renewed interest in Jerusalem throughout much of the Western world.

While this return of the Christians to Jerusalem was the most profound aspect of the Western rediscovery of the Holy Land, the most theatrical incident was the tour of the German Kaiser Wilhelm II in 1898. This visit-to-end-all-visits to Jerusalem was unique in many ways. Most pilgrims who go to the Holy Land find themselves changed or made over by the trip. In the case of the Kaiser, it was not the pilgrim but the Holy Land which was made over. To help him get ashore at Haifa a new pier was built into the Mediterranean. In order that the royal visitor might move comfortably the road from Haifa through Jaffa to Jerusalem and on to Bethlehem was resurfaced. The telegraph system of Palestine was modernized and a line run from Jerusalem down to Jericho, though the Kaiser never got that far. To improve the route to the German Lutheran Church in Bethlehem, rows of old houses were removed and several new streets constructed. The unsightly sheds which covered Christian and David Streets in the Old City were taken down, and the fronts of the shops along the way were scrubbed and whitewashed.

In the area of the Haram, or Temple, the front of the arcades was covered with plaster and painted in curious designs, considered to be arabesque, the front of the Aksa Mosque being painted yellow. A long stretch of road to Nabi Daoud, just south of the city and east of Mount Zion, was widened so that the Kaiser could go by carriage to

receive the land on which the Church of the Dormition now stands. Hundreds of stray dogs were rounded up and done away with, while dozens of beggars were collected by the police and sent to nearby villages, with instructions not to return during the visit of the great man. And, for the first time in the history of the Holy City, lamps were hung on some of the streets outside the walls and kept lighted at night, to the great amazement of the inhabitants.

Up until this time there had been no street in the Old City big enough to take a four-wheeled carriage. As part of the plans for the Kaiser's visit, it was decided to construct a carriage road from the Jaffa Gate on the west of the City to the Temple area in the east. This proved too long and costly to be completed, but sections of some lanes were made wider, including the stretch of street by the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, whose surprising width for one block puzzles many visitors.

In addition to these more lasting improvements dozens of gaudy triumphal arches were put up over the main streets by various communities. The largest of these was erected by the Jews of Jerusalem, a brightly colored span which bore the words in German and in Hebrew, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Eternal. We greet him from the house of the Eternal." On top of the much-widened Jaffa Gate was a huge imitation eagle, whose wings were as broad as the doorway was wide, and whose tongue was more than six inches long. In a burst of symbolism quite befitting the occasion there was a crown on the head of the eagle, while on top of the crown was a cross.

Each night the party was to return to their camp, organized by Thomas Cook and Sons in an open space on the Street of the Prophet, where the German hospice and school now stand. Prefabricated bedrooms had been sent from Germany and put up on this spot, along with several magnificently ornamented tents in which the Kaiser would receive his guests.

At last the day came and a glittering procession moved towards Jerusalem. Its approach was heralded by an oversized brass band which filled the air with Turkish renditions of German marches. All of Jerusalem lined the royal route that day and cheered as the procession came in sight. Before it high officials dashed about on horseback and kept the way clear for hundreds of Turkish troops and a company of smart German sailors that led the march, along with a squadron of dashing Arab lancers.

A gasp of amazement went up from the crowd at the sight of the Kaiser's bodyguard of giant Uhlans in white uniforms. In their center rode Kaiser Wilhelm the Second, Emperor of Germany and "Rising Star of the East." On his head balanced a helmet of shining brass, topped by a ponderous eagle with outspread wings. Over his ornate white uniform, heavy with medals, he wore a flowing cloak of white silk, interwoven with silver like the shimmering armor of a Crusader. Going at times by carriage, at times on horseback, and at times on foot, the Kaiser and his entourage moved about the Holy City. They visited the Holy Sepulchre and spent several hours at the Church of the Redeemer, whose cornerstone had been laid by the Kaiser's grandfather, the King of Prussia, on the spot where the Knights Hospitaler once had their shelter for pilgrims.

One of the side trips made by the imperial visitors was to the Mount of Olives over a carriage road made especially for this occasion. One of its curves was very sharp, and some of those around the Kaiser smiled inwardly at his suggestion that it must be widened in order that artillery could use it. But the curve was widened, and less than twenty years later German howitzers actually rounded that turn on their way to fight the British in World War I.

The Kaiserin was deeply impressed by the view from the Mount of Olives and said she wished to own some land there. As a result, an appeal went out to all religious Germans. Enough money was raised to buy a magnificent site on the top of the Mount of Olives and to build the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria Stiftung, or Hospice.

The Hospice was inaugurated in 1910 as a rest home for German missionaries and such other visitors to the Holy Land as wished to pay its rather substantial fees. There they could refresh their minds and strengthen their tired bodies, eating in the Wagnerian splendor of the vast dining hall and sitting in a drawing room whose elaborate furniture and great dimensions would not have been out of place in Valhalla; or they could admire the statues of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin dressed as Crusaders, in the open court and their likenesses painted on the ceiling of the chapel.

While the wealthier German pilgrims enjoyed its schloss-like luxury, almost everyone felt that the Augusta Victoria was designed as a retreat for the Kaiser and his wife when, on some future day, they would retire to Jerusalem. But whatever the original purpose, the place was plagued by bad luck. It had been built for less than twelve

months when a tremendous wind storm blew away part of its roof. After two years of repair work announcements were sent out that it would be opened formally on the first day of August, 1914. By coincidence that was the date on which World War I began. After the war the Germans could no longer maintain the Stiftung in the style in which it was intended, and it was taken over as Government House for the British mandate. After a few years of such glory the building was hit by the earthquake of 1927. In addition to more serious damage, a stone from the high bell tower fell through the roof of its chapel, knocking a hole in the picture of the Kaiser on the ceiling. Following this, the Government House was moved elsewhere, and the huge building remained empty for many years. At last arrangements were made to have the hospital of the German Deaconesses moved to the Stiftung from inside the Old City. Arrangements were being completed for its opening when World War II broke out and the huge castle served as a military hospital. Since 1950 it has been run as a three-hundred-bed hospital by the Lutheran World Federation, thanks to substantial help from the United Nations Relief Works Agency.

The Kaiser and his wife never returned to Jerusalem to enjoy their splendid Hospice upon the Mount of Olives. In fact, soon after their departure from Jerusalem, their luck seemed to change, and more than one superstitious resident of Jerusalem connects the change with the too great pomp and circumstance of the Kaiser's visit to Jerusalem.

The rediscovery by the West of the lands along the Jordan ended in a simpler, but nonetheless vastly moving entry into Jerusalem. On December 11, 1917 General Allenby, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces who, aided by the Arabs, had driven the Turks from Palestine and Transjordan, made his formal entry into the Holy City. After riding on horseback as far as the Jaffa Gate, he dismounted and proceeded into the city on foot in a small procession. It was led by Col. Barton, the British Postmaster General from Cairo, who had been brought to Jerusalem to serve as its first Military Governor. Behind him walked General Allenby, with a senior French officer on his right and the commander of the Italian detachment on his left. They were accompanied by their military attachés, including Lawrence of Arabia and Col. Edward Davis, the American representative, each followed by small guards of honor. Passing through the long-closed Jaffa Gate, the General took his position on the steps of the Citadel, in the shadow of the Tower of David. There the ceremony of surrender was com-

pleted, and a proclamation read in English, French, Italian, Russian, Greek, Arabic and Hebrew. It stated that the sacred shrines of the world's three great religions would be guarded to ensure freedom of worship for all. Among those presented to Allenby after his speech were the chief rabbi and the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, who stood side by side. In contrast to the ostentatious entries of Pontius Pilate, who had offended the Jews by advancing with his standards into the Temple area, and the Kaiser, no Allied flags flew that day.

After the ceremony General Allenby walked back through the Jaffa Gate and rode off again on horseback. Soon every church bell in the city was ringing; people were throwing flowers into the cars of the British; and Christians, Jews, and Moslems embraced each other publicly and wept for joy. It was said that even the feelings of such Turks as were left in Jerusalem were eased by Allenby's name; because they could not pronounce it properly, they called him Al Annabi, which means in the local dialect, "said the Prophet." For the first time since the days of the Crusaders, Jerusalem was in the hands of the Christians.

Lawrence and the Arab Revolt

Readers of the Western world discovered what is now Jordan during and after World War I. This happened partly through the headlines of the papers and partly because a certain number of British officers and men wrote home as they crossed the Jordan or came north from Akaba. But the real discovery came from the writings of a shy British archaeologist named Thomas Elwood Lawrence. In the pages of his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, which was published privately in 1926 and only received general circulation nine years later, the English-speaking world found both a classic hero and a thrilling adventure story, set in the wild deserts and mountains of the Hejaz, Transjordan and in the Syrian plains.

Lawrence knew the Arabs as few Westerners have done, and he wrote about them in breathless prose that will live as long as the tale of the Arab Revolt shall be told. As recounted by Lawrence, the campaign in which he and the tribes drove the Turks out of the Hejaz and rode northward across Jordan into Damascus was all that the West could imagine about warfare in the land of the "Arabian Nights." Here were black tents, lean camels and brave tribal shaikhs; long night marches and fierce dawn attacks; battle, murder and sudden death; warm courtesy and gruesome torture; sacred and profane love; birth, death, action and victory. Overnight Lawrence became a symbol of Western man's triumph in the inscrutable Near East, a romantic hero urging his camel across trackless wastes and stony wadis, with the cruel enemy fleeing before his war party.

It has recently become fashionable to deprecate T. E. Lawrence

and his exploits, and in fact much that is being said against him is true. Lawrence's Arabic was good but he was in no sense bilingual, and his appearance was such that he was never taken for an Arab by Arabs. Many of his raids and excursions were unsuccessful, and as many of his victories were won by golden bullets as by lead and steel. He was difficult, opinionated, eccentric, and his feelings about women were not those of the normal man.

But in the light of history all this is unimportant. Traits and actions, which would be insupportable in a lesser man or in a drawing room, become peripheral in a leader moving against the backdrop of the desert or on stage of war. What counts is that Lawrence had an extraordinary knowledge of the Arabs and their land; that he was able to apply his knowledge in a way to make the Arabs follow him; and that he played a brilliant, though in no sense an all-important, role in the campaign that drove the Turks north from Mecca to Damascus and beyond, even to Anatolia from which Selim the Grim had set out to conquer four hundred years before.

Sometimes it seems that destiny fits men for a great role; and that all their earlier lives, strange and irrational though they may be, are directed toward the goal for which fate has reserved them. So it was with Lawrence. He was born in Carnarvon County, Wales, one of five sons of an impoverished landowner. In spite of rare attendance at lectures he graduated from Oxford in three years, reading extensively from the works of military writers and preparing a thesis on the architecture of the Crusades. In order to familiarize himself with Crusader castles, shortly before World War I Lawrence went to Beirut, where he promptly put on Arab costume and walked barefoot over the mountains into Syria. After two years of wandering among the byways and peoples of the Near East and after making careful surveys of the castles left by the Crusaders, he returned to Oxford and presented a thesis which ranks as one of the authoritative documents on Near Eastern castle architecture.

A little before World War I, Oxford sent an expedition to the Euphrates Valley looking for traces of the ancient Hittites, and Lawrence went along to take charge of the diggers. Under the direction of Professor C. Leonard Woolley, Lawrence put his knowledge of Arabic and Arab psychology to good use, and the expedition eventually uncovered Carchemish, a capital of the Hittite Empire. During long intervals from work Lawrence walked or rode over much of the

Fertile Crescent, particularly its western half from Aleppo down through Jordan and on into the Sinai Peninsula, where he was later to fight. He sat in their tents with the Bedouin shaikhs, absorbing coffee and the sort of knowledge that can never be obtained in a hurry.

When World War I broke out he tried to enlist but was turned down as being too small, since he was only five feet three inches in height. He then went back to archaeology, only to be called to Cairo by Sir Gilbert Clayton who was organizing a group of top-flight British Arabists in the headquarters of the Middle East Command. Thanks to his familiarity with the people, languages and geography of the Fertile Crescent, Lawrence soon made a reputation as a useful intelligence officer. He also developed an unenviable reputation as a lieutenant who failed to wear the proper uniforms and forgot to salute his superiors. When the Arab Revolt began to simmer in the Hejaz, Lawrence saw his chance for action and obtained two weeks' leave from Cairo headquarters. During that time he convinced the British Oriental Secretary to the High Commissioner in Egypt, Ronald Storrs, of his usefulness and went with him to Jidda in Saudi Arabia. Storrs found him so helpful that Lawrence never went back to his job in Cairo.

Thanks in part to Lawrence's efforts, the Bedouin irregulars around Amir Feisal, the son of the Sharif of Mecca, were supplied with modern rifles and ammunition and directed against the Turkish forces along the Hejaz Railway. In a series of brilliant actions, much aided by gold and the British navy, the Red Sea ports of Yanbo and Wejh were captured and almost all the Hejaz except for Medina and the railway were liberated from the Turks.

Lawrence's next goal was the capture of the Port of Akaba at the northern end of the Gulf of the same name. With this in view, in mid-June of 1917, Lawrence and about a thousand Bedouin left the Port of Wejh. Although the real strategist and driving force of the party, Lawrence was careful to appear only as advisor to the commander, Sharif Nasir, one of Amir Feisal's best lieutenants. Most Westerners would have proceeded straight up the coast to Akaba, but Lawrence was a great believer in surprise. He convinced the Arabs that they should swing out far to the east of the Hejaz Railroad and move north up the depression of the Wadi Sirhan, where the snakes were almost as dangerous as enemy raiders. The circuit took nearly three weeks of hard riding, and on the trip Lawrence demonstrated how his iron will

could triumph over his small body. His Bedouin companions were skeptical of his strength at the beginning of this raid, but they ended full of admiration for his endurance when they found themselves so exhausted they could hardly follow him into battle. Lawrence did not make such forced marches with any ease or comfort to himself, and suffered almost constantly during long periods in the saddle; but by sheer strength of will he forced himself to ride twenty hours a day.

The jumping-off place for the attack on Akaba was an oasis one hundred and seventy-five miles east of the Arabian seaport. There Lawrence rested while the Arab shaikhs who were with him collected their men. They were led by Auda Abu Tayi, a tall man with a haggard passionate face, the prototype of a Bedouin warrior and the Paramount Shaikh of the Howeitat tribe. He had killed seventy-five men with his own hand, apart from Turks whom he would not count; he had married twenty-eight times; had countless children, but had lost his favorite son in battle. He bore thirteen scars from wounds, and his branch of the Howeitat, the Tuwaga, worshipped him, although the constant raids on which he led them had cut the number of their fighting men in half. Lawrence felt sure that with him as a leader the attack on Akaba would succeed.

When all the fighting men of the Tuwaga had pitched their tents, Shaikh Auda gave a banquet to start the new campaign. Five times his six-foot ceremonial tray was refilled with rice and lamb. Then the war party settled down for a last rest around the fires, strengthening their bodies with coffee and their souls with stories of great deeds done. At last the black tents came down and the restless camels moved off toward the north, led by Sharif Nasir who had grown up in the country and knew it like a book. Soon they climbed out of the valley of the Wadi Sirhan and headed for the Bayir wells, a group of Transjordanian water holes in use since Nabataean times. The next day, as Lawrence and Shaikh Auda rode on ahead of the party, they saw smoke circling above the wells. The Turks had learned that Lawrence and his raiders were in the neighborhood and had sent a demolition party to destroy his water supply. Luckily, the Arabs found a well a little away from the others which the Turks had not blown up, and from it the basic needs of the party were met. Word came, however, that the Turks had also blown the seven wells at Jafer, the next oasis to the west. It was clear that they suspected Lawrence was headed for Akaba and were preparing to stop him. A diversion was necessary to

put the Turks off the track, and Lawrence decided to strike at the railway line far to the north.

With Shaikh Zaal and a hundred and ten picked men Lawrence moved north. They rode for six hours, rested for two, and then rode for six more, keeping this schedule night and day throughout the raid. Slipping across the desert just east of the outlying fields, they came late on the second day to the railroad line a little above the ancient ruins of Zerka some fifteen miles north of Amman. Twenty years later Glubb was to make Zerka the headquarters of his Arab Legion, but at this time it was just a small Circassian village surrounding some springs. They watered hurriedly from the cisterns of a Roman ruin and then rode on all night to a bridge, which they mined. They also placed charges under some curved rails, which are much harder to replace than the straight ones, before returning to the springs near Zerka.

While they were there a young Circassian appeared with three cows. If allowed to proceed at once to Zerka, the raiders knew he would raise the countryside against them, for the Circassians were loyal to the Turks. It did not seem right for a hundred men to kill a boy, so they took him five miles into the desert. There they stripped him naked, cut deep gashes in the soles of his feet and left him in the shade of a rock. Without clothing he could not move till the sun went down, and then it would take him all night to crawl to Zerka on his hands and knees, by which time the raiding party would be safely out of reach. Such is the quality of mercy in the desert.

Once back in the safety of the desert they killed and ate twenty-four sheep captured during the raid. There were not enough skinning knives to go round, so Lawrence showed his followers how to use the sharp flints which were plentiful there, just as primitive man had done on that spot fifty thousand years before. Then after another all-night ride the raiders came back to the Bayir wells, happy at the thought of so much damage done to the railroad without the loss of a man.

Two dawns later saw them in the hills above Lissan, attacking the unwary Turks who were camped around the water hole in the valley rather than by the blockhouse on the hill. The day was the hottest that Lawrence and his raiders had yet experienced, the sun-soaked rocks scorched the skins of the attackers, and their guns burnt into their hands. While the leaders were gathered around the only trickle of

water available, Shaikh Auda said to Lawrence, "Well, how is it with the Howeitat? All talk and no work?" When Lawrence replied, "They shoot a lot and hit a little," the fiery shaikh tore off his head cloth and rushed to where his men were gathered in a hollow out of sight of the Turks. Lawrence had barely time to climb on his camel when Auda and his tribesmen charged into the rear of the enemy. As the Turks wavered Sharif Nasir and Lawrence led the main body of the raiders in a frontal attack on the fort. In the middle of a wild camel charge Lawrence, who was shooting in all directions, felt his camel fall under him; then he lost consciousness. When he came to, the battle was over and he discovered that his camel had been killed by shots from his own pistol. He was picked up by Shaikh Auda, who had six bullet holes in his flowing robes but had not suffered a scratch. When news of this Arab victory and the earlier destruction along the railroad reached the Turks in Maan, the general there telegraphed urgently for reinforcements, while members of the civilian government in southern Jordan packed up their luggage and headed north for Damascus.

After the battle Lawrence and most of the tired raiders lay down for a while on the green grass by the Lissan spring. They would have spent the night there had not Shaikh Auda insisted on moving forward, leaving the beautiful valley to some twenty Turks, too badly wounded to be moved, and to the bodies of three hundred Turkish dead. Just before he left, Lawrence walked down in the moonlight to where the dead lay flung about by the Arab raiders who had stripped them of their clothes. Feeling that even though dead they would be more "comfortable" in normal positions, Lawrence laid them out in orderly rows; then he mounted his camel and left them, white and still in the moonlight.

That night the tribesmen slept in a little hollow sheltered from the cold mountain wind, while Lawrence dictated letters to a captured Turkish officer. The next day, the fourth day of July, they closed in on the first of a series of blockhouses that guarded Akaba on the west. The honor of taking it was given to Shaikh Abu Jad who had recently joined the raiding party, but he held back saying it could not be done in the bright moonlight. Lawrence told him there would be no moon that night, and the Arabs reluctantly approached the post, convinced the Englishman was crazy. They did not know that his diary indicated an eclipse of the moon. During it Abu Jad's men took the fort with

ease, while the confused defenders were banging away at copper pots in hopes of bringing back the moon.

As they moved on through the narrow canyon above Akaba, they passed a string of Turkish forts, all strategically placed, all easily defensible, and all empty; they learned later that the Turks were so sure that Akaba would be attacked from the sea that they had concentrated their troops on the ocean side of the town. So the raiders pushed forward quickly until they came to a line of Turkish trenches in the wadi above Akaba. In the dark Lawrence walked to within earshot of the Turks and shouted to them of the great power of his forces, adding that if they had to attack, no Turks would be left alive. Soon after the shooting started the next morning the Turks, who were short of food and shorter of ammunition, threw down their rifles. After the simplest of surrender ceremonies Lawrence jumped on his camel and led the tribesmen through a whirling sandstorm to the beach of Akaba, where he tossed off his outer robes and plunged into the blue waters of the Gulf.

As the autumn wore on, Lawrence learned that the British were preparing to attack the Turks in Palestine. He wanted to join Allenby's forces north of the Dead Sea, but his Arabs were raiders, light striking groups unsuited for frontal attacks. He came to the conclusion, therefore, that the way he could best help the Allied effort in Palestine was to cut off the supplies which were reaching the Turks by rail from Damascus. The most vulnerable places in that line were the railway bridges over the Yarmuk River as it wound down from the Syrian plateau into the deep valley of the Jordan. By blowing up one of these bridges he could isolate the Turks in Palestine for at least two weeks. General Allenby agreed to the plan and asked that it be carried out between the fifth and ninth of November, 1917.

The camel distance from Akaba to the Yarmuk gorge was over four hundred miles. Lawrence promptly set about organizing a long-range raiding party, recruited from the tribes whose lands he must cross. Prominent among these was a well-known leader of the Beni Sakhr named Ali Ibn El-Hussein. He was so fast he could outrun a trotting camel in his bare feet before vaulting into the saddle; brave he was to a fault, and full of tall tales and low laughter. Behind him the Beni Sakhr rallied gladly. The Ruwalla had moved to the south for the winter, but Lawrence hoped that some of Sirhan tribe from the

Azrak district would join him. Just as his party was planning to leave Akaba, it was joined by the Amir Abd El-Kader, the strange leader of a group of Algerian exiles who had fled from the French in North Africa to build villages along the north bank of the Yarmuk. Soon after he appeared the raiders were warned that El-Kader was in the pay of the Turks, but Lawrence decided he was too crazy to be a good spy, and took him along for what he was worth.

From Akaba they moved out through Lawrence's Valhalla, the Wadi Rumm, "where the crimson sunset burned on its stupendous cliffs and slanted ladders of hazy fire down the walled avenue." Then they rode north and east, crossing the railroad below Maan and camping with their old friend Shaikh Auda and his Howeitat. At first the tribes were loath to join another raid and Lawrence called a council of war. As they were talking that night they heard a distant rumble like thunder far to the west. It was the sound of General Allenby's artillery opening the attack against the Gaza line, borne by the night wind more than a hundred miles across the Wadi Araba. The tribes were convinced of British strength, and Lawrence's ranks grew.

The next day the raiders were again on their camels, moving peacefully through the golden light of "Bedouin summer" across the beautiful Jafer flats, where they were nearly ambushed by a raiding party from the Beni Sakhr. They watered at the Bayir wells and moved on, passing the white peaks that the Arabs call the Three Sisters. A short march the following day ended with a triumphal arrival at Ain El-Beidha, the White Spring, east of Azrak, with the fighting men of the Sirhan tribe around them and the crimson war banners of Shaikhs Ali and El-Kader floating in the light breeze. They tried to spend the night in the tent of Shaikh Mteir, the aging leader of the Sirhan, but the fleas and lice were so thick the visitors could not sleep. Instead they held a conference in an effort to persuade the leaders of the Sirhan to join the raid on the Yarmuk bridges. In a masterful flight of oratory Lawrence urged the Sirhan to shun leisure and to keep their souls and bodies young by worthwhile action in an honorable cause. His words where not wasted, and the Sirhan agreed to ride under his banner. It would have been better had they stayed in their tents.

Happy to be free of the lice of Ain El-Beidha, they jogged the next morning through the pale autumn sunlight to Azrak, the greatest oasis in the Jordan desert. In one of the best examples of his matchless prose, Lawrence describes the scene:

Every stalk of grain is valuable—
as in Bible days.

LEON V. KOFOD, BOX 86, WOODMERE, N. Y.

NEAR EAST FOUNDATION

Opposite: Kerak. "This castle . . . dominated the plains of Moab . . ."

Camel caravans today are much the same as when this story began.

Opposite: Lawrence of Arabia. "Few men have had
so broad and yet
so empty a stage . . ."

Kaiser Wilhelm II. "This visit to
end all visits to Jerusalem . . ."

Library of Congress

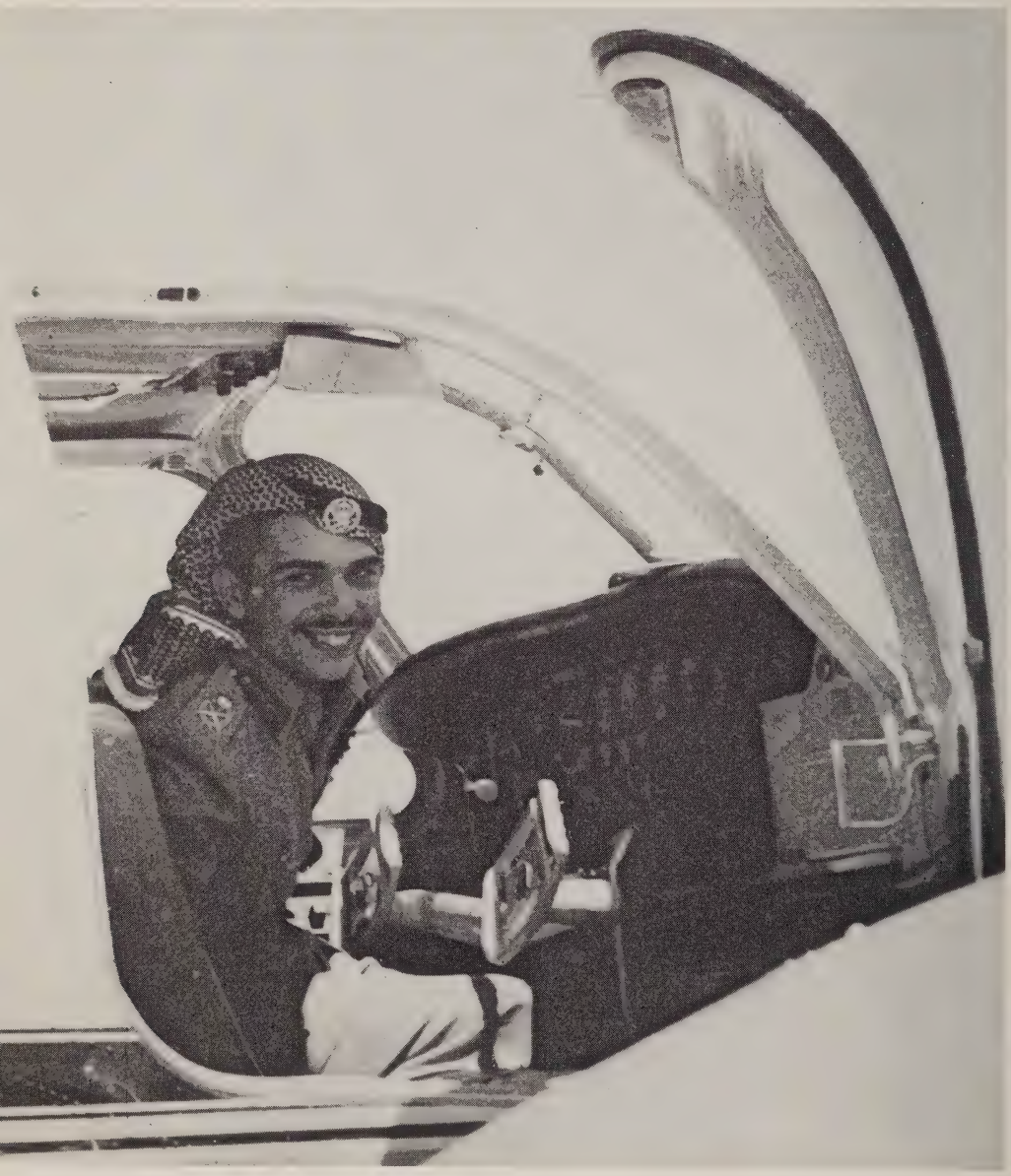
The Bettmann Archive

Courtesy LIFE Magazine © 1948 Time Inc.

The modern city of Amman—
on the site of ancient Philadelphia.

Opposite: King Abdullah at the
Dome of the Rock.

King Hussein at the controls
of his private airplane.



Wide World Photos

> It was to be Ali's first view of Azrak, and we hurried up the stony ridge in high excitement, talking of the wars and songs and passions of the early shepherd kings, with names like music, who had loved this place; and of the Roman legionaries who languished here as garrison in yet earlier times. Then the blue fort on its rock above the rustling palms, with the fresh meadows and shining springs of water, broke on our sight. Of Azrak, as of Rumm, one said, 'Numen Inest' (the Spirit of God is here). Both were magically haunted: but whereas Rumm was vast and echoing and God-like, Azrak's unfathomable silence was steeped in knowledge of wandering poets, champions, lost kingdoms, all the crime and chivalry and dead magnificence of Hira and Ghassan. Each stone or blade of it was radiant with half-memory of the luminous, silky Eden, which had passed so long ago.*

Shaikh Ali leapt from his camel to bury his face in the long grass and many of the other Arabs joined him. When everyone had regained his senses Lawrence found that the suspect spy Shaikh Abd El-Kader had ridden off toward a Turkish outpost near Jebel Druse. Now without help from El-Kader and his Algerian refugees, an attack on the trestle at Wadi Khaled was out of the question. The only alternative was to blow up the bridge over the Yarmuk northwest of the railway junction at Deraa. To do this from an advanced position east of the railroad meant a ride of eighty miles round trip during the hours of darkness. At best it was a poor gamble, but there was no alternative, since Lawrence had promised General Allenby he would destroy a Yarmuk bridge.

Leaving the delights of Azrak behind, the raiders moved slowly up the pasture-green Wadi El Harith, stopping to hunt gazelles and eat lunch on their way. The Hejaz Railway was crossed where the gravel plain would show no footprints, and they established their advanced base in a sheltered hollow. There the slower camels, poorer riders and weaker hearts were left.

At dusk they said the goodbyes of men who might be going to their deaths and set out on the long ride. On their right shone the lights of the railway station at Deraa, and on their left the fires in the village of Ramtha flickered dimly. A cold rain came down and many of the camels slipped and fell before they heard the distant roar of a waterfall, and the young Sirhan shaikh who was acting as guide dismounted at the edge of the deep Yarmuk gorge. The moon was not yet risen but

* *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, p. 414.

the rain had ended and they slid down the steep slope by starlight. Halfway from the bottom they were pinned to the ground as a train full of prisoners puffed up from the Jordan Valley, but luckily they were not spotted. Leaving the men and their heavy load of explosives beside the rails, Lawrence crawled forward to the bridge itself where, by the light of the moon, he watched a sentry warming himself before the fire at the other end of the girders. As Lawrence was crawling back the loud clatter of a rifle falling on rocks broke the silence. The sentry at the other end of the bridge shouted and began shooting. Lawrence's men returned his fire, and the rest of the Turkish bridge guards rushed out of their tents, guns in hand. In the midst of the exchange of fire Shaikh Ali ran up to Lawrence with the word that the Sirhan tribesmen, fearful that the gelatin explosive would go off if hit by a bullet, had thrown it into the bottom of the Yarmuk gorge. All chance of destroying the bridge was now gone, and in deep disgust the raiders clawed their way up the steep bank, mounted their camels and headed off into the night.

As if they had not already done enough to upset the night's plans, the Sirhan then proceeded to rob a party of peasants whom they met. Their screams for help awoke the guards in Ramtha, who rode up at a gallop, shooting as they came. The ground was still slippery and the air was full of bullets and cries of search parties as Lawrence and Shaikh Ali drove their men eastward. At dawn they reached the rest of their party, feeling very tired and sick with failure.

There they had a cold meal and, to restore morale, rode to the railway northeast of Mafrak not far from the black ruins of the city of Umm al-Jimal, where they mined a bridge. The Arabs took cover and Lawrence sat down about fifty yards from the track to handle the exploder. At last a slow-moving engine chugged into sight, pulling ten freight cars filled with Turkish soldiers. Lawrence waited until the locomotive was over the mine and then pushed the exploder. But no explosion came, no matter how hard he pumped. Soon the engine was abreast of him, followed by its carloads of Turkish troops. There was no shelter for two hundred yards around; if he tried to run Lawrence knew he would be shot. There was nothing to do but to cover the exploder with his robe and sit crosslegged on the gravel bank as the long train passed. At its rear were three coaches filled with Turkish officers. One of them spotted Lawrence and they hurried to the platforms between their carriages for a better look. Lawrence

waved at them and smiled, trying to look like a Sirhan shepherd in spite of his Hejazi robes and the golden *igal*, or double circle of coils which he wore over his head dress and which the Turks should have known was the sign of a royal prince. After what must have seemed hours the train moved around a bend. Lawrence buried the ends of the wire, picked up his exploder and ran to safety, just ahead of a patrol sent back by the suspicious officers of the train. Luckily, they were in too much hurry to find him or his wires, and at length the raiders heard the train move off toward Deraa.

The night was cold, wet and endless. But the dawn brought with it another train, and this time the repaired exploder worked all too well. Lawrence was blown over, his exploder hopelessly twisted, and he found himself on the ground dripping blood, watching the scalded upper half of a man's body fly through the air and land in front of him. Limping badly he hobbled toward his tribesmen, who began to shoot past him at the wrecked train. Soon the Turks who were still alive opened fire, and Lawrence dropped to the ground until rescued by a group of valiant Beni Sakhr. Behind a sheltering hill he found he had three light skin wounds, plus a dozen cuts from the explosion.

Climbing to the hilltop he surveyed the badly smashed train, which he saw included the private cars of Mehmed Jamal Pasha, Commander of the Eighth Army Corps who was on his way to Palestine to help defend Jerusalem against Allenby. His Arabian horses that had been riding in a van at the front of the train had all been killed in the explosion, and his motor car, a great rarity in Jordan at that time, was shot to bits along with various members of his staff.

There were still several hundred Turks alive around the train, and Lawrence had only forty tribesmen with him. When the Turks advanced each raider jumped on the nearest camel and rode into the desert until it was safe to dismount and recover his own camel. The next day they came again to the blue Azrak pools, waving such rifles as they had taken and boasting of blowing up the train of the Turkish General.

It was with real relief that Lawrence learned that Allenby's offensive into Palestine had been stopped by early rains, so his failure at the Yarmuk bridge was not too serious. The same early rains turned the desert around Azrak into mud flats and shallow lakes through which the Turks could not move in force. Lawrence, therefore, decided to spend part of the winter in Azrak, using the black basalt castle for his

headquarters. He selected the upper floor of the main, or southern, gate tower as his personal residence. Anyone who climbs the broken stairs to the room over that gate can still see the repairs made in the floor and ceiling by Lawrence's Haurani tribesmen, who plugged up the open spaces between the stone rafters with palm logs, brushwood and clay. Shaikh Ali took over the tower in the southeast corner of the square castle, while the ground floor of the western tower became the storeroom. The main south gate under Lawrence's room, through which most visitors today enter the castle, was blocked; a hole was knocked in the eastern wall of the fort, and a ramp built so that the camels could walk up each night from their pasture in the palm gardens.

The small mosque in the center of the courtyard had been long used as a sheep pen. Under Lawrence's direction it was cleaned down to the pavement and once again became a place of Moslem prayer. Those who visit Azrak today will note that it has reverted to a sheep pen. Lastly, machine gun positions, which can still be identified, were made at the top of the castle's towers. When, at sunset, the heavy stone door of the postern gate shut with a noise that shook the whole west wall, Lawrence and his men felt as safe as the Arab warriors who had built the castle almost seven hundred years before.

As the winter deepened, the driving rain and snow closed around them, and night after night it seemed that the castle was ringed by ghostly guardians. While the raiders sat huddled around their fires and long pennants of white mist streamed through the window slits, a low wailing would reach their ears above the pounding of the coffee pestles. Again and again the strange cries sobbed around the walls, rising to a shrill peak and dying away as if choked into silence. "It is the dogs of the Beni Hillal who built this fort," whispered the tribesmen. "They are calling to their dead masters." But no one ever went out into the rain to investigate, and Lawrence never discovered whether the sounds came from ghosts, dogs or prowling wolves.

After a while Lawrence tired of drinking coffee and dreaming and began a series of reconnaissance trips. In spite of the cold he went barefoot, dressed in the torn clothing of his bodyguard. On one of these tours, accompanied only by two Arab boys, he penetrated to the outskirts of the railway junction of Deraa, looking for trains, trenches and supply depots. As they headed for the town itself a Turkish sergeant seized Lawrence by the arm and pulled him to the barracks, where he

was questioned by an officer. Lawrence said that he was a Circassian from Kuneitra, but the officer called him a deserter and ordered him enrolled in the Turkish army.

There was no chance to escape that day, and in the night he was taken to a two-storied house and pushed upstairs into the bedroom of the Governor of Deraa. After a few breathless words the Bey seized Lawrence. The Englishman wrestled free and the Governor began to praise his beauty and offered him all sorts of inducements. Lawrence continued to resist, and the Bey called in a sentry to hold the prisoner. Following more compliments and threats the frustrated official gave up and called on his men to beat some sense into the stupid prisoner. Down in the barracks room a group of Turks produced a heavy whip and took turns flailing Lawrence until he was a mass of welts. When he lost consciousness they brought him around with a dash of cold water in the face and took him up again to the bedroom of the Bey, who waved him aside and called instead for the best-looking of the soldiers, while Lawrence was dragged to another building, where his wounds received a hasty dressing. There he was left to spend the night on the floor. Luckily, the last soldier to leave was a Druze who had no love for the Turks and who told him that the door was not locked. Lawrence lay half-conscious until dawn, and then staggered into the next room, where he found a suit of old clothes. Climbing out of a window he walked unsteadily through the back streets of Deraa. A friendly Bedouin gave him a lift on his camel to the tents of his tribe where, by good luck, Lawrence found his two companions of the previous day. Collecting some horses they rode slowly to Azrak, where he arrived more dead than alive.

In spite of the timeless damp of the castle tower Lawrence recovered. Once he was strong enough to ride he set off with a boastful Bedouin and his two best camels for Akaba, which he reached after three days and nights of almost continuous riding.

A few days later Lawrence was flown to Palestine, where he motored through Gaza to Allenby's headquarters. While he was talking to the Commander-in-Chief the news came that Jerusalem had fallen, and Lawrence was assigned as staff officer to his old friend Clayton in order that he might take part in Allenby's triumphal entry into the Holy City, a pageant devised by the fertile mind of the British Arabist Mark Sykes.

Back at Akaba again Lawrence found himself better supplied, not

only with men and ammunition, but with two Rolls Royce cars and a colorfully dressed bodyguard. Thus reinforced he again acted as liaison officer and planner when the Arabs took the town of Tafileh, familiar to all travelers who motor to Petra by the mountain road, capturing the Crusader castle of Montreal on the way.

Considering what was happening in Palestine, the Turks should not have diverted troops and supplies to recapture this little town. To Lawrence's surprise, however, the commander of the Maan-Kerak sector thought otherwise. He gathered about nine hundred infantry, a hundred cavalry and some howitzers and machine guns, moved them to Kerak, and then sent them south in a surprise attack. Lawrence learned they were coming only when they emerged from the deep canyon of the Wadi Hasa; but from there they advanced so slowly that Lawrence was able to plan the battle in detail and to execute it with complete success. By nightfall the few remaining Turks were fleeing back across the Hasa. Because the plan of battle had been so simple and the action had gone so exactly according to his plan, the snowbound Lawrence amused himself by writing one of his rare reports to British headquarters describing the "Battle of Tafileh." The generals were delighted and offered Lawrence a decoration, which he refused.

Only a few days later the men of the Arab Revolt followed their mountain victory with the most curious raid of the whole campaign. From Kerak with its hilltop town and mighty Crusader castle a road runs steeply down to a little harbor which controls the eastern shore of the Dead Sea. There the sailors of the Turkish navy maintained a small naval base. Lawrence did not yet control Kerak, but he sent seventy Beersheba Bedouin north on horseback along the narrow trail between the Dead Sea and the steep hills of Moab. Just at dawn the cavalry charged into the little port where the Turkish sailors were sleeping beside their boats. They killed the few who resisted, took the rest prisoners, sank the motorboats, looted the storehouses, and burned the base to the ground—all without losing a man. It was the only battle in modern history in which a naval squadron was wiped out by cavalry.

By now Lawrence had run out of money, and he rode back through a snowstorm to the armored car base on the road north of Akaba. There he spent three happy nights once again in British company, collected 30,000 pounds in gold and started north. The ground was frozen, the wind blew a gale and the first night the party slept in the

open, protected only by their camels. Next day his tribesmen refused to pass the camp of some fellow Bedouin, so Lawrence went on alone. At last, half-frozen and nearly snow-blind, he reached Tafileh where, to his surprise, he found an English lieutenant. This officer, Alec Kirkbride by name, accepted Lawrence's invitation to help in the Arab Revolt, played a commendable role in the rest of the campaign, and eventually became one of Amir Abdullah's close advisors.

After making a reconnaissance trip across the deep Wadi Hasa, Lawrence decided the time was ripe for an advance north into the Kerak region. He realized that the 30,000 pounds sterling which he had brought to Tafileh would play a vital role in this. But when he discussed his plan with Feisal's brother, the Amir Zeid, he was appalled to find that the Amir had already spent the sovereigns on the villagers of Tafileh and the Howeitat and Beni Sakhr tribesmen who had helped in its capture. Lawrence argued and pleaded, but Zeid said that money once given could not be recovered. Without a liberal shower of gold ahead of him, Lawrence knew it was impossible to cross Wadi Hasa and move on Kerak with his limited forces. Despondent, he took four men and rode west across the Wadi Araba to British headquarters, where he asked to be relieved of liaison with the Arab Revolt.

Lawrence's request for a transfer fell upon understanding but deaf ears, for it had been decided in London to step up the war in the East. A few days later General Allenby told him that Damascus was to be taken and the Turks put out of the war as soon as possible. The British and Canadians were to push across the Jordan and move up through Salt, with their objective the Circassian village of Amman. Allenby asked if the men of the Arab Revolt could join them from the south, and Lawrence agreed to do his best. He was soon back in Akaba —this time with 300,000 pounds sterling, plus substantial increases in personnel and equipment.

Before long the camel trains were moving out of Akaba and Lawrence rode with them. The winter was past, the desert was flecked with flowers and the hollows green with grass. East of Maan Lawrence waited, surrounded by Arabs listening to the call of his gold. When they finally got word that Salt and Amman had fallen, the tribesmen climbed on their saddles and headed north. But before they had ridden far, word came that the English had been forced to abandon Amman. Soon another messenger reported them driven from the town of Salt

all the way to the Jordan River. At this, the men of the Revolt turned around and headed east, where they settled down to enjoy the spring grass and the presence of some gypsy families whose women were always ready to entertain. Lawrence was not one to be interested in such goings on; so he clothed himself in the dress of a gypsy girl and, with his faithful companion Farraj dressed in similar array, plus three genuine gypsy girls, he walked into the heart of Amman. The party was almost "picked up" by hot-blooded Turkish soldiers before they could get out of town.

After this Lawrence and the Arabs turned south and, on the way, tangled with a Turkish railway patrol. The infantry were driven off, but his friend Farraj was mortally wounded. While the Arabs were doing what they could for him the Turks attacked. Fifty rifles were not enough to hold off the enemy, and the Arabs could not leave their wounded companion to be tortured to death by the Turks. Lawrence had no alternative but to exchange solemn goodbyes with his trusted friend and shoot him with a revolver. Then they galloped away until they were safe from the Turks. Later, when the Arabs started arguing over who should ride Farraj's splendid camel, Lawrence shot it also, as an offering to his friend's spirit. In the cool of the evening they rested and ate a solemn supper of rice and the meat of Farraj's camel.

The next day they rode on toward Maan which was under attack by the Arabs. Nuri Said of Iraq, smartly dressed and smoking a briar pipe, was in command, standing coolly on a little hill just outside the town. All that day and the next the battle continued, but the operation was not coordinated, the artillery ran out of ammunition, and fierce Bedouin attacks came to nothing. After suffering heavy casualties the attempt was called off. Both the British plan to take Amman from the west and the Bedouin plan to take Maan from the south had proved too ambitious.

What was needed was more firepower, and that meant more transport. This time Lawrence flew over to General Allenby's headquarters in Palestine and returned with the promise of money for thirteen hundred camels. Akaba boomed as they moved in, Amir Feisal rode about preaching the Arab Revolt, and more of the tribes joined his standard. Full of enthusiasm Lawrence had tried to convince headquarters to let him move against Deraa and Damascus. He was told that Damascus must be the final objective; meanwhile, he was ordered to attack the rail junction of Deraa in September, using Azrak as his base.

The usually deserted Bayir wells were soon alive with six hundred Howeitat and Beni Sakhr watering at one well, and a mob of a thousand Druze and Armenian refugees from Syria seeking water at the other. In between glowed the fires of a British column, its officers furious that half their supplies had already been stolen by the Armenians. It was Lawrence's thirtieth birthday and he sat long by himself, considering life and death, fame and fortune, and the strange twist of fate that had meshed him so deeply into the Arab Revolt. It was a movement in whose future he now had little faith, and he ended up with the conclusion that he did not like himself either. As he wrote in the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, "Among the Arabs I was the disillusioned the sceptic, who envied their cheap belief. The unperceived sham looked so well-fitting and becoming a dress for shoddy man. The ignorant, the superficial, the deceived were the happy among us. By our swindle they were glorified. We paid for them our self-respect, and they gained the deepest feeling of their lives. . . ."

Soon the columns were moving north past Qasr Karanah with the three hundred Britishers adjusting slowly to their camel saddles, much to the amusement of their Bedouin companions. Next afternoon they reached Qasr Amrah, the hunting lodge of the pleasure-loving Caliph Al Walid I, where they stretched out on the cool floor of the main hall, looking up at the undressed dancing girls painted on the ceiling above them. Lawrence regaled his companions with colorful tales of the long-dead kings who, after a day of hunting, had sought cool shade within that decorated hall. It was only a short ride from Amrah over the flint-covered hills to the Azrak meadows, where the Englishmen soon went swimming in its clear pools.

Little by little the tribes were rallying for the great event of the Revolt, the recapture of Damascus by the Arabs. The idea thrilled most of them, and the "horsemen of St. George," Lawrence's ever-present gold sovereigns, kept happy those who were not moved by the concept of Arab rebirth. As the September days slipped quickly by, the force grew steadily until it was the greatest gathering ever held in Azrak, and one of which Lawrence should have been justly proud. Instead, he was tired and sad—disillusioned with the Arabs and with the Revolt he had done so much to stimulate.

At last the time for attack arrived. The Egyptian camel corps under an English officer named Peake—later Peake Pasha who founded the Arab Legion—moved out to cut the railroad. The next day the main

column, almost fifteen hundred strong, started toward Deraa. With the Turks in control of the air life became increasingly difficult, and casualties increased each day, forcing Lawrence to fly to Palestine to ask for air cover. The plane that came to get him brought word that Allenby's long-planned offensive was moving ahead of schedule, with the Turks falling back throughout most of Palestine. Thanks to this Allenby was in a position to organize three thrusts: one to take Amman, another to hit Deraa, and the third aimed at the Circassian center of Kuneitra. If successful, the columns would then converge on Damascus. Lawrence explained to Allenby his need for planes and the General agreed at once to supply them.

When Lawrence returned and told of Allenby's great success from Nablus to Haifa, morale soared. It climbed ever higher as word spread among the Arabs that the "father of all planes" had arrived. It was a Handley-Page bomber bringing in gasoline to keep British fighters in the air. That night it bombed the crowded railroad yards at Mafrak, setting fires which burned for two days. Remnants of the Turkish forces which had been in Salt began to struggle up toward Deraa, constantly harried by Arab raiders. By now every Bedouin in the desert was coming in to volunteer with the ever-victorious raiders of the Arab Revolt, and Lawrence had difficulty keeping the peace between tribesmen who were normally enemies. Discipline of a sort was maintained mainly because there was enough loot for all. The lists of prisoners mounted daily, while smoke rose from Deraa as the Turks and their German allies set fire to storehouses and airplanes in preparation for abandoning the town.

Before long, detachments of retreating Turks began streaming north out of Deraa. The biggest columns were too strong for the men of the Revolt and were allowed to pass, but the smaller ones were surrounded and made prisoners. In Tafas, the home village of Shaikh Talal, one of the finest leaders of the Revolt, the Turks butchered men, women and children before they left. At the ghastly sight Lawrence shouted, "The best of you brings me the most Turkish dead." When Talal saw the sawtoothed bayonets still sticking from the mutilated bodies of his villagers, he sat shivering and silent for a moment upon his horse; then he charged alone across the field toward a detachment of retreating Turks. The shooting stopped as both armies watched him gallop forward, crouched low in his saddle. When he neared the massed Turks he stood up in his stirrups and cried out,

"Talal, Talal!" A hundred rifles cracked at once and he and his mare fell dead just short of the Turkish lances. "We will take his place," Shaikh Auda called, and behind him the tribesmen closed in for the kill. Darkness slowed the slaughter, but the Syrian villagers took up the work when the Bedouin stopped, and the night was full of rifle fire and sudden death. By now most of the Turks had lost order, and only a few German detachments maintained their formations.

That night Lawrence could not sleep but relived once again the pageant of the past two years: Akaba, the tropic port; the Valhalla of Wadi Rumm; many-colored Petra; and Azrak with its blue pools and Black Fort sleeping beside the palm trees. Restless before the first dawn, he drove off in his armored Rolls Royce which he called the Blue Mist. The main British forces were passed about noon, and at last he caught up with the Arab leaders.

By now Sharif Nasir had made contact with the secret members of the Arab Revolt inside Damascus. From them they learned that most detachments of Turks and Germans had left the city and that the Arab flag was flying above the Town Hall, where a confused Turkish officer was seen to salute the new standard as he left. There was no sleep in the city that night, for the Germans were blowing up their ammunitions dumps and the earth shook with explosions. Lawrence was sure that Damascus was burning, but next morning when he drove to a hilltop south of the city he saw the town still there, pale and beautiful as ever. On the road to the oasis Lawrence and the Arab leaders met a merry grape-eating horseman who brought word from the Damascus Committee that all was well. At this Lawrence let the shaikhs gallop on ahead as a just reward for their two years of struggle. Then, after shaving in an irrigation ditch, he put on clean white Arab robes, climbed into the Blue Mist, and drove quietly and triumphantly into Damascus.

Such is the story that Lawrence tells of the Arab Revolt and his part in it. Long will the debate rage over his personality and his importance. There can be no doubt that Lawrence was a good intelligence officer. On this subject Sir Ronald Storrs, Oriental Secretary to the British Agency, Egypt, once said: "How instinctively from the beginning he played his cards. . . ."

No one who has read the *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* can doubt his gifts as a writer. Of them Sir Winston Churchill wrote: "As a narrative of war and adventure, as a presentation of all that the Arabs mean to the

world, the *Seven Pillars* is unsurpassable. It ranks with the greatest books ever written in the English language."

But Churchill, with his magnificent insight, was also correct about Lawrence when he wrote: "He was one of those beings whose pace of life was faster and more intense than what is normal. Just as an aeroplane only flies by its speed and pressure against the air, so he could only fly in a hurricane. He was out of harmony with the normal, and when the storm-wind stopped, he could with difficulty find a reason for existence. . . ."

Lastly, as Lowell Thomas wrote about him, "There is an old Turkish saying which admirably illustrates the character of T. E. and which, being interpreted, signifies: 'He had a genius for backing into the limelight.' "

Few men have had so broad and yet so empty a stage on which to play their role. His failures were many, his personality too hopelessly involved for any but a psychoanalyst to fathom. But his achievements were great, and we should not begrudge the fact that occasionally when he took pen in hand to record them "he was too much of an artist to let the truth spoil any story."

Abdullah's Bedouin Amirate

The Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan is largely the work of three men: Amir Abdullah, who formed the Kingdom; Glubb Pasha, who helped give it strength; and King Hussein, who made it independent. The foundation on which they built was the Bedouin.

Abdullah was the son of the leader of the Arab Revolt, Sharif Hussein of Mecca, a Hashemite and a direct descendent of the Prophet. He was born in Mecca in the year 1261 A.H., or 1882 according to our Western calendar. Abdullah received a thorough Islamic education, with much emphasis on writing beautiful Arabic script and memorizing long passages from the Koran. When his interest in learning flagged he was encouraged by the promise of a camel, which was tied up in one corner of the schoolroom.

Abdullah's first glimpse of the outside world came when he was nine. That year, along with his brothers Ali and Feisal and thirty-two ladies of the family with their servants, he sailed from the Hejazi port of Jidda on a paddle steamer. After a stormy passage they reached Constantinople where Abdullah's father met them, and a new style of schooling began for the future Arab leader. Now the speaking of Arabic was forbidden, and emphasis was placed on all things Turkish. Young Abdullah came to love the great city by the Bosphorus with its streets crowded with Turks and Arabs, Circassians and Kurds, Egyptians and others from every corner of the Turkish Empire. Early in life he realized it was the center of the Moslem political world—a world in which he was to play so colorful a part.

Although Abdullah's father was a member of the State Council under Sultan Abdul Hamid the Second and was given a beautifully furnished house beside the Bosphorus, he was actually a prisoner, held hostage in Constantinople because he opposed Turkish rule in the

Hejaz and the graft and corruption of the operation of the pilgrimage. In 1908 the Sharif of Mecca died and Abdullah's father, as the oldest member of his branch of the Hashemite family, presented his claim to be the next Sharif. After the usual intrigues to obtain the Sultan's favor Hussein was appointed, and soon the whole family sailed back to the Hejaz, which they reached in December of 1908. The arrival of the newly appointed and popular Sharif was a cause for great rejoicing in the port of Jidda, and his triumphal advance to Mecca was a scene from the *Arabian Nights.*

Hussein's household and court now became the center of political life in the Hejaz, and young Abdullah learned the intricate ways of Arab politics quickly. In 1911 Sharif Hussein told Abdullah that he was planning a revolt against the Turks. Contact had to be maintained with Syria, and more than once Abdullah went to Damascus as his father's emissary, traveling along the Hejaz Railway, a route which took him through Maan, Amman, Zerka, and other towns which were to play an important role in his future Kingdom. When World War I broke out much pressure was put on Hussein to support the Turks, but the Sharif maintained his outward neutrality.

In the early stages of the war the main Turkish effort in the Arab world was directed against the British forces in Egypt and Iraq. But the Turkish thrust against Egypt was defeated, and a British landing at Basra in Mesopotamia was successful. Shortly thereafter, Abdullah received a communication from Ronald Storrs, who was then Oriental Secretary to the British Consul General in Cairo. This most secret document stated that, because the Turks had allied themselves with Germany against Great Britain, his Majesty's Government no longer felt bound to Turkey. If Abdullah and his father were still interested in organizing a movement which would lead to the full independence of the Arabs, Great Britain was ready to help. Abdullah, on his own initiative, committed his father to a pro-English policy, while making clear the Hashemite inability to take action at that time.

Once a broad plan had been worked out, contacts were made by Abdullah's brother Feisal with the central committee of the Young Arab Party in Syria. Sharif Hussein then asked the Turkish commanding general that Syria be granted autonomy, but the request was turned down, and the Turks continued to call for Arab volunteers from the Hejaz. The Sharif's sons thereupon rallied to the support of their father, and an ultimatum was given to the Turkish commander

in June of 1916. It stated that if their conditions regarding Arab rights were not met, a state of war would exist between the Arab nation and Turkey. That same day the railway line between Damascus and Medina was cut; the Arab Revolt had begun.

Shortly thereafter Abdullah reached the conclusion that it was vital to the success of the movement that his father be elected King of the Arabs; otherwise the Turks could continue to treat the Arabs as rebels. After getting support for this idea from the leaders of the Revolt, Abdullah went to his father with the proposal. At first the old Sharif was against the suggestion, but Abdullah insisted and Hussein finally called together the government and military leaders who were in Mecca. On being assured by them that they would withdraw their support of the Revolt if he did not follow their suggestion, Hussein agreed and, in November of 1916, was proclaimed King of the Hejaz at the Holy Mosque. The announcement was greeted with enthusiasm, and many leaders paid homage to the new ruler, while the people celebrated the occasion with dancing in the streets. The new King promptly formed a government in which Abdullah was Foreign Minister.

With this business of state out of the way the military aspects of the Revolt became all important, and Abdullah took on a field command. His headquarters were at Wadi Ais in the northern Hejaz when, in March of 1917, a British Captain Lawrence appeared with twenty-seven camel riders. Lawrence announced he had come to supervise the destruction of the railway, a job which Abdullah felt quite capable of doing alone. Because of Lawrence's high British contacts, however, Abdullah did not object, and allowed him to carry out a series of daring raids against the railway. The Englishman also attempted to get in touch with various tribes to enlist their support in the Revolt. But in many cases he was unable to do so because of the size and attitude of the bodyguard which Abdullah placed around him to protect him from the Turks. This caused friction between Abdullah and Lawrence, who felt the Amir was more interested in practical jokes and poetry than in war. They nevertheless developed a working arrangement, and for twenty-five days Lawrence used Abdullah's camp as his base of operations against the Hejaz Railroad. Abdullah was much relieved when Lawrence transferred his group back to the army of his brother Feisal, who, incidentally, gave the Englishman a free hand to contact the tribes and organize broader support for the Revolt.

In the autumn of 1918 the Arabs declared Syria a monarchy, with Feisal as King. But the French continued to consider Syria, as well as Lebanon, their sphere of influence. French pressure on King Feisal in Damascus increased until, in the spring of 1920, they attacked Damascus and drove Feisal from the country. This was a bitter blow to most of the Arab leaders in Syria, and they sent a request to Mecca asking that some other member of the Hashemite royal family be sent to take Feisal's place. Abdullah, who had resigned from his father's foreign office, was holding no post at that time. He asked if he might be allowed to go to Syria to see what he could do to free the country from the French and bring about the return of his brother. Sharif Hussein gave his approval, and Abdullah proceeded to Medina and thence to Maan in a train he "took over temporarily." It was a journey which required a month. The railway line had not been promptly repaired since the operations against it by Lawrence, and its lack of fuel was sometimes met by cutting down and burning telegraph poles.

He finally arrived in Maan in November of 1920 and received a warm welcome from the townspeople and the Bedouin tribes. Having collected a group of followers around him, Abdullah, on December 5, issued a proclamation to "our Syrian brethren." This told of the deep concern felt by every Arab over the "French aggression"; it urged the Arabs to unite to prevent Syria from becoming a French colony; and it stated that Abdullah had come to re-establish King Feisal on the throne of Syria.

Following the distribution of this proclamation, Abdullah announced that he was Vice-King of Syria and asked all members of the Syrian Congress, along with loyal officers and troops of the Syrian army, to join him at the frontier town of Maan. Some Arab leaders rallied to Abdullah's standard, and many of the ordinary people and Bedouin supported him. The French, however, were by now strongly entrenched, and Abdullah realized that he must have outside support if his movement to put Feisal back on the throne of Damascus was to succeed. For the next few months he made little progress toward this goal. It was one of the coldest winters on record, and life in the primitive town of Maan was bleak. On top of all this Abdullah became ill with jaundice. His chief enjoyment and comfort was one of the first wireless sets to be used in Transjordan; through it Abdullah could communicate with Jidda and other friendly cities in the Near East. Using a special cypher he even got in touch with the Turks, and for

a while believed he could get them to support him against the French.

Vice-King Abdullah of Syria left Maan for Amman on March 1, 1921. Before boarding the train he made a speech urging his listeners to stop thinking of themselves as "belonging to small geographical districts, but rather to be loyal to the great Arab brotherhood which embraces us all."

Just before noon the next day the royal train reached the Circassian village of Amman, which had grown up in the last forty years on the site of Roman Philadelphia. Although prosperous under the Romans and early Arab rulers, the town fell upon evil days and was completely deserted for about five hundred years. A party of Circassian settlers had arrived there in 1878, but the reborn town grew slowly; its population was only about 2,000 in 1900 and less than 20,000 when Abdullah reached it.

In order to understand the problems confronting Abdullah during this period, it is necessary to consider past developments in the area. The section from Maan north had for some four hundred years been part of the Turkish Empire, although Turkish authority had not been strictly enforced, except to guard the pilgrimage on its way from Damascus to Mecca each year. When the Turks were driven out of Syria by King Feisal and the Arab armies, authority in Transjordan became even more nebulous.

In July 1920, however, Great Britain was granted a mandate over Palestine by the League of Nations. While most of their efforts were devoted to organizing Palestine proper, the British realized that something had to be done about the primitive and isolated area east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. One of the remarkable things about the British Empire has been its ability to invent special types of administrations to meet special situations. In this case a handful of British officers with good Arabic backgrounds was sent out from Jerusalem to set up a series of *ad hoc* administrative centers.

One of the officers chosen for this unusual assignment was Alec Kirkbride, a massive, six-foot-four artillery officer and former Royal Engineer, who had grown up in the Sudan and whose Arabic was as good as his English. Kirkbride had served with the Arab Revolt and knew most of the leading figures associated with that operation, including Colonel Lawrence whom he first met in a snowstorm in the isolated Transjordan village of Tafileh.

When the British started to administer Transjordan, Kirkbride was

assigned the Moab district east of the Dead Sea. He was the only British citizen for miles around, and there were no telephones, telegraph or even motor roads. In spite of the fact that the tribes there were among the wildest in Jordan, Kirkbride enjoyed his assignment and made progress in bringing peace to a province which the Ottoman government had never completely subdued. He lived within the walls of the Crusader Castle of Kerak where Reynald de Chatillon once ruled. From the top of the great stone citadel Kirkbride could look down to the blue water of the Dead Sea more than three thousand feet below, while on clear days, even without field glasses, he could catch the sunlight reflected from the house windows on the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem. The "National Government of Moab," as Kirkbride and his council of local elders facetiously called it, collected virtually no taxes. Its borders were not clearly marked and its army was a police force of fifty men, scarcely enough to deal with the inter-tribal raiding which had so long been the chief activity and even relaxation of the men of Moab. More than once it looked as if the Englishman and his little army were going to be wiped out. But thanks to Kirkbride's tact and knowledge of the Arabs, he was able to "keep the raiding within fairly reasonable bounds, according to local standards."

Early in 1921 Kirkbride learned that Amir Abdullah would soon move from Maan, in what was then the northern Hejaz, into the territory of the National Government of Moab. Abdullah had with him his privately recruited army and was on his way to Syria. Feeling that his fifty police would have little chance against Abdullah's Hejazi Bedouin, Kirkbride sent a special messenger on horseback post haste across the Jordan Valley to ask instructions from the British High Commissioner in Jerusalem. It was two weeks before he got his reply, which stated that "it was considered most unlikely that the Amir Abdullah would advance into territory which was under British control."

Two days later Kirkbride was informed that the Amir had entered the territory of the "National Government of Moab." Since Kirkbride felt it unwise to fight, and on the other hand did not wish to run away, he rode out to meet Vice-King Abdullah at the nearest railway station, where he boarded the royal train. After the usual exchange of courtesies Abdullah asked if Kirkbride had come to welcome him on behalf of the British Government. The English official replied that his greetings were from the Council of the National Government of Moab.

Abdullah, with a characteristic twinkle in his eye, thereupon asked if the National Government of Moab had been recognized by the international powers. To this Kirkbride was forced to answer that he was not sure of the international status of his Government, since communications with the outside world were slow. However, he went on, "the question is largely of an academic nature now that your Government is here." Abdullah indicated they understood each other, and "so the National Government of Moab passed away quite painlessly, as did the other autonomous administrations in the North."

In spite of his speeches Vice-King Abdullah delayed his attack on Syria and stayed on in Amman. Toward the end of March 1921 a message from Sharif Hussein reached him. It stated that Mr. Winston Churchill, British Secretary of State for the colonies, was in Jerusalem and that, in the over-all interest of the Arabs, Abdullah should be guided by his wishes. Shortly thereafter Abdullah received an invitation from the British High Commissioner for Palestine, Sir Herbert Samuel, to come to Jerusalem for a talk with Mr. Churchill. Abdullah had gone as far as Salt when he was met by Lawrence. At a dinner in that picturesque town, which lies in a fold of the hills just before the mountains drop down into the Dead Sea rift, Lawrence informed the Hashemite ruler that the British felt it would not be possible for King Feisal, who was then in Europe, to return to Damascus as king. With both the British and the French against him, Abdullah realized he could never reconquer Syria for his brother; his self-assumed title of Vice-King was meaningless.

Although the road was little more than a trail, Lawrence had brought one of his Rolls Royces with him and he and Abdullah motored down together, lunching near an overturned Turkish gun beside the Shaib River, which flows through a magnificent wadi from Salt to the River Jordan. In Jericho the party was joined by a group of distinguished Palestinians headed by Musa El-Husseini, of the Jerusalem family which has furnished so many religious and political dignitaries to the city. Their combined motorcades pushed on across the bare valley of the Jordan and wound up through the desolate hills of the wilderness of Judaea. Large crowds lined the route as they approached Jerusalem from Bethany, but at Lawrence's orders the cars swept on at full speed until they reached the vast Augusta Victoria Stiftung, the German Hospice on the Mount of Olives which was

then serving as British Government House. There they were met by Sir Herbert Samuel, for whose deep culture and quiet manners the Hashemite ruler developed great respect.

That night at dinner Amir Abdullah was introduced to Winston Churchill. As is proper in Arab countries, this first meeting was for the purpose of getting acquainted and not for business. The talk touched on Bedouin raids and Abdullah's snuff box, rather than on the serious questions which were pending.

The next morning Abdullah and his adjutant conferred with Mr. Churchill, Sir Herbert Samuel, Mr. Deeds, the Chief Secretary for Palestine, and Colonel Lawrence. After a discussion of the over-all Arab position Mr. Churchill said it was the belief of the British government that King Feisal should give up his claim to the throne of Syria, since his strong Arab nationalism made him unacceptable to the French. As an alternative Feisal "should make known his interest" in becoming King of Mesopotamia, which was being organized by the British as the Kingdom of Iraq. Mr. Churchill hoped that Abdullah would urge his father, Sharif Hussein, to agree to the nomination of Feisal to the new throne in Baghdad. He also hoped that the highly regarded Hashemite leader in Mecca would encourage the people of Iraq to accept his son as their ruler.

Mr. Churchill went on to explain that it would be quite agreeable to the British government if Amir Abdullah remained in Transjordan, organizing the administration of that undeveloped area. Amir Abdullah replied he would be happy to talk to his father and to King Feisal along these lines. He proposed that a single state be made out of Palestine and Transjordan, but Mr. Churchill turned this down because of the previous promises of the British government to the Jews. Amir Abdullah next suggested the creation of a single state to combine Transjordan and Mesopotamia. Again Mr. Churchill dissented, on the grounds that the British were well along with their plans to establish the independent state of Iraq. At this Abdullah said he was interested in Mr. Churchill's suggestion that he stay on in Transjordan as ruler, but felt he should talk to the leaders of that country before giving a final reply.

That afternoon Amir Abdullah met with such Transjordanian leaders as were then in Jerusalem and found they supported his becoming ruler of the lands east of Jordan and the Dead Sea. The next morning he told Mr. Churchill, who had been spending his time paint-

ing pictures, that he would agree to the British proposals providing his father supported them. The Amir thereupon journeyed back across the valley of the Jordan to Amman and shortly thereafter discussed these British proposals with his father in Mecca. Sharif Hussein acquiesced in the transfer of his son Feisal from the throne of Damascus to that of Baghdad. He also agreed that Abdullah should call off his march north and take over the rule of Transjordan. Lawrence could write "we were quit of our wartime eastern adventure with clean hands. . . ."

The next month, April of 1921, Amir Abdullah organized the first formal government of Transjordan. For this event Sir Herbert Samuel came over to Amman, along with Mr. Deeds and the ubiquitous Colonel Lawrence. The occasion was one for jubilation, feasting and speeches, the latter full of complimentary references to Amir Abdullah and his services to the Arab cause. Close friendship between England and the Arabs was reaffirmed by British officials and Arab leaders alike. Thus auspiciously, the Amirate of Transjordan began its official existence as an administrative entity, though still part of the British Mandate of Palestine. It was not until May of 1923, at a reception in Amman attended by the members of the Transjordan government and the chief British officials from Jerusalem, that an "independence" of the Amirate of Transjordan was officially declared.

The Amirate over which Abdullah now ruled was essentially a desert land, with a few small towns such as Kerak, Madaba, Amman, Salt, Ajlun, and Irbid in the hills above the Jordan Valley. Its area was approximately 33,000 square miles, and its population of some quarter million was largely made up of Bedouin. The new King was immensely popular with his nomadic subjects, who not only liked his friendly democratic ways but also had the highest regard for him as a member of the Hashemite family. Abdullah in turn often said that many of his happiest hours were spent drinking coffee and exchanging stories with his "desert children."

Then, as now, the Bedouin fell into four main groups. The great nobles among them are the camel nomads, called Badu in Arabic, thus giving us our word Bedouin—a term which means "inhabitants of the desert." The lesser nobles are the sheep and goat nomads, the Shwaya, which means "sheep herders." From the point of view of the nomads all persons who live permanently in houses are considered "outside the pale." The nomads do, however, deem worthy of recognition, if not

of honor, an intermediate category of persons who live in tents part of the year and in a house during the other months. These are the Ra'iyie, which means "shepherd," and who are Bedouin in the process of becoming villagers. They sow their fields in the autumn and then go out into the desert with their flock of goats and sheep, returning to their houses in the spring to harvest their crops and to spend the summer there until the planting is finished. Up until fecently these house and tent Bedouin had to pay the camel, sheep and goat tribes for permission to use part of their range. But as more Bedouin start cultivating their lands, the prestige and wealth of the Ra'iyie is on the increase.

A specialized group of mud hut and tent dwellers are the tribes of the Jordan Valley. Many of these have Sudanese or Egyptian blood from their slave forebears. In contrast to most Bedouin, they are willing to make their living by labor, and help the local farmers by serving as woodcutters and burners of charcoal and lime.

Moving with and among the nomadic tribes, whether the great camel aristocrats or the lesser sheep and goat nobles, are the artisan tribes, the Sleyb. They do not fight and are therefore not involved in inter-tribal wars. Their tents, often made of brown sacking rather than from the black and white goat's hair of the more noble Bedouin, are always to be found near the encampment of the tribe which they service as traders, entertainers and prostitutes. The Sleyb are noted for the powerful white donkeys which they raise, as well as for having only one wife at a time. They often look like gypsies although some of them have blue eyes and blond or red hair. They say that their name Sleyb is derived from the Arabic word for cross, *salib*. They may be descendants of Christian prisoners captured when the Crusader Kingdom of the East fell before Saladin and his Moslem armies. Another of the artisan tribes is the Sani, the blacksmiths of the desert. They repair rifles, make swords and spears, and shoe horses. In exchange they are given camels, sheep and goats, and captured articles such as tents and saddles. Because the Sani are not considered as free persons they cannot marry the members of even the lesser free tribes.

Apart from these distinctions the tribes along the Jordan consider it a matter of great importance whether they are of northern or southern descent. The former claim to spring from Ishmael, the son of Abraham by Hagar, his wife's Egyptian maid; the latter from the Biblical Yoqtan, the ancestor of the Yemeni tribes of southern Arabia. All persons whose tribes go back to one or the other of these ancestors are of noble

birth, and as such worthy to be considered as enemies or allies of other noble tribes. The Ruwala, for instance, are of northern, while the Beni Sakhr and Taamirah are of southern descent.

With the coming of the rains in October or November the Bedouin tents come down from their summer grazing quarters in the better-watered areas of Jordan. Then the long lines of camels and their swaying riders move out into the eastern desert, where they seek rain-green wadis and seasonal wells. The tribes of Jordan tend to move east and west. In contrast to this, the Syrian Bedouin such as the Ruwala pass their summers southeast of Damascus and move south across Jordan into Saudi Arabia where they spend the winter, covering three hundred miles or more on each part of the migrations.

In theory each important tribe is divided into two or more sub-tribes, which in turn are split into divisions that have their own clans. Most tribes along the Jordan, however, have a simpler structure, probably because there are no large tribal confederations such as the Shammar or Anaiza. Tribes or sub-tribes rarely move as a whole, but rather in "wandering units"—the number of tents which camp together in summer and winter and move as a group in fall and spring. Because larger size means safety in the desert, wandering units are in general as big as the supplies of water and green pasture will allow.

The size of an encampment also varies from year to year, depending on the reputation of its shaikh. If he is known to be generous, or lucky in peace or war, the number of his followers will climb; while a weak or unfair shaikh will soon find his followers reduced to the members of his immediate family. Moreover, within tribes of equal nobility sub-tribes or clans may leave one group and join another, or else become strong enough to set themselves up as an independent tribe. This happened about three hundred years ago when a sub-division of the Beni Atiyeh broke away and became the independent Howeitat.

The basic unit of the clan is the family. Sometimes it is so small and poor as to be sheltered by a single two-pole tent. Sometimes the family shaikh will have a four-or-five-pole tent for himself, with each of his wives and his married sons having their own tents nearby. Only a little familiarity with Bedouin encampments is needed to spot family and clan groupings, even in a large wandering unit.

Every father of a family is considered its shaikh, which literally means "grey bearded." On his death each of his married sons becomes the shaikh of his own family. Although the eldest son has the best

chance to succeed his father as head of the clan, he must prove his mettle. When he has done so through the years, support for him often crystallizes even before his father's death, and his succession is effected without trouble. If two brothers are both determined to become shaikh of the clan, one may kill the other, or else the members of the whole clan decide to back one of the contenders. However, in some cases the clan will divide and a part will follow each of the men.

The decisions of even strong shaikhs are not reached without the help of a council, or *majlis*. This is a gathering which usually meets before noon on each day in the tent of the shaikh and is composed of the heads of families, clans or sub-tribes, depending on the importance of the council. A strong shaikh will dominate his *majlis* by the force of his personality, but he is not in a position to give orders to its members.

The senior or paramount shaikh is the uncrowned king of his tribe or tribal confederation. After consulting with his *majlis* he directs its seasonal migration, represents it in inter-tribal gatherings, and is responsible for its honor in war and its welfare in peace. He also handles its finances, passes on marriages and divorces, arbitrates disputes such as those over water rights or grazing areas, and acts as the official host for important guests.

As the power of the central government in Jordan has increased over the last generation, the time honored pattern of rule among its Bedouin has begun to change. Paramount shaikhs now have scribes, or secretaries, and maintain much closer contact with the government in Amman. Such shaikhs are responsible for the collection of taxes from their tribe, and they receive purses from the King, who has become a sort of super-paramount shaikh. Up until recently Bedouin life was built around the camel, or to be more exact, the one-humped dromedary. Some Bedouin kept flocks of camels before 2000 B.C., but only for milk, meat, and hides. Since they have learned to ride the camel, a development which occurred about 1000 B.C., the Arabs are able to move into previously inaccessible parts of the desert and spend long periods in areas where horses, cattle, goats, and sheep cannot survive. Recent years, however, have seen the end of the monopoly of the camel on the desert. The building of the Hejaz Railway by the Turks and its continued operation north of Maan hit the Jordanian camel owners severely, while trucks and landrovers or jeeps have proved to

be a cheaper form of transport than camel caravans across most types of country, including the deepest sands.

In the last generation there has been a speed-up in the process of transforming the nomadic tribesmen into partial or complete villagers. Thanks to the Desert Patrol and the Arab Legion, the constant raids of the Bedouin against each other and against the farmers have become a thing of the past. With this expansion of security the patches of cultivation are being pushed to the eastward limit of the Mediterranean rainfall. Thus, with the camel's usefulness in transport lessened, uncultivated grazing areas reduced, and the opportunity of gaining wealth through raids prohibited, more and more Bedouin are turning from pure nomads into Ra'iyie, or semi-villagers. Many of them cultivate land of their own, and some are moving into houses for at least part of the year.

A tribe which has gone through this change from Bedouin to part farmer is the Taamirah, who have recently gained considerable fame as the discoverers of the Dead Sea Scrolls. Like all Bedouin tribes the Taamirah have no written records, but their traditions indicate they came from the Hejaz in Arabia to the plains near Maan about four hundred years ago. Always on the lookout for more water and greener pastures, a wandering unit of seven families went across the Wadi Araba into Palestine. After a period of struggle they were able to claim a grazing range that reached from Hebron and Bethlehem in the summer down to the northwest shores of the Dead Sea in winter. Soon Taamirah were marrying into the families of townsmen, and some of them began living in stone houses south of Bethlehem, while spending the winters in their tents in the warm Jordan Valley.

Over the last twenty-five years the government of Jordan has made it a policy to encourage Bedouin who wish to become partial or full-time farmers. Its program has included the sale or allocation of government lands to such tribes, the digging of wells and cisterns, the distribution of seeds and citrus graftings, plus some technical instruction. But in spite of an increase in the number of farmers, the nomadic population of the Jordan desert has not changed much; as has always been the case, about as many Bedouin still live there as the scant rainfall and vegetation will permit, and the black tent is still their castle.

The wealth of a Bedouin can be judged by the number of poles supporting his tent, which range from two to as many as nine. Most

of the Jordanian tents are made of mixed camel and goat hair, so a Bedouin refers to his tent as his "house of hair." Because most Bedouin goats are black, their tents have this color today, just as they did 3,000 years ago when, in the Song of Solomon, a bride said to the daughters of Jerusalem:

> I am black, but comely
> Oh ye daughters of Jerusalem
> As the tents of Kedar,
> As the curtains of Solomon

Except for the smallest tents Bedouin dwellings are divided into two or more parts. The women traditionally have the right-hand side as one enters, which has extra hangings for privacy. There one finds the leather water holders, pots, and pans, and household supplies such as coffee, rice, sugar and grains, stored in sacks at the back of the compartment.

The left side is the men's part, with guest space and a place for eating. There is usually a fire burning in this compartment. Coffee is made here and around it the men talk endlessly. The guns and other weapons of the household are kept in the men's quarters, where they can be snatched up easily in case of an attack. The ground in all parts of the tent is covered with rugs and cushions, while camel saddles, often draped with quilts, form backrests.

Bedouin spend most of their life hungry. This keeps them active but does not give them stamina, especially since their main meal is eaten in the evening. For most of the Jordanian Bedouin who winter in the eastern desert this meal consists of dry dates, boiled wheat or rice, and camel's milk. Bread is baked infrequently and the diet is enlivened by roast locust when they can be gathered. Breakfast consists of what is left over from the dinner of the night before and is likely to be sparse. It is usually made up of a few dates and some fresh camel's milk known as *halib*, or sour camel's milk called *laban*. Sheep and goat Bedouin make much use of *ghee*, or clarified butter made from boiled goat's milk. Meat is a luxury except among the wealthy Bedouin, but when a sheep or camel is available it is eaten down to the last mouthful. Most Westerners who spend any time in Jordan will be invited to a *mensif*, or feast of meat.

Leaving the paved roads behind one bumps across the desert to

where, in the center of a group of smaller black shelters, there stands a long ceremonial tent. The floor is dotted with piles of pillows or camel saddles covered with robes.

The visitor soon feels at home as the host introduces his chief followers, and all are shortly seated in a circle drinking cardamon-flavored coffee from handle-less cups. Perhaps a horse race will be staged to entertain the visitors, or a group of camel riders will put on a mock battle; while the visiting ladies will go over to see the Arab womenfolk, who never appear before the men visitors. Then after two or three hours circles of six to eight men come toiling up from the kitchen tents, bent under the weight of six-foot copper trays. Each is deep in boiled rice, with a sheep roasted whole in its center. As the biggest and best tray is set down before the most important guests, a gravy of sour milk is poured over the meat and rice. Then, with his right hand, the shaikh pulls off a particularly juicy morsel of mutton and hands it to the honor guest; and after murmuring *Bismillah* ("in the name of God"), all begin to eat. Occasionally the sheep's eye is offered to an important guest, but happily for the Westerner this custom is becoming less frequent. Because eating is a serious business the Bedouin do not waste time in small talk at meals, and the mounds of meat and rice shrink rapidly. The approved technique is to wrap a small piece of meat in gravy-soaked rice, round the lump into a ball in the palm of the right hand, and pop it into the mouth with one's thumb.

At its best a *mensif* is a delicious combination of rice and mutton. However, if the meat is tough or heavily flavored with rancid *ghee*, the Westerner may find it difficult to enjoy tearing apart the grey carcass of a desert sheep. When the first group has eaten its fill, hands are wiped on thin pieces of Bedouin bread from the edge of the platter, and this "napkin" in turn is eaten. The diners then go outside the tent, where servants pour water over everyone's hands from ornamental copper pitchers. One then moves over to a fire, where the meal is topped off with dates and other fruits and a few more cups of coffee. Meanwhile a second circle of less important tribesmen descends upon what is left of the sheep, after which a third sitting of servants and slaves scrapes the platter clean. A *mensif* given by one of the great tribal shaikhs of Jordan, with the moon rising out of the eastern desert and the glowing embers under the coffee pots lighting the keen bearded faces of the tribesmen, is an experience no visitor will ever forget. He must bear

in mind, however, that even the richest shaikhs cannot afford a *mensif* every day.

Although the townsfolk of Jordan are rapidly adopting Western dress, the Bedouin still wear their traditional cloak, called *aba,* with a *kaffiyeh,* or headcloth, held on by an *igal,* or coil. Most Bedouin men go barefooted, although some wear sandals or even shoes when coming into town. Some of them "do" their hair in long braids, but trim their beards short. Bedouin women wear a brown or black robe with several loose garments under it. These are often as much as three feet longer than the wearer and are tucked up beneath a woven belt. The length is to permit expansion during pregnancy and the folds serve as pockets. Types of headdress among women in Jordan vary widely, but the basic form is a black kerchief. The chins and cheeks, as well as the arms and legs, of most Bedouin women are tattooed. In addition they usually color their eyelids with *khol,* a dye made from antimony. They also paint the palms of their hands and feet with henna, and some of the older women tint their hair with this as well. Bedouin women are very proud of their heavy silver jewelry, and their anklets, armlets, necklaces and earrings clink melodiously as they walk. In some tribes nose-ornaments are considered essential, in others they are laughed at.

Like some tribes of American Indians, Bedouin women carry their smallest children on their backs in a cloth which is tied over their forehead. In addition to taking care of the youngest children they do all the household work, including bringing water to the tent, collecting wood or camel dung for fuel, cooking, and baking bread. They also put up and down the tents, load the camels, and feed the horses when there are any. And they pluck camel's and goat's hair from which they make tents, blankets, and saddle bags.

Except for the milking of camels, which is dangerous because of the mean disposition of these animals, the men are free much of the time. They sit about, drink coffee, smoke home-grown tobacco, hold long discussions, entertain visitors and sleep. They are fond of telling stories, and most forms of activity such as watering camels and herding flocks have special songs. When a tribe is fighting or raiding the men are very busy. Now that actual warfare is past and raids are few and far between, mock battles are sometimes organized. There are frequent feasts to celebrate births, marriages, deaths and the entertainment of guests. And there is always love making.

In general the Bedouin have little organized religion and, for Mos-

lems, show surprising indifference to such pillars of the faith as making the pilgrimage to Mecca and giving alms regularly to the poor. They pray, but usually not five times a day, and few of them fast in the daytime during the month of Ramadan. Although they say that there is no God but Allah, among the Bedouin of Jordan there is widespread belief in strange demons and dangerous spirits whose constant interest is to harm mankind. Thus, in many tribes Islamic faith is only a veneer upon religious beliefs which are far older than the Prophet. These take the form of conventions handed down from father to son, which cover every relation of man with man as well as his contacts with spirits; thus Bedouin law and custom are inseparably intertwined. The principles on which Bedouin judges base their decisions are those of collective responsibility, collective retribution, and compensation. Once these have been met, the contending families enjoy a feast and the crime is forgotten.

The Bedouin of Jordan take legal disputes very seriously and often go to great lengths to discredit a witness. But such suits sometimes have their lighter side. Not long ago there was a law suit between two tribesmen north of Amman. When the defendant made a statement the accuser, who came from another clan, said to the judge, "His word cannot be trusted because his wife will not cook for guests."

"If that is the case, I will divorce her," said the defendant.

"His mother is known to be a thief," continued the attacker.

"Then I will send her away."

"His sister is not married and is going to have a child."

"If that is true I will kill her."

The claimant turned to the judge and asked, "How can you allow such a witness?"

"Because," said the judge, "this man is known to be unmarried, his mother died years ago, and he has no sister. In view of what you have said, I cannot take your accusation seriously, and the case is dismissed." The friends of the defendant had cleverly misinformed the accuser.

If a case cannot be settled by the testimony of witnesses, the defendant is often required to swear a sacred oath. This may be done in the presence of the paramount shaikh of his tribe, or at some particularly holy spot.

In extreme cases where a man's oath is not accepted his truthfulness is judged by the "test of hot iron." Usually only one man in a tribe is skilled in the carrying out of this test, in which a red-hot piece of

iron is passed over the tongue of the accused. A Jordanian well versed in Bedouin lore states that, in over a dozen applications, he knew of no case in which the defendant had been burned. It was his opinion that the tribal experts make the test only on persons they feel are innocent and are able to pass the metal over the tongue of the accused so rapidly that is does not burn.

In general women are not brought into law suits, although when they are, the word of two women is required to match the testimony of one man. The most serious cases in which women are involved relate to extramarital affairs. If a Bedouin woman is proved guilty of such misconduct, she is promptly killed by her father or brothers. In some tribes the family of a girl who has been dishonored are allowed to rob the family of the man who did her wrong for the next three and one-third years.

A tribe which prides itself on its justice is the Beni Sakhr, the largest camel tribe in Jordan. It boasts over 6,000 tents, about 15,000 camels, and more than 500 horses. In summertime its tents can be found southeast of Amman, in the general area of the Ziza railway station; with the coming of the rains they move out to the Wadi Sirhan below Azrak. Although its members continue to be camel Bedouin, it nevertheless owns several dozen villages, whose inhabitants are really serfs and live in mud houses. The Beni Sakhr themselves pitch their tents near their fields from the time of the spring harvest until the November planting, but spend the rest of the year deep in the eastern desert. A migratory school follows the tribe on its wanderings.

The Beni Sakhr used to take protection money from the pilgrim caravans moving down from Syria to Mecca, but this source of revenue has now dried up. They also received fees from many Transjordan villages, and even towns as big as Kerak and Salt found it easier to pay them than to fight them off. But when the tough Circassians moved in on the water holes in and around Amman, and the Turks put permanent garrisons into east Jordan, these sources of income ended. Just before the turn of the century, therefore, the shaikhs of the Beni Sakhr began buying farm lands and organizing villages of Palestinian serfs to cultivate them. They now own more than a hundred thousand acres of good farm land, complete with tractors, seed drills and combines. Migrant laborers from some of the poor tribes come up from the Jordan Valley to work on these farms at planting and harvest times. So successful has this system become that the Beni Sakhr now

make as much as a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on one crop alone, and own an office building in Amman for the handling of their business interests.

The next most important group of Bedouin in Transjordan are the Howeitat who have about three thousand tents. Their grazing range extends from just northeast of Akaba in the summertime to Tubeiq and Wadi Sirhan during the winter rains. Some of them are fast becoming farmers and during the summer months are to be found near Roman ruins, which serve them as storehouses for their wheat.

Although the Howeitat claim to be the descendants of the Prophet through his daughter Fatima, some experts believe their ancestors were the Nabataeans whose capital was Petra.

Apart from Beni Sakhr and Howeitat, the Sirhan are the only important Jordanian Bedouin who range far out into the desert. They are a tribe of about five hundred tents, most of whose members spend the three rainy months of the winter at the northern end of the Wadi Sirhan, centering at Ain El-Baida near Azrak. It was here that Lawrence found their chiefs in 1917 when he was looking for volunteers to fight against the Turks.

By the beginning of the twentieth century the attractions of farm life had begun to affect the Sirhan also. Their move toward farming was further speeded up when the Turkish vali of Damascus gave them five villages a little west of the line of the railway near Mafrak; each year they spend more time in that vicinity.

The Beni Sakhr, the Howeitat, and the Sirhan are the camel-riding aristocrats of the Jordanian desert. The other tribes must be classed as shepherds. The most powerful of these is the Beni Hasan who boast about 4,400 tents, with 100,000 acres of land and an equal number of goats and sheep.

Another powerful shepherd tribe is the Adwan who fill about 3,500 tents. For the most part they spend their summers in the rolling plateau west of Amman from Sweileh throughWadi Seir and Naour to Mount Nebo. In the wintertime scores of their black tents can be seen from the main highway as it leaves the mountains at Shuneh and starts across the plain of the Jordan Valley. The Adwan are so rich that their paramount shaikh was able, not long ago, to give a *mensif* at which one hundred sheep were served whole, along with all the trimmings.

The warlike spirit of even the smaller tribes of Jordan has now found

expression in service in Jordan's Arab Army. The Beni Khalid tribe, for instance, has only about a hundred and fifty tents, but at one time it supplied eight officers and over seventy-five non-commissioned officers and soldiers to the Jordan Army.

Jordan has a certain number of Christian tribes of whom the al-Nasara, whose very name means Christian, have over two thousand tents. Few of these tribes are still nomads, but in some cases they stay in tents near their farms and hire Moslem nomads from the smaller tribes to graze their sheep for them. Their relations with the Moslem tribes have produced many strange incidents. About fifty years ago a shaikh of the Christian tribe of Haddad, which had settled in the Kerak area, became the father of a baby girl. That day he happened to meet the leader of the powerful Majali clan in Kerak. Although the baby was a girl, Shaikh Majali showed him the unusual courtesy of congratulating the father. Not to be outdone, Sabra Haddad replied, "God bless you. From now on she is not my daughter, but your maidservant."

Both of the men forgot all about this incident, until some sixteen years later Majali saw the girl who was now very beautiful and, being Christian, was walking around unveiled. He thereupon went to Haddad and claimed her as his promised bride. Because the Majalis were Moslems, Sabra Haddad refused. After some shooting by both sides the Haddads, who were the weaker of the two clans, decided to do by guile what they could not accomplish by force. They announced that they were ready to make peace with the Majalis and invited thirty of them to a banquet. There was much mutton and rice on the trays, but Sabra Haddad put no salt in the food or bread on the trays, thereby freeing himself from the rule of Bedouin hospitality which makes it unlawful to attack anyone who has eaten bread and salt in one's tent. At the end of the meal the men of the Haddad clan turned on their guests and killed most of them. Quite naturally, the Majalis who survived began killing off their attackers, and the Sabra Haddads were forced to flee from Kerak to Bethlehem, where they lived for more than ten years.

After discreet soundings Sabra Haddad and his family returned secretly to the Kerak area where, late one night, they slipped into the tent of Shaikh Majali. There is a custom among the Arabs that if you can seize a man's tent pole he must give you sanctuary for three days. If you shake the pole as well and ask with the proper formula,

any wish you express must be granted. The wife of Sabra Haddad, therefore, seized the pole in the center of Majali's tent, shook it violently and asked that her wish be granted. The tough but ever courteous Majali woke up at this point, saw a woman shaking his tent pole in the darkness of the night and exclaimed, "All right, your wish will be granted. In fact I would grant it even if you were the wife of Sabra Haddad."

"That is just who I am," replied the woman, "and I ask forgiveness for my husband and his brothers."

"What I have said, I have said," replied Majali, "he shall be forgiven if he will come to my tent this night." At this Sabra Haddad, who had been hiding behind a camel saddle, jumped up and said, "Here I am, O greatest of the Majalis. Allah and I both heard your words. If you will permit me and my family to return to Kerak, we will be friends with you forever."

"It is the will of God," said Majali, and the two longtime enemies walked out of the tent hand in hand, much to the surprise of Majali's followers, who had heard strange voices in the Shaikh's tent and came running up with their guns to protect him. The pact was solemnized the next day at a great banquet, this time well supplied with bread and salt. And anyone who goes there will still find the Sabra Haddads and the Majalis living peacefully together in the shadow of the old Crusader Castle at Kerak.

Glubb and the Arab Legion

One day in the late winter of 1924 four camels and their drivers pushed their way through the crowded streets of the Amman bazaar. Amman in those days was a small Circassian town that had been planted fifty years before on the long-deserted ruins of the Roman city of Philadelphia. Westerners were few and far between in this capital city of Transjordan, and the bustling market place was more accustomed to camels than to automobiles. As the leader of the little caravan, his manservant, and two Bedouin companions turned a corner, they came face to face with an old Ford car which began to blow its horn. One of the camels shied, upsetting a tray of tomatoes into the mud of the street. The shopkeeper ran out cursing loudly, the horn of the Ford continued to blow, and a policeman began to beat the camels. More police arrived, the shopkeeper's friends joined in the shouting, and the four camels and their drivers went galloping out of the bazaar, their long robes streaming behind them. There was nothing unusual about camels from the eastern desert having trouble in Amman, much to the annoyance of their Bedouin riders. In this case, however, the leader of the caravan was not a Bedouin but an English soldier who had ridden his camel across the desert all the way from Iraq. His name was John Bagot Glubb.

John Glubb was born in England in 1895. After taking a short course in Woolwich, the Royal Military Academy, he was given a commission in the Royal Engineers and served with great distinction in France and Belgium during World War I. It was at that time he received the face wound which changed the shape of his jaw and caused the Arabs

later to refer to him as Abu Hunaik, or Father of the Little Jaw. The energetic young British officer found barracks life in England after the war boring. One day in the summer of 1920 he learned that there was a need for British officers in Iraq. Glubb volunteered for this service and, once there, became much interested in the Bedouin. After reading all the books he could find by the explorers of Arabia, Glubb decided that when opportunity afforded he too would make a long camel journey. In 1924 he was granted two months' leave and set off by camel over the five-hundred-mile-wide Syrian desert to Amman. There was no paved road in those days, and no IPC pipeline with its well stocked pumping stations and rest houses. No central government had as yet extended its rule over the desert where the Bedouin moved about and raided one another's camps as they had done since time began. An escort was needed but Glubb had little money, and the equipment of his expedition was limited to some inexpensive Arab robes, two ordinary camels which cost only fifteen pounds each, a minimum of food, and one Arab servant.

Day followed day of hard riding, with the night spent sometimes alone under the stars and sometimes in the tents of unknown Bedouin who were so hospitable they would argue whether a camel or a sheep should be slaughtered for the evening. Much of the desert crossed was flat and monotonous, a cold northwest wind drove sand into the faces of the travelers, and the area was so unsettled that they often did not dare to make a fire at night. Such "cold camps," made on a supper of dried bread and sticky dates well sprinkled with sand, were far from pleasant. Even more discomforting were the brushes with groups of camel riders who every now and then would rise up and surround the travelers, waving their rifles in a threatening manner until the strangers could be identified and the discovery of mutual friends eased the tension. Their guide became daily more demanding until at last they came to the stone fort and the handful of houses that make up the oasis of Kaf. There the commander of the garrison received the travelers with kindness, and the guide was paid off and disappeared in the night, taking with him a number of valuables including Glubb's saddle. The Arab army, later known as the Arab Legion, had a small outpost on a hill near Kaf, and the Englishman enjoyed a visit with them, followed by a long evening of story telling with the commander of the oasis fort.

That worthy officer was most ashamed next morning when he

learned that the guide had turned out to be a thief, and Glubb was given another, though somewhat less comfortable, saddle for the rest of the trip. Soon after this the caravan left the Ruwala behind and entered the country of the Beni Sakhr. By evening a cordial relationship had been established, and Glubb's first night within the borders of Jordan was celebrated by a typical Bedouin repast—countless cups of coffee and many stories of past wars, present raids, and the chivalry of the Beni Sakhr. A few days later the caravan reached Amman which, as mentioned above, the riders found more to their liking than did the camels.

After a short stay in Amman John Glubb went down from the upland city to the little town of Shuneh, where the Amir Abdullah and his court had pitched their tents in the warm air of the Jordan Valley, a thousand feet below sea level. The British visitor was introduced to Amir Abdullah and his brother Amir Ali who were talking over the perennial question of restoring the Hejaz Railway. The Englishman and Amir Abdullah liked each other at first sight, but they had little time for discussion for Glubb was called to a large tent that stood nearby, where he was presented to his Majesty King Hussein of the Hejaz, the Sharif of Mecca and "Father of the Arab Revolt." The white-bearded patriarch was only mildly interested in Glubb until he learned that the Englishman had come all the way from Iraq by camel. Then the old King jumped up, took Glubb by the hand and escorted him to where he slept. On the carpet beside the King's bed was a camel saddle. "There," he pointed out triumphantly, "I never go anywhere without it." Thus did the man who was to make Jordan strong ride by camel across the Syrian desert into the hearts of the Hashemite royal family.

After a short stay in Transjordan Glubb returned to his work with the British Army in Iraq. In the autumn of 1930 the government of Transjordan decided that it must put an end to inter-tribal raids. John Bagot Glubb was selected and in November arrived in Amman to take up the task of bringing better law and order to the deserts of Transjordan. At that time the tribes of Jordan had no recognized single leader, and their weapons were out of date. In contrast to them the fanatical Ikhwan from Saudi Arabia were well organized, relatively well armed, and highly mobile. The result was one defeat after another for the Howeitat, who were not only being slaughtered by the Saudis but were prohibited from crossing the border after the invaders by the

detachment of the Transjordan Frontier Force which, under British officers, had the job of keeping much of eastern Jordan quiet.

Colonel Peake Pasha, the Commander of the Arab Legion, was on leave in England when Glubb reached Amman for the second time, but the new arrival was ordered to organize a small group of armed men to form a Desert Patrol. He promptly bought a car and set out, accompanied by only a driver and a Bedouin guide. In contrast to the relatively well-off Bedouin of Iraq, Glubb found scattered groups of ragged tribesmen in torn tents, often half starved and always full of bitterness against the government of Transjordan and the British troops. Glubb went from tent to tent, drinking innumerable cups of coffee, listening to the Howeitat tale of woe, learning the lay of the land, and making friends with countless Bedouin shaikhs. The days were long and exhausting, but the evening sessions around the tent fires in the cool desert air were refreshing and unforgettable. In addition to the difficulty of trying to make friends among people who were naturally suspicious of Westerners, Glubb was constantly in danger from Ikhwan raids. In order to get warning of such an attack he persuaded some of the Howeitat to picket the wells along the Saudi Arabian borders; but discipline was hard to enforce and the pickets frequently left their appointed posts. Angered by a particularly flagrant desertion, Glubb rounded up the camels of the offenders, who lost much face when forced to bargain for the return of their herds. A few such roundups were enough to convince the Howeitat that this Englishman not only meant business, but knew Bedouin mentality as well.

One night Glubb was enjoying after-dinner coffee with a Howeitat shaikh when his host was shot dead only a few yards from the camp fire. Investigation convinced him that the murderer was one Auda Ibn Zaal and that the crime was revenge for an earlier murder, which was in itself revenge for a previous killing. Such an attack, when a British representative of the Transjordan government was sitting by the fireside, was not only a daring crime but an insult to the government as well. Glubb had to act quickly if his prestige were to survive. He learned that Auda, his two cousins, and their families were known to have entered the impenetrable fastness of the Tubeiq mountains in the far south of Jordan. Accompanied only by two Bedouin guides and his driver, Glubb headed after the criminals. Moving steadily to the southern limit of the flint desert, the party found their way blocked by a

line of black sandstone cliffs almost a thousand feet in height. Following them, they came upon an opening almost covered by a gigantic sand dune. With the greatest difficulty the car was pushed and pulled to the top of this dune. A half mile of sand lay ahead, but to Glubb's amazement it turned out to be packed firmly enough for the car to cross. Minutes later the party raced down a steep incline and found themselves inside the Tubeiq basin. Glubb was probably the first European to penetrate behind these black cliffs, and certainly no automobile had ever done so. For the next two hours the party pushed forward cautiously until they reached the summit of a hill. Further pursuit was useless, but the day was a breakthrough for the forces of law and order in more than one sense. Not long afterwards Glubb returned to the Tubeiq basin with a unit of the British Frontier Force supported by an RAF plane. A thorough search proved that the evil Auda Ibn Zaal had escaped to Saudi Arabia, but never again could fugitive Bedouin feel safe in the Tubeiq.

After a two months' study of the problems of policing the Transjordan border, Glubb decided that the British troops would have to be withdrawn if the confidence of the Howeitat were to be attained. The authorities in Amman agreed with Glubb's analysis and so, early in the morning of February 1, 1931, Glubb sat on the summit of a small hill only two miles from the Saudi frontier and watched the last of the British troops withdraw towards Amman. He had no radio, and his Buick, his tent, his driver and his guide were all he had to rely on. Glubb got up thoughtfully from the rock and set out to convince the Howeitat that they must stop raiding and join with him in forming a Desert Patrol. Day after day the solitary English officer moved from tent to tent, explaining his plan. In a short time Howeitat raids had stopped, but no one came to enlist in the Desert Patrol. Then, quite unexpectedly, two Iraqi Bedouin appeared; they had come all the way from the Euphrates to serve with their former chief. They were followed by a Shammar tribesman who had also known Glubb in Iraq. These first members of the Patrol were not Jordanians, but were Bedouins who joined their voices with Glubb's in singing the praises of such a force. At last one Howeitat volunteered; but after three days service he handed in his uniform, because an Arab Legion paymaster sent from Amman insisted the men form a line before receiving their pay. Shortly thereafter Glubb went up to Amman for a few days and came back with three more recruits, all from central

Arabia. Glubb was now able to show the Howeitat that if they did not enlist their grazing lands would be patrolled by members of other tribes. The results of this were apparent to the stupidest Howeitat, and by early March Glubb's Desert Patrol numbered 30 men, equipped with four trucks, tents, uniforms, and several machine guns.

In order to stop raiding parties coming in from the Tubeiq, Glubb sent a patrol of five of his soldiers with orders to take up their position at a distant water hole. Three days by camel across the sands brought them to the well, which they found deserted and almost empty of water. In order to fill their waterskins they had to let one of the soldiers into the well with ropes. Although instructed to keep a lookout posted at all times, they forgot to do so. Shots rang out suddenly and all four of the men standing around the well were hit. The Saudis then raced up, finished off the wounded who were lying near the water hole, and pulled the fifth man out of the well, killing him also. However, one of the wounded, Hamdan by name, who was only a boy was able to pull himself a little distance from the well in spite of a broken leg. Hiding behind the rocks, he watched the Saudis kill his companions and start a search for him. Although his rifle had been smashed by a bullet he held it ready, and when one of the men was almost on top of him he sat up and cried out that he would kill the raider unless he was promised protection. Faced with this choice, the Saudi swore to protect the young soldier. The raider was furious when he found that Hamdan's rifle would not fire, but a Bedouin's word is inviolate and he prevented his comrades from killing the young Jordanian. Whereupon the attackers gave the boy some water and set off on their camels, taking with them the five mounts captured from the Desert Patrol. Young Hamdan, left beside the well and unable to move because of his broken leg, was three days by camel from the nearest outpost of the Desert Patrol. Luck was with him, however, for two days later he was found by a party of men of his own tribe, and he lived to fight many battles for the Arab Legion.

After six months of work protecting the Saudi border Glubb felt the situation there was in hand. He therefore left the south and moved to the beautiful oasis of Azrak in the grazing lands of the Beni Sakhr. Although essentially nomadic, some of the Beni Sakhr shaikhs had taken to farming a generation before and held lands not far from the city of Amman. As a result they were less interested in warfare than the Howeitat, and Glubb was able to stop their raiding without too

much difficulty. Thefts of camels continued, however, until Glubb evolved the system of making any man who stole a camel return it and in addition give a camel of his own to the government as a fine. Once this had been done, no further charges were pressed against the thief. Glubb had accurately judged the mentality of the Bedouin, who felt this was a sporting idea and a fair solution. Whenever a theft was reported, sooner or later some informer identified the criminal. If he confessed, the two-for-one-rule was applied. If he did not, six of his camels were taken for every one that had been stolen. Faced with this situation almost all the thieves confessed, and both raiding and stealing became very rare among the Beni Sakhr.

By now the prestige of the Desert Patrol was rising steadily, and before long its ranks had reached the total of ninety men, which Glubb had set as its optimum size. A waiting list came into being which included the sons of many prominent shaikhs. With raiding largely a thing of the past, the more energetic and able of the young Bedouin leaders turned to the Desert Patrol as an exciting way of life. Thus, when any soldier proved unsatisfactory or had to be severely punished, he was dropped from the rolls of the Patrol and his place was taken by a more likely candidate. Glubb had designed a uniform much like the regular dress of the Bedouin. It consisted of a wide-sleeved khaki robe that came almost to the ground, and was tied at the waist by a red sash. Further color was added by a red revolver lanyard, a shiny leather belt with a silver dagger stuck in it, and one or more broad bandoliers of cartridges crossed over the shoulders. When topped off by a red and white checked *kaffiyah* or head kerchief held on by a black *igal*, the whole effect was most colorful. "Glubb's girls" became an élite corps whose members were envied by other Bedouin and much sought after by the prettiest young women of the desert.

Because of its small numbers Glubb knew personally every man in the Patrol and inspired in them a remarkable spirit of camaraderie. Their greatest interest in life was becoming battle soldiers and every waking hour was devoted to this task. Since virtually all Bedouin were illiterate, Glubb started lessons which soon produced good results. The days in camp were interesting, but what all the members of the Patrol enjoyed most were long practice sweeps across the deserts in their trucks. It was a sight worth watching to see one of Glubb's columns on the move, kicking up great clouds of dust as it pushed forward across the rolling plain in the cloudless desert sunshine. When-

ever a halt was made, lookout men ran up the nearest hill and then crawled on hands and knees to the summit, where, lying flat on their stomachs, they could spot an attacker. The rest of the column meanwhile scattered to collect desert shrubs for firewood. Before long they would be back, one or more fires would be crackling, and lumps of dough would soon be baking in the embers. Then all sat down in a big circle, the ashes were dusted off the bread, and the pancakes dipped in olive oil and eaten silently, for the Bedouin feel a meal should not be spoiled with conversation. But with the tea and coffee which followed it was different, and talk and laughter would run around the circle until the last drops had been swallowed. Then the big copper dishes went back into the supply truck, the lookout men wormed their way down from the hill tops, and the caravan would be on its way again across the trackless desert.

In the spring of 1931 the Beni Sakhr reported to Glubb that they were losing camels and other animals to the Ahl al-Jebel, the People of the Mountain. This was a small and poverty-stricken tribe who lived on the southern slopes of the Jebel Druze mountains in Syria, just north of the Jordanian frontier. The peaks were once volcanic and a great flow of black lava had, in the remote past, poured down and spread south for about fifty miles, covering the soil to a depth of almost a foot, dotting it with many large boulders. As time went by, the solid lava broke into countless stones. Usually Bedouin tribes never penetrated the forbidding country of this lava flow, and the Ahl al-Jebel had moved into it many years before. The country was so rough that it was impossible for a stranger to move across it at night, while the burning desert sun beating down on the jumbled igneous rocks made it practically uncrossable in the heat of the day. The People of the Mountain, however, had their own secret paths and even grazed forlorn herds of goats or sheep on the little grass that sprang up here and there between the rocks. Being relatively weak, they never moved any distance outside the lava country and were not allied with any of the desert Bedouin. But when the Beni Sakhr grazed their herds near the pools of rain water along the edge of the lava flow, the Ahl al-Jebel would slip out of the lava just before sundown, round up some camels and drive them back into the black lava as the darkness fell. It was not safe for the Beni Sakhr to follow the raiders, and as the losses grew they became desperate and asked help from the Desert Patrol.

The problem was a difficult one for Glubb and his men, but the raiding had to be stopped. Glubb studied the situation and decided on a daring course of action. Driving the lead truck of his column himself, the British officer headed straight for the layer of black rocks which comes to an abrupt end at the edge of the lava flow. Getting out of his vehicle, he walked over and began moving rocks from in front of his truck. There was an awkward pause, for Bedouin do not perform manual labor. But the morale of the Desert Patrol was unbeatable. First one man then another and another joined with Glubb in moving the hot black rocks. Soon the whole Patrol was at work, except for the lookouts and drivers, and little by little they opened up a track three yards wide into the dreaded lava. The work was hard, but the Patrol was tough and every man worked with a will. To the amazement of the Ahl al-Jebel who were seen spying in the distance, a half mile of track was cleared the first day. The night was spent close to the trucks, but the People of the Mountain did not attack, contenting themselves with rolling back some of the stones that the Patrol had cleared during the day. After ten days of backbreaking work a track was cleared six miles into the lava, and the Ahl al-Jebel were forced so far from the pools of water that they could no longer raid the camels of the Beni Sakhr.

As the years passed, Glubb realized that he was in part responsible for the prosperity of his Bedouin. In the past, if a family or group lost their flocks it merely stimulated their keenness to ride out and capture someone else's animals. Such raids had now been stopped, and some alternative had to be found to give the Bedouin income in bad years. Most Bedouin look down on manual labor of all sorts and despise farmers as a particularly low order of people, made by God to be raided. Glubb set out to convince the tribes of Transjordan that they would be better off if they planted a few acres each year to give them a source of food and income on which they could rely if their flocks and herds failed them. The government joined in making land available east of the Hejaz Railroad and encouraged its cultivation, until little by little the benefits of having a small farm began to dawn on the Bedouin. Thus, during the peaceful years of the early 1930's the Desert Patrol of only ninety men changed life in east Jordan until the previously wild area became safe for grazing, transit and farming.

But the Desert Patrol was only part of the security forces. There were four hundred gendarmes who patroled the more settled parts of

Transjordan. Under the Turks the villagers in the mountains of Ajlun had regarded any representative of the central government with distrust. As Amir Abdullah began to organize the east bank of the Jordan, he recruited the ablest young men of the villages into the gendarmerie. To house them a series of forts was built from the mountains of Ajlun in the north, across the hills of Moab in the center, and down to Edom in the south.

These forts, or police posts, are today among the most striking features of the Jordanian countryside. They are usually located on hills, with the tops of their high stone walls pierced by loop holes, their crenellated towers and outer stone walls bristling with barbed wire. They look like a movie set for *Beau Geste* or a story of the Khyber Pass. The police posts vary in size, but all are built around a central courtyard containing barracks, dining hall, kitchen, offices, and stables for the magnificent white Arab horses ridden by the gendarmes. These troopers spend most of their time in the saddle, moving about in pairs and keeping a watchful eye on all that happens in their district. Almost without exception they are the sons of villagers and, though not allowed to serve in their own districts, they know the problems of the farmers for they are farmers themselves. Even in these days of paved roads the government in Amman seems far away, and in most villages the gendarmes are the real representatives of the King and the link between the government and the farmers.

The organization of the Arab Legion, which began as a military force and then expanded into the fields of gendarmerie and Desert Patrol, was the work of another remarkable British Middle East hand, Colonel F. G. Peake, more generally known as Peake Pasha. An officer in the Duke of Wellington Regiment, he was assigned to the Camel Corps of the Egyptian Army on the outbreak of World War I. After a series of adventures during that conflict Peake was sent with a company of the Camel Corps to support the northward march of the Amir Feisal and his Arab army. Along with Lawrence of Arabia Peake played an active role in the battles and marches that took the Arab army northward from Akaba to Damascus. Then, when Amir Abdullah was establishing his Amirate in Transjordan, Peake Pasha was given the job of helping him raise an army. Before long Jordan had a small but effective fighting force, to which was given the name of the Arab Legion.

At that time the country east of the Jordan was in chaos, and Peake had many narrow escapes. Once he was nearly hanged by an angry mob in the main square of Amman, while, on another occasion, he was captured by unfriendly Bedouin who argued for several hours before deciding not to kill him. For seventeen years he commanded the Arab Legion—a tall striking figure with a white mustache, a high caracul cap, and a heavy malacca cane. Peake was a bachelor who dined alone every night and who believed that the best way to get results from his Arab troops was always to appear angry. There is some question as to whether he really was as ferocious as he appeared, but his nickname among the Arabs was "Thunder Cloud." Because of this, or in spite of it, his prestige was tremendous, and he occupied a warm place in the hearts of his men who always remembered his many kindnesses, along with his bursts of temper and his Victorian military ways.

From 1936 to 1938 Palestine was in chaos. But during those years Transjordan remained calm under the kindly rule of Amir Abdullah, backed up by Peake Pasha, Glubb, and the twelve hundred men of the Arab Legion. In 1938, however, trouble flared in Syria when the French withdrew their recognition of that country's independence. It was clear that the Legion must be expanded in the face of these growing problems, and two squadrons of cavalry were added to its ranks, along with a detachment of three hundred and fifty foot soldiers who were supplied with trucks and given the impressive name of the Desert Mechanized Force, the DMF.

The DMF did not remain long inactive. In March of 1938 a detachment of Syrian Arabs came south into Transjordan. They were heavily armed and brought along many muleloads of explosives. The gang was spotted by two Legion cavalry troopers who promptly reported its presence; whereupon a Legion patrol of ten cavalry men rushed to the scene and pinned the invaders to the ground until reinforcements arrived, commanded by British Lt. Macadam. An RAF plane joined in the attack, and after a brisk fight the members of the gang were all either captured or forced to flee. Syrian casualties were more than thirty dead and wounded and Lieutenant Macadam was killed in the action.

But several other gangs coming from Syria slipped across unnoticed and took up their positions in the mountainous district of Ajlun. There they cut telephone lines, fired on automobiles and trucks, and damaged the IPC pipeline. Just at this time Colonel Peake retired from the com-

mand of the Arab Legion, which post he had held since 1921. Glubb took over in his place and, because of the death of Lieutenant Macadam, found himself its only British officer. Glubb's theory was that "the only way to defeat guerrillas is with better guerrillas," and the Legion proved him right. Day in and day out they hounded the invaders, who were forced to concentrate in larger gangs for protection. At last the Legion caught up with them, more than two hundred strong, hiding in mountainous country near Beit Ibis. The battle was reminiscent of the Indian wars fought by the American colonists, with both sides slipping from tree to tree. The Legion routed the invaders, who re-crossed into Syria and never returned.

In the summer of 1939 Glubb, who was now known as Glubb Pasha, was joined by another British officer, Major Lash, who took over the command of the Desert Patrol under him. When World War II broke out Amir Abdullah offered Great Britain the resources of Transjordan, only to be told that they were unnecessary since the war would be fought in Europe. But in the spring of 1940 when Norway, Holland and Belgium were overrun and Italy declared war on the Allies, Mr. Anthony Eden and General Wavell flew to Amman. They talked with Amir Abdullah, watched a review of Legion troops, and promptly decided that the Desert Mechanized Force should be doubled in size. There were plenty of fighting men in the Jordan desert, but weapons and equipment were hard to come by and the actual strength of the Legion increased but slowly.

The expansion was only just in time, for the Nazis were moving into the Near East. In May 1941 a pro-German military group seized power in Baghdad had forced the Regent, Prince Abdul Ilah, to flee. Glubb Pasha was called to Jerusalem, where he was told that the Desert Mechanized Regiment was to be part of a British relief column called "Habforce," because it was to cross the desert and relieve the British troops who were beseiged in the RAF base at Habbaniya in Iraq. As a start to this operation the DMR was to advance to the Iraqi frontier and protect the British and other troops of Habforce, who were assembling at the Iraq Petroleum Company's pump station known as H4. Glubb flew back to his command. Not long after, a column of Ford trucks, plus his four homemade armored cars, was moving eastward. They did not wait for the cool of the evening but pushed on from H4 through the summer heat until they reached H3, the first IPC pump station inside Iraq. There the Legion spent a short

night before going on to the Iraqi fort at Rutba, which they surrounded and eventually captured.

An advance column of Habforce known as Kingcol arrived at Rutba a day and a half later, and with three Arab Legion pickup trucks in the lead set out on May 13 for Habbaniya, where they relieved the British garrison.

Next, Glubb and his fast moving trucks were sent east of the Euphrates. After some fighting they cut the railroad, thus preventing reinforcements from reaching Baghdad. A few days later a message was received from the British ambassador saying that Rashid Ali and the other Iraqi leaders of the pro-German faction had fled and that a truce could be arranged. Moving south at dawn with the commanding British and French generals, Glubb made his way to the front line. Under a flag of truce he crossed a strip of no man's land and met two Iraqi officers, also carrying a white flag. When the sun came up Ambassador Cornwallis arrived from the British Embassy. After discussion Glubb made a draft of armistice terms on the back of a telegraph form. The ambassador then went back to Baghdad and the armistice was accepted by a provisional administration of pro-allied Iraqis which had just been organized. The revolt of the Golden Square was over, and Glubb took to Amir Abdullah a personal letter from the commanding general of Habforce which read in part as follows:

> Your Highness:
>
> Now that Major Glubb and your detachment of Arab Legion are withdrawing to Amman, after their short but victorious campaign in Iraq, I feel that I must take this opportunity of putting on record, not only how very honoured I feel at being associated with your men in battle, but also how much I appreciate their sterling worth as soldiers. . . .

Back again in Amman Glubb found that developments in Syria had taken a turn for the worse as the Vichy French strengthened their positions. Orders reached Amman that Habforce was to strike north from H3 into eastern Syria. Glubb gathered his best three hundred and fifty officers and men and three locally-made armored cars at Mafrak. There, one bright morning in June of 1941, Amir Abdullah gave his troops a farewell address and sent them east on the Baghdad road that leads through the black lava to H3, where Glubb found Habforce again reassembled.

Early in the morning of June 21 a series of small British columns left the pump station, each headed by a group from the Mechanized Regiment of the Arab Legion. The plan was that they should capture the ancient oasis of Palmyra, the former capital of the beautiful Queen Zenobia, which lay a hundred and fifty miles to the north. Palmyra had long been in ruins, its power broken in 272 A.D. by the Romans, who objected to Zenobia's moves to make her son Emperor of Rome.

Habforce expected to take Palmyra that day; but a French outpost, which was overrun southeast of the city, managed to get off a radio message before it was captured. Moreover, it appeared that French troops were concentrated in some strength at the third pump station on the way to Tripoli, which is known as T3. As Habforce was starting its attack on this fortified position, it was strafed by units of the French Air Force. No progress was made that evening, and with the coming of daylight the enemy aircraft returned to the attack, keeping the exposed trucks and personnel of Habforce pinned down all morning. A detachment of the Legion pushed part way into the oasis of Palmyra but was not allowed to take the town.

Habforce did not advance the next day either and was heavily bombed and strafed late in the afternoon. This duel with the airplanes was marked by the bravery of a Howeitat warrior who had been with Lawrence of Arabia in the war against the Turks. Leaping out of his trench, he climbed up on a nearby hill, where he remained shooting his rifle at the bombers and fighters that wheeled over him, all the while calling on the name of his sister as is the Howeitat custom during a battle. By some miracle he was not hit by bombs and machine gun bullets. When the air attack was over he strode down to where the rest of the troops were lying and was heard to remark as he sat down for a cup of coffee, "there is no joy in war today."

It became clear that the enemy's line of communications converging on Palmyra had to be cut, and General Clark, who was in charge of the attack on the oasis, ordered the Mechanized Regiment to do this job. The Legionnaires moved out, singing, and slept that night in the open desert beside their trucks. They were off before dawn the next day, going so fast that the French outpost at Saba Biyar was captured before it could fire a shot. A small group was left at the fort, while the rest of the Regiment returned in its trucks, encouraged to find that a squadron of Australian planes had arrived to dispute the enemy's mastery of the air.

On June 29 a lighting thrust by the Legion to the northeast took the Syrian village of Sukhna. Early the next morning Glubb was amazed to spot a large convoy heading straight for that town. A pick-up truck sent out on reconnaissance was fired upon, and the Regiment, three armored cars, and part of its infantry were shortly engaged with the enemy. As Glubb was endeavoring to collect his reinforcements, three of his old Bedouin soldiers rose, waved their rifles and started running toward the enemy. Soon the rest of the Legionnaires were behind them, while the three armored cars joined in the attack. The charge broke the enemy line, and the French truck drivers turned their vehicles around and headed east in a cloud of dust. Glubb jumped into his command car and set out after them with a string of Legion trucks behind him. When the French drivers saw that they were going to be cut off, they turned from the road up into a small valley, where they were overtaken and disarmed. Glubb himself captured the three French and one Syrian officers who were in charge of the column and who feared the worst from the shouting Legionnaires. As a result of this battle in which six armored cars and eighty prisoners were taken, the French stopped sending flying columns against Habforce. With its ammunition running low and its support cut off, the enemy garrison in Palmyra surrendered on the night of July 2, 1941. Nine days later the Vichy French resistance in Syria collapsed.

The aggressive and successful operations carried out on the desert by the Mechanized Regiment so impressed the British military planners that Glubb was told to expand the Legion to six times its previous size. Four hundred truck chassis were ordered from America, and steel sheets were obtained in India for the construction of more than one hundred armored cars. A large training camp was established at Azrak, where Lawrence of Arabia had rested beside the fresh water pools. The news that the Legion needed recruits spread fast, and Bedouin caravans from all parts of Jordan and beyond converged on the oasis. Each day the Legion grew stronger, with Glubb alternating between detailed supervision of its training and the making of a careful survey of the Syrian desert, for it seemed likely that the Arab Legion might have to defend that area against a thrust from the northeast. The hundred mile wide bank of black lava, which only ten years before had been an obstacle to the Legion in its operations against the People of the Mountain, now became a major defense line.

As the Legion grew in strength the chances of a German attack on

the Suez Canal through the Syrian desert faded. Glubb then asked that his troops be allowed to help fight Rommel in the Western Desert of Egypt. Two advance parties of the Mechanized Regiment were tried out in North Africa and proved their value. But when Glubb flew to Cairo he learned that the battle of Alamein had turned the tide and the Germans were retreating westward; reinforcements were not needed in Africa.

He also learned that the flow of Allied help into Russia through Baghdad must be protected on its way across the desert of south Persia. This was a task for which the Legion was ideally suited, and Glubb's offer of help was accepted. But as they were approaching the snow-capped mountains of Persia, an order arrived stopping their advance. Back in Baghdad General "Jumbo" Wilson explained that the Persian government had objected to the use of Transjordanian troops within its border. Much depressed, Glubb led his men back to Amman. When nothing came of his efforts to have his troops used either in the Balkans, Greece or Italy, he realized at last that, in the overall interest of the war effort, the Legion's greatest usefulness was protecting the Arab section of the supply line to Russia and the routes of the vital pipelines to the Mediterranean.

In the months that followed, the Legion played an important role in guarding depots, camps, pipelines, and ports from Haifa to Baghdad and from Damascus to Akaba. The amount of supplies involved was tremendous, and many gangs of thieves sought to pillage them; but once the Legion was on the scene supplies were safe. In this police patrol work, as well as in long desert sweeps and lightning raids against rebellious Bedouin, the Legion time and again proved its strong discipline and high morale.

On May 25, 1946, the independence of Transjordan was celebrated. The narrow streets of Amman were packed with tribesmen and villagers as Amir Abdullah was proclaimed the first King of Transjordan. The high point of the day was "a march past" by the Arab Legion complete with cavalry, the colorful Desert Patrol, the infantry and the Mechanized Regiment. It was a great day in the history of Jordan as the newly crowned King and the Regent of Iraq took the salute with Glubb beside them.

But more honors were still to come. When, on June 8, 1946, troops from all parts of the British Empire joined in the Victory Day Parade in London, a contingent of the Arab Legion in its flowing robes

and bright kaffiyahs was in the line of march. As it moved along the crowded streets it was greeted with warm applause, and Glubb and his Arab warriors heard many cries of "Good old Transjordan," "Well done, Arab Legion."

Two springs later the Legion, now much reduced in size, became involved in a different type of war. The British Mandate over Palestine expired on May 14, 1948. At dawn on that day two brigades of the Legion moved across the Jordan River. The Mechanized Regiment was left in Jericho, while the bulk of the Legion continued northwest to Nablus. From this central spot it spread out until it occupied Jenin, Tulkarm, Qalqilya and Latrun, towns which command the four key roads leading into the highlands of northern Palestine. With less than seven hundred men available to cover a hundred mile line there was no possibility of organizing a continuous front. The Legion, therefore, held the strong points mentioned above, while its armored cars moved back and forth between them, assisting the Arab guerrillas and volunteers from the villages who held the in-between areas.

When Iraqi and Egyptian troops came up to reinforce the Transjordanians on the northern and central fronts, it became possible for the Legion to close in on Jerusalem. After hard fighting the Israeli's were driven out of most of their positions on the north side of the city. The Mechanized Regiment then went into action south of Jerusalem and pushed the Israelis back to what is virtually the present frontier.

As the fighting progressed it became clear that the key to Jerusalem was the monastery of Latrun, and the Israelis threw a heavy attack against it. Gradually the Arab position was cut down, until the Legion and the volunteers fighting with it held only a narrow salient sticking out into Israeli-held territory, about seven miles long and less than a mile wide in several places. The Legion losses were heavy, but the Jewish losses were heavier. On May 25 some three thousand Israeli infantry attacked Latrun. When they withdrew thirteen hours later, the Legion buried over eight hundred of them. It is no wonder that the Legion developed a high regard for the fighting ability of the Israeli army, and vice versa. After this battle both King Abdullah and Glubb Pasha sent messages of congratulations to the garrison at Latrun.

Shortly thereafter the Legion, from its outpost on the heights overlooking Israel, discovered that another attack was being prepared at Al-Kaba, just north of Latrun. They had time to make only a few

preparations before the Israelis came over behind a heavy artillery barrage. The move was well planned and bravely carried out, and the Legion lost some of its positions. With the coming of dawn the voice of a muezzin rolled across the Arab trenches, calling the Moslems to the first prayer of the day. Instead of kneeling, the Legionnaires lept from their trenches and rushed forward in a desperate bayonet charge. The enemy, who had been unable to move up fresh supplies, were caught without sufficient ammunition and driven back to their previous lines.

Three days later, on June 11, a truce was arranged by the United Nations. But it was an uneasy respite, and both sides utilized it to strengthen their forces along the armistice line. After a month had passed fighting broke out again, and the Israelis, who by now were considerably better supplied than they had been in the first phase of the war, defeated group after group of Arab guerrillas. After a second truce the Iraqi troops, who had been holding the northernmost section of the Arab line, withdrew by prior agreement, exposing the Legion's northern flank. Next, the Egyptians were relieved south of Jerusalem, leaving the Legion with a front line that was far too long for it to hold. Beersheba and the Negev had to be sacrificed, and the Legion fell back and dug in on the key road leading to Hebron. Peace negotiations were started at Rhodes, and King Abdullah was forced to accept an armistice. The boundary set by it was approximately the line occupied by the fighting forces when the last shot was fired. The Transjordanians noted with pride that in the areas defended by Abdullah's troops this line was essentially that along which the Arab Legion had taken up its positions at the start of its fighting.

During the ensuing six years the waste stretches of east Jordan were free from tribal raids, thanks largely to the Desert Patrol. Political unrest, however, grew in the cities. This came into the open in October 1954, when sections of the populace of Amman and some of the towns of west Jordan staged riots. These developed partly over what the people thought were the unfair results of Jordan's recent nationwide elections, and partly as a protest against the failure of the Arab Legion to take strong action against Israel. The rioters were finally checked but it took the Legion to do it, and criticism of Glubb and the handful of British officers with him in the Legion began to be heard. Again, in December 1955, the "street," as the city mobs are called in

the Near East, came out in protest against the plan to have Jordan join the Baghdad Pact. Four days of serious riots followed, and once again it was the Legion that brought order to the Jordanian cities.

By now the murmuring against British direction of the Legion had become louder. Then, beginning on the seventh day of January 1956, a "time of troubles" set in, which was widespread and so severe as to be virtually an insurrection. After five days of fighting, the Legion quelled the rioters; but feeling against the British officers grew bitter in many Jordanian circles. For six weeks various nationalist and extremist leaders tried to convince the King that Glubb Pasha and his British officers should go. At last they were successful.

On February 28 Abdullah's grandson Hussein, who by now was King, strode into a Cabinet meeting and told his Ministers that he had decided Glubb must depart at once. The "Pasha" was summoned to the office of the Prime Minister and ordered to leave Jordan in a few hours. Like the good soldier that he was, Glubb accepted the order but asked that, in view of his twenty-six years of service in Jordan, he be given a little more time to pack. Early the next morning he, his wife, and his two youngest children were driven out to the Amman airport which was ringed with machine guns. From it, shortly after sunrise, the builder of the Arab Legion flew off to the west. As the aircraft cleared the field a curtain of rain swept down from the Amman hills, and Glubb Pasha's plane moved out of sight under the arch of a brilliant rainbow.

Several months of tense moves and countermoves followed until, in the late spring, control of the Legion came into the hands of a politically ambitious officer named Ali Abu Nuwar, who soon became a Major General. The 60 British officers who had been attached to the Legion were asked to leave and as time passed the organization and attitude of the Legion changed. The English name of that fighting force became the Arab Army which, incidentally, was what it had always been called in Arabic, *al-jaish al-arabi.* Then the force was placed under the overall command of General Abdul Hakim Amer, the Egyptian Commander-in-Chief of the Arab Armies. Following the signing of a Mutual Defense Pact, Syrian and Saudi troops in considerable strength moved into Jordan, and before the spring of 1957 had given place to the dry Near Eastern summer, mixed units of Jordanian, Syrian and Saudi troops were in the field. When the political wheel turned again, the non-Jordanians withdrew from the soil of

Jordan. By then, however, the Arab Legion which Glubb had known had changed irrevocably.

While it lasted, it had played a stirring and colorful role in the life of both banks of the Jordan. From the early beginnings, when the Desert Patrol stopped tribal warfare in the southeastern desert, through the forced marches of the Iraq campaign against the "Golden Square," down to the defense of Latrun and Jerusalem, the Legion had shown its mettle. For the first time in many centuries it had revived the traditions of Mohammed's desert warriors.

Abdullah, Talal and Hussein

Following its establishment as a semi-independent Amirate in May of 1923, Transjordan moved forward quietly for twenty-eight years under Amir Abdullah's rule and the skillful guidance of a series of British advisers. Happenings there were little known to the rest of the world, and when reported they often took on the character of opera in the desert. In January of 1924, for instance, Amir Abdullah's father Sharif Hussein, landed in Akaba and, refusing the autos offered him, rode by mule all the way to Amman to visit his son. While he was there the new Turkish government abolished the Caliphate. Up to that time the tradition for thirteen hundred years had been that Islam should not be without a Caliph for more than three days, and along with many other Moslems Sharif Hussein thought the office should continue. Because of his position as King of the Hejaz and senior member of the family most directly descended from the Prophet, Hussein felt he was the logical successor. There was an election of sorts in Mecca, but it is more accurate to say that Hussein assumed the title.

Sharif Hussein continued to stay on in Amman month after month and began to treat Transjordan as if it were part of the Kingdom of the Hejaz. This was not surprising, since Hussein considered himself as king of all the Arabs and talked of ruling over a "Greater Syria." It did, however, impinge on the British position in Transjordan. When hints and suggestions failed, Alec Kirkbride, then a junior member of the High Commissioner's secretariat in Jerusalem, was given the task of telling the venerable Sharif that his visit to Transjordan should be brought to a close. The British official motored down from Jerusalem and after crossing the Jordan found the King and Amir Abdullah camped at Shuneh, where the climate was much milder than that of

the wind-swept uplands around Amman. It was far from an easy matter to tell the autocratic Sharif that he should leave Transjordan, but Kirkbride was equal to the task. Working the conversation around to the subject, he said he was the bearer of good news; the royal train had been repaired and was ready to take King Hussein and his party back to the Hejaz. There was an awkward pause as the implications of this remark sank in on the Hashemite ruler. Then he smiled and agreed to go if Kirkbride would see him off. The departure was in the grand Arab tradition, and the passenger list of the primitive wooden train included Sharif Hussein, Amir Ali, his oldest son, and countless carloads of retainers, wives and children, military escorts, and pompous officials, plus most of the British representatives in Transjordan, and tons of baggage. The send-off from Amman was delayed for two hours before all these people could be packed away in royal and not-so-royal cars. The train finally got under way with several bands playing, flags flying out of many windows, and a rattle of gunfire as the citizens of Amman sped the Sharif on his way. It was the last train to go down the line from Maan to Medina, for shortly after Sharif Hussein's arrival in the Hejaz war broke out between the Hashemites and the Saudis, and the line was so badly damaged it has not yet been repaired.

With his father out of the way Amir Abdullah was able once again to devote himself to organizing Transjordan. The funds Britain could make available were limited, and the new Amirate was faced with bankruptcy. In order to protect what was left of Transjordan's resources, the British found it necessary to convince Amir Abdullah that he must hand over full control of his country's finances to them, while British officials were put in many key positions. In addition a group of Syrians who had been making trouble were moved out and replaced in Amman by Palestinians. Thus, the new government was forced to learn thrift, and a start was made in building up a responsible Jordanian civil service.

While Amir Abdullah was returning from a trip to the Hejaz in June of 1924, a force of fifteen hundred Ikhwan swept in from Saudi Arabia, penetrating as far as Shehab, a village only fifteen miles from Amman. There they killed many of the Beni Sakhr tribe and made off with their camels. A few hours later several RAF biplanes, along with a detachment of armored cars from the British garrison in Amman, caught up with the raiders at the railway station of Ziza. The

Ikhwan losses were tremendous, and most of those who were not killed by the planes and armored cars were wiped out by Beni Sakhr tribesmen. Never again were the Bedouin a serious military threat.

That summer saw a continuation of the fighting in Arabia between the Saudis and the Hashemites, which resulted in one victory after another for the Saudis. At last, on October 5, 1924, the venerable Hussein abdicated the throne of the Hejaz in favor of his son Ali and took up residence in Akaba. As the months went by, Amir Abdullah came to the conclusion that something must be done to protect Maan and Akaba from falling under the control of the Saudis. As a result, in June of 1925 he issued a proclamation which declared those districts part of the Amirate of Transjordan. In this annexation Amir Abdullah was supported by the British government, but King Ibn Saud never formally recognized it.

The administration of Transjordan had progressed far enough by 1928 so that a treaty was signed in February of that year in Jerusalem between the British and Transjordanian governments. This reaffirmed the "independence" of Transjordan, but with the British in control of the country's foreign affairs and finances. The Treaty of 1928 did much to arouse the political consciousness of the people of Transjordan and was followed by a document known as the Organic Law, which in effect established a constitution. Under this, for the first time, there was to be a Legislative Assembly; and elections took place for this body in the autumn of 1928.

Most of these reforms and changes in government structure had the backing of Amir Abdullah, who moved about among his people in true patriarchal style. No town was too small for him to visit for a night; no Bedouin camp too distant to prevent his pitching his tent near that of the local shaikh. Anyone who felt mistreated could go and talk to the Amir. More fequently in those simple days it was the Amir who went and talked to his people.

The happy easygoing spirit of early Transjordan was well shown in the handling of border disputes with Saudi Arabia under the Jordanian-Saudi Arabian Treaty of *Bon Voisinage* of 1932. One clause of this stipulated that the two governments would appoint frontier inspectors, who would meet occasionally to work out a settlement of any pending question. Glubb Pasha represented Jordan for more than fourteen years at these meetings, which marked a complete break in the bitter strife which had previously characterized relations between

the two countries. King Ibn Saud sent a series of outstanding officials, many of them his relatives, to represent Saudi Arabia, and a pleasant ritual grew up. The meetings took place on alternate sides of the border, where an elaborate camp of white tents would be set up by the representatives of the host government. Once the guests had arrived they were welcomed to the reception tents, where two coffee pourers served the guests simultaneously. This was followed by glasses of sweet tea, polite conversation and sunset prayers.

The Jordanians prided themselves on having one of the largest copper trays in the desert. When all had gathered in the main dining tent for the evening meal, this was carried over from the cook tent by ten strong men. On it was a mountain of rice surmounted by five full-grown sheep, roasted whole and stuffed with more rice and hard-boiled eggs. Around the tray on the floor were placed scores of smaller vessels full of goat's cheese, olives, stuffed grape leaves, and puréed chickpeas.

Normally an Arab host does not eat with his guests, but this custom was changed at these frontier banquets, and host and guests alike sat down together. Then the men of the Desert Patrol leaned over and cut great gashes in the side of the roast sheep with their silver daggers. All concerned said a fervent "*Bismillah*," "In the name of God"; a bearded veteran of the Desert Patrol would call out, "Oh most Blessed Hour, which has shown us the faces of these guests!" and the meal started. The Arabs are men of real appetite, and if any one of the guests ceased eating he was overwhelmed by such protestations as "your eating is in proportion to your love for us" so that the feast went on and on. Finally even the heartiest eater could take no more. Then, rather than move the great copper tray, it was easier to move the guests to a dessert tent where, after rinsing their fingers and being sprayed with eau de cologne, the company sat down to a dish of nuts, syrup and cheese mixed together in Palestinian *kinafah*. Once the dessert was behind them and coffee had been served, the pleasant *tatila* or night talk began. This was not a time for serious discussion, but rather for pleasant consideration of anything of mutual interest from camels and greyhounds to Rolls Royces and air power—discussions that usually lasted until past midnight.

Early in the morning the two principals met in the council tent. Once the three black cups of coffee had been downed the retainers would move out of earshot, and the British officer and the Saudi Arabian official would get down to the business of the meeting. Great-

ly to the credit of the two countries involved, after the first year there were no real problems to discuss. However, the treaty implied that these meetings be held, so the two negotiators would sit in solemn conclave, actually discussing any subject that occurred to them. If only more international conferences could be conducted in this atmosphere of open-air friendliness and leisure!

Amir Abdullah visited England in 1937 in order to attend the coronation of King George VI. He was royally received and the friendship between the two countries further strengthened—a friendship which was nurtured through the years by a series of British Residents, including Colonel T. E. Lawrence, H. St. John Philby, and Sir Henry Cox who held that office for twelve years. The last and in many ways the most effective of these was Sir Alec Kirkbride, a veteran of the Arab Revolt, who knew Transjordan from end to end. It has been said that when Kirkbride entered the Residency at Amman "the period of tutelage ended and a period of partnership began."

Climaxing years of trouble, an Arab rebellion against British immigration policy and Zionism broke out in Palestine in 1936 and tension rose in Transjordan. Several demonstrations occurred, bombs exploded in Amman, and the recently completed Iraq Petroleum Company pipeline, which now crossed Transjordan on its way from Kirkuk to Haifa, was blown up three times. But during the ten years of strife that followed Abdullah maintained a hands-off policy. Some money and weapons moved across the Jordan, and some Palestine guerrillas were assisted when they came over to the East Bank, but for the most part Transjordan avoided involvement in the rebellion in Palestine.

Abdullah, as previously mentioned, supported the Allies in World War II. He also entered more and more into the deliberations of the Arab League. In the spring of 1946 he went to Egypt to attend a meeting of Arab heads of state, which was called by King Farouk to consider the Anglo-American report on Palestine. While he was in Cairo, the ex-Mufti in Jerusalem, Hajj Amin Hussani, appeared in that city, having fled from Paris. King Abdullah found that the Mufti was well supplied with money, which he was very ready to use against the expansion of Hashemite influence in east Palestine. During the next few years the fight for control of these highlands between the King and the Mufti became ever more bitter.

In February of 1946 the new Prime Minister Ibrahim Hashim went

to England, along with Amir Abdullah. There they negotiated a new treaty with Great Britain which terminated the mandate over Transjordan. As a result, full independence was proclaimed on May 25, 1946. At a morning meeting that day the legislators assembled and amended the constitution, changing the name of the government from an Amirate to a Kingdom. Then, shortly before noon, Amir Abdullah was proclaimed His Majesty Abdullah I of Transjordan in the throne room at the Palace in Amman. Twenty-five years to the day had passed since his first triumphal entry into that town. In honor of the occasion there was a review of the Arab Legion at the Amman airfield which was attended by many thousands of spectators. Surrounded by an escort of Arab Legionnaires on white horses, the newly-made King came onto the field in an open car with the Regent of Iraq beside him. Glubb Pasha stood near the royal family as the Arab Legion marched past—troops of cavalry, the Desert Patrol on their camels, and rank after rank of infantry, all proud of the fine record they had made in World War II and of the fact that Transjordan had at last become a truly independent state.

In the meantime the Arab-Zionist problem was coming to a head. In an attempt at peaceful settlement, on November 29, 1947, the United Nations passed a resolution partitioning Palestine into Arab and Jewish sections. The Jews agreed, but the Arabs turned down the plan in the spring and fighting broke out between them.

In order to encourage the Arab Legion to take a stronger stand, the other Arab states invited King Abdullah to assume command of all the Arab armies. He did this, but the unified command was in name only, and the various Arab armies fought as individual units. The most important battle of this period was the fight for Jerusalem, and in this the Legion acquitted itself bravely. After ten days of fighting, the Israelis surrendered the Old City of Jerusalem and fell back to approximately the present demarcation line. Then, with Arab ammunition running low and the Israelis in the New City short of food and water, the order of the UN Security Council for a cease-fire went into effect on June 11, 1948.

During the truce a special arrangement was worked out giving the United Nations control of all of Mt. Scopus to the northeast of the Old City. Under this agreement, which is still in force, the fine buildings of the Hebrew University and the Hadassah Hospital, which stand on that hill, were left in the care of the Israeli police. They live

in an enclave surrounded by Arab territory and are permitted to receive a convoy of supplies only once every two weeks. Unfortunately, the newly established Arab College was not so protected, for it is situated in a strip of no man's land between the Old City and Israeli Jerusalem. The buildings still stand, but they were badly damaged in the fighting and are deserted.

The end of the cease-fire and the resumption of fighting on July 10 found the Arabs in difficulty. Each day saw added Israeli successes as the Arabs were pushed out of Nazareth and most of eastern Galilee. The only sector where the Arab line held firm was in Jerusalem, and there the Legion fought on without yielding a foot. King Abdullah went to that city when the battle was hottest and spent considerable time with his Legionnaires, visiting advanced positions. When a group of angry refugees demonstrated around him, he told the leader to stop complaining and join the Arab Legion. Over three hundred thousand refugees had entered Arab Palestine from territory occupied by the Jews, and the King's support and encouragement did much to keep them from getting out of control.

On July 19, 1948, a second UN truce came into being. But, while the King and his supporters were struggling to bring order in Arab Palestine, the Mufti of Jerusalem and his supporters, holding out for an independent state of Arab Palestine, were working at cross purposes to them. In September of 1948 the Administrative Council for All Palestine was reformed as the "Arab Government for All Palestine"; a supporter of the Mufti assumed the presidency; and the new government was promptly recognized by all the Arab states except Jordan. Its capital was first set up on the coast at Gaza, from which it came to be called the "Gaza Government." In mid-October an Israeli attack drove the Egyptian garrisons from three strong points in the Negev and successfully cut off this government from land contact with the rest of Arab Palestine. With things going from bad to worse for the Arabs, a growing number of refugees and citizens of Arab-held Palestine came to realize that King Abdullah was their only hope. A National Palestine Congress met in Amman, and King Abdullah and his supporters made clear their position that the Arabs had no alternative but to come to terms with the Israelis.

On December 1, 1948, a rally of Arab chiefs took place at Jericho under the leadership of Shaikh Mohammed Ali Jabari, the eloquent

mayor of Hebron. Not for a thousand years had the little town seen such a gathering. There were tribal leaders on horseback surrounded by their followers; there were mayors from towns in all parts of Arab Palestine; and politicians and soldiers from as far as Syria and Lebanon. The Jericho rally passed a resolution urging that Transjordan and Arab Palestine be united in a single kingdom with King Abdullah as its ruler. By a strange twist of Arab politics the most eloquent speaker for the cause of unity was Musa Husseini, who was hanged only three years later for his part in the assassination of Abdullah.

Then, on February 28, 1949, a delegation of Jordanians went to the Island of Rhodes to negotiate with the Israelis through Dr. Ralph Bunche, the acting UN mediator. At this time the Iraqi government was obliged by a financial crisis at home to withdraw its army from the Palestinian highlands, leaving the Legion the impossible task of trying to hold an irregular one-hundred-and-eighty-mile front running from the Gulf of Akaba to the town of Ramallah just north of Jerusalem.

The Israeli delegation at Rhodes announced that they would not deal with the Jordanians as representatives of the Iraqis unless the Legion fell back to the hills, an average depth of two miles on the whole of the fifty-six-mile front which had been abandoned by the Iraqis, thus giving Israel control of the North-South Railway. King Abdullah realized that the Israelis were by now far stronger than his Arab Legion and that if they wished they could break through his lines. He had no choice, therefore, but to agree to the two-mile withdrawal, a move which deprived the Arabs of about one hundred square miles of farming country and citrus groves. Had he not agreed, Abdullah would probably have lost most of the West Bank. But, by agreeing, he gave the Mufti and his other enemies a chance to denounce him as a traitor and incurred the undying hostility of many residents of West Jordan. It was only then that the final armistice between the Arabs and the Jews was drawn up and signed by the Jordan representatives at Rhodes.

On the twelfth of December 1948 the resolution of the Jericho rally to unite Arab Palestine and Transjordan in a single monarchy was duly endorsed by the Parliament in Amman. But opposition on the West Bank was so strong that it was not until May 1949 that King Abdullah re-formed his government as a *de facto* constitutional mon-

archy, rather than the almost absolute rule which had been satisfactory to the primitive Bedouin and less educated townsmen of the East Bank of the Jordan.

On December 9, 1949, the General Assembly of the UN reasserted its preference for full internationalization of Jerusalem. For reasons of security, prestige and sentiment King Abdullah refused to go along with this suggestion. For its own reasons, the Israeli Government also opposed the resolution. Once again King Abdullah had given the Mufti an issue on which to attack him. As a counter to the efforts of his enemies in the Arab League to push him out of Jerusalem, King Abdullah agreed to receive in secret certain representatives of Israel to discuss the possibilities of lasting peace. His principal go-between in this matter was Col. Abdullah Tell, the youthful Jordanian commander of the Arab Legion in Jerusalem who later became that city's governor. Official UN observers sat in on many of these talks as mediators.

The talks continued from September 1949 to February 1950 as Abdullah sought to recover part of the coastal plains northwest of Jerusalem, as well as to obtain an outlet to the Mediterranean through a free zone in the port of Haifa. Unfortunately, in February 1950 inaccurate reports of the negotiations appeared in the press, and a storm of protests broke out in Egypt and Syria. King Abdullah was denounced as a traitor to the Arabs. To make matters worse Col. Abdullah Tell fled to Cairo, where it was charged that he supplied the Mufti with information and documents that showed how far the negotiations with Israel had gone. On March 24 Abdullah reluctantly ended the negotiations.

The next day the spring session of the Arab League got under way, with its main business an attack on Jordan. A representative of the Arab Government for All Palestine attended this session, and the Jordanian Minister in Cairo who represented King Abdullah at the meeting found himself under intolerable pressure. Much against his will King Abdullah instructed him to sign a resolution that would mean expulsion for any member who made a separate peace with Israel. One of the reasons King Abdullah agreed to this resolution at the persuasion of Iraq was as a bargaining point in his battle to gain the League's approval of his annexation to Transjordan of the Arab-held parts of Palestine.

On the eleventh of October 1950 while the Arab League was in session, the first general election was held in Abdullah's expanded King-

dom. The old twenty-seat Chamber of Deputies was doubled in size to make place for twenty Palestinians, and one hundred and twenty candidates from all parts of Transjordan and Arab Palestine, from then on usually referred to as the West Bank, contested for them. The followers of the Mufti boycotted the elections, and there was some rioting in the main cities; but in general the elections went off surprisingly well. The United States, Great Britain and France accepted the new shape of Jordan both singly and through the Tripartite Declaration of May 1950; in it these states agreed to take joint action should any attempt be made to violate the newly established frontiers in the Near East.

With their voice now strong in Parliament and the Cabinet, the West Bank intellectuals and leaders began to utilize several Jerusalem newspapers to push their demands. One of these was for the immediate dismissal of Glubb Pasha and the more than sixty British officers who were building up the Arab Legion after its participation in the Palestine War. This was turned down, but a second demand for legal status for the first opposition party in Jordan was granted. It was a group known as the National Front, which was led by the wealthy Palestinian Suleiman Nabulsi, who was later to be Prime Minister of the government which broke Jordan's ties with Great Britain, and after Abdullah's death almost brought about the downfall of King Hussein in the spring of 1957.

The newly expanded Kingdom of Jordan was faced with a multitude of problems, of which the most pressing were the refugees from Israel and an unbalanced economy, resulting in part from Jordan's now being cut off from direct access to the Mediterranean and from her participation in the Arab boycott of Israel.

At home, also, 1951 began badly for Jordan. Hardly any winter rains came inland from the Mediterranean, and three-quarters of the normal grain crop withered and died. In a stormy meeting on May 21, 1951, the Jordanian Parliament turned down the budget proposals of the government on the grounds that a country as poor as Jordan could not use eighty-five percent of its revenues to maintain the army and police. There was truth in this point of the opposition, but their real goal was not economic balance but political change. King Abdullah saw through the maneuver and refused to yield. Instead, he dissolved Parliament, passed the budget by "temporary ordinance," and set about the preparation of new elections, which by law were required

within three months. These moves were most unpopular on the West Bank, and King Abdullah's enemies decided that the time had come to strike.

Friday, July 21, 1951, was a beautiful summer day, scorching in Jericho but pleasant enough in the hills of Jerusalem. On that morning King Abdullah made one of his frequent visits to the Holy City, taking with him his young grandson Hussein, then an eager boy of seventeen who was happy to be allowed to accompany his august grandfather as a uniformed aide.

Everything seemed normal as the royal party drove into the Old City and then moved solemnly on foot to the Aksa Mosque south of the Dome of the Rock, where the King normally went for prayer. He had with him several other members of his court and his usual bodyguard of picked Legionnaires, and most of the onlookers watched quietly as the group walked across the broad open terrace to the door of the Mosque. There the King bent over to take off his shoes, and many of his bodyguards did likewise in order that they might enter the sacred Mosque and pray with him. Suddenly a wild-eyed Palestinian tailor sprang out from behind the door of the Mosque and fired a single revolver shot into the head of the King. In spite of the man's great agitation, his aim was true. King Abdullah fell dead at the feet of his grandson Hussein, while his turban rolled across the floor of the Mosque he loved so well. The murderer was shot at once, falling under a blast of gunfire from the King's guards; some of the bullets pierced Hussein's new uniform. As word spread that their well-loved leader had been assassinated, the elements of the Legion that were in Jerusalem ran amuck, shooting wildly in all directions. A party of visiting Americans were pinned down for several hours by the hail of bullets outside the Damascus Gate; for a while the Israeli observers across no man's land in New Jerusalem thought that a revolution had broken out in Jordan. It was hours before order was restored in the Holy City and the body of King Abdullah could be taken back across the Jordan to the saddened people of Amman. He was buried on a hilltop above his capital, where the white dome of his tomb stands guard over the two palaces of his grandson.

All who knew and worked with King Abdullah said that he enjoyed life thoroughly and in the process gave happiness to those around him. Kirkbride called him "a King with a twinkle in his eye." He loved the outward trappings of kingship and usually moved about with a guard

of honor. But even this amused him, and he used to say, "There is no point in becoming a king if one does not treat oneself as such." Like most Arab kings he had little idea of the value of money and he frequently overspent his privy purse. Except for appurtenances of royalty such as his colorfully dressed Circassian guard and Rolls Royce automobiles, he lived simply but gave constantly to relatives, friends, and the sick and needy. He was particularly popular with the Bedouin, who liked and respected him as a friend, a King, a poet, and an unusually good rifle shot.

King Abdullah was intelligent, active, and even ebullient. He lost his temper easily, but his rage was soon forgotten, and it was said that he forgave everything but rudeness. He was courteous and expected others to be likewise, but when common people were rude to him he sometimes taught them their place with a slap on the head. The Jordanian King was particularly displeased by the lack of manners shown by King Farouk of Egypt, when he was in that country. At their first meeting Farouk not only poured himself a bigger cup of coffee than his guest, but even drank it first. Abdullah concluded that this descendant of Balkan farmers was no gentleman and had a low regard for Farouk thereafter.

In his youth Abdullah was called Ajlan, "the one who is in a hurry," and for most of his life he lived up to this nickname. On many occasions he confounded protocol by turning up early at receptions, sometimes coming even before his guard of honor was in place. Those responsible for his schedule frequently had to invent ways of slowing him up so he would not appear before he was expected. He was thus less dignified than his brother Feisal of Iraq, but more likeable, more impulsive, and sometimes more wise.

The deepest trait of King Abdullah was his strong religious faith, so characteristic of the Hashemite family. He followed the precepts of the Koran to the letter: praying five times a day, giving alms to the poor, making the pilgrimage to Mecca, and in every way setting a fine example for his subjects. He felt strongly that women should not go unveiled in public, and during his reign almost no Moslem girls appeared in Jordan without veils. To a lesser extent he disapproved of Moslem men wearing Western dress and would occasionally get out of his automobile in Amman to ask an Arab why he was wearing such strange attire. The large number of paintings and religious statues in the Christian churches of the Holy Land troubled him, suggesting

the worship of idols. Abdullah, however, was not a fanatic and showed tolerance of Christians and Jews as "People of the Book." He did not smoke and gave up taking snuff when advised to do so by his doctor.

His family life was completely in accord with Moslem tradition. His number-one wife was his first cousin, while his second was a well-born Turkish lady. The wife who was most devoted to him was a Negress, "the sweet-natured one"; she never ranked with wives one and two in social position, but it was generally known that the influence of the "Black Queen" was very great.

The Hashemite King showed real physical courage during the various wars and uprisings in which he was involved, and his fatalistic outlook enabled him to keep calm when those around him were in a state of excitement. He had a high regard for military men and enjoyed discussing with other soldiers the campaigns in which he had fought.

Most Westerners forget that the Arabs have a long seafaring tradition and have done great things on the water as well as on the desert. Abdullah was very fond of the sea and enjoyed trips by steamer as well as pleasure jaunts on the Gulf of Akaba, which he regarded as a sort of private lake. He was never troubled by seasickness and once remarked that "had he not been a king he would have been a sailor." Although toward the end of his life Abdullah flew frequently, he did not enjoyed it. For reasons best known to himself, he would never go to sleep on a plane and he refused to be piloted by an Arab. He might have felt differently about flying with his grandson King Hussein, who is an extremely good pilot.

Abdullah played a part in a great period of modern Arab history. His life span included strict Moslem years in the Hejaz, colorful Turkish days at Constantinople, the excitement of the Arab Revolt, and the mellow years of British partnership in Transjordan. When he was assassinated in Jerusalem in 1951, an era of Arab history died with him.

For a short time after the death of Abdullah some thought that Jordan might fly apart, but the able Prime Minister Samir Rifai made two moving speeches which kept the people of Jordan informed of all developments by radio. Abdullah had done his life's work well, and even in the shock of his death his Kingdom held together.

During the next few weeks, however, all of Samir Rifai's brilliance was needed on the political scene. King Abdullah's oldest son Crown Prince Talal was not in Jordan; a few months earlier he had suffered a

mental breakdown and had been sent to Switzerland. Partly because he recognized his son's weakness, and partly because he felt it desirable for the Hashemites in particular and the Arabs in general that Jordan and Iraq unite, King Abdullah had not favored his son's succeeding him. In fact Abdullah had never liked his son, and a knowledge of this undoubtedly was a contributing cause of Talal's mental instability, which came and went with inexplicable suddenness. Talal had been a very sensitive child, easily hurt by his father's frankness; moreover, he was very serious and possibly too intellectual for his own good, since the King liked carefree and happy children such as Naif, his second son. Poor Talal had grown up a lonely and controversial figure, living quietly in an unpretentious house on Jebel Amman. Most Jordanians stayed away from him out of fear of his father's displeasure, but he was popular with the "street," who found him generous and well-endowed with the Arab sense of honor. Many Jordanians who did not know him well refused to believe the tales of his insanity and blamed them on some deep-dyed British plot.

Crown Prince Talal had been designated heir to the throne of Jordan in 1946, and he had acted as regent when King Abdullah was out of the country. But because he was in Switzerland at the time of his father's death, his healthy and athletic half-brother Prince Naif was made Regent. Prime Minister Samir Rifai then resigned, and a new Cabinet came in under Tewfik Abul-Huda.

One of its early tasks was to bring all those responsible for the death of King Abdullah to justice. At first little could be learned beyond the fact that the tailor who had done the shooting was neither a strong nor intelligent individual, and had clearly acted under the direction of someone else. Careful detective work brought out the fact that the pistol which was used to kill the King did not belong to the tailor but to a common criminal with a bad police record in Jerusalem. By coincidence, at this time the man decided to divorce his wife against her wishes, and in anger the woman went secretly to the police. Through her they were able to learn that the plot had been carried out by a gang of underworld characters in Jerusalem which received money regularly from the Mufti. Following a series of arrests, the police obtained evidence that the plot had been worked out in Egypt under the direction of Col. Abdullah Tell, the former governor of Jerusalem who had turned against King Abdullah. Working with him was Dr. Musa Husseini, who had been so active in Jericho in 1949. Dr. Husseini was

known throughout Palestine and Jordan as a distinguished citizen, and the public at first refused to believe he was involved in the plot. On the day before the murder King Abdullah had invited him to the Palace and asked him to run in the coming elections. And on the very morning of the shooting Dr. Husseini had opened the door of the royal car when King Abdullah went in to the Aksa Mosque. But as the ten-day military trial proceeded, the web of evidence around the doctor became irrefutable. It was proved that he had been working closely with Abdullah Tell and a certain Musa Ayyubi, the middleman who paid the gang of assassins for their work. Abdullah Tell and Ayyubi were safe in Egypt, but on the twenty-eighth of August, 1951, the military tribunal condemned them and four other Palestinians, including Dr. Husseini, to death. The four in Jordan were hanged on September 4.

Abdullah had been so well liked and the proof against the plotters was so clear that, in spite of these executions, the scheduled elections took place the next day in an orderly manner. They resulted in the election of seven bitter opponents of the government, including Abdullah Rimawi and Abdullah Nawas, who had been arrested on suspicion of implication in the King's death and released only two days before the voting began. Their campaign slogan of "from prison to Parliament" proved highly successful.

Once a new Parliament had been elected political activity in Jordan in the early autumn of 1951 centered around the question of who should succeed Abdullah as king. It was known that the former ruler had not looked kindly on his older son and had been interested in a plan to unify the crowns of Jordan and Iraq under a single Hashemite dynasty. Baghdad was sounded out and the Hashemites there suggested that, if young Feisal of Iraq were to succeed Abdullah, financial and military union should be put off for at least five years. The Cabinet of Jordan rejected this plan as offering no immediate help, and Abdullah's idea was dropped.

A wave of popular feeling then flared up in favor of Abdullah's younger son Prince Naif. He had a non-Hashemite mother, which counted against him in certain quarters; however, he was fond of hunting which gave him good Bedouin support, and he had the backing of much of the army. Word that the supporters of Naif were organizing a coup in his favor reached the ears of Prime Minister Abul-Huda and of Hussein's clever and influential mother, Queen Zein.

Naif was denounced and forced to flee. Then, acting with characteristic speed, the Prime Minister immediately moved to obtain government action to have Talal examined by a group of doctors in Switzerland, who signed a certificate vouching for his physical fitness and mental competence. In a matter of hours after the signing of this document Talal was on his way to Jordan by plane. His arrival in Amman put an end to the pro-Naif conspiracy and touched off two days of happy celebration. Shouts of joy rang from the housetops and the streets were full of carefree supporters of the new King; they danced and shouted his name from dawn until midnight. The holiday spirit spread to the refugee camps, while huge beacon fires lit up the seven hills of Amman, and all the public and many private buildings were bright with festoons of electric lights. King Talal was enthroned on September 8, 1951.

Talal's reign was not a long one, but it is remembered as a period of political relaxation. Some people expected him to take an anti-British stand, but on his way back from Switzerland he had stopped long enough in Athens to state that Jordan's relations with Great Britain would continue to rest on the same basis of friendship as had marked them in the past. Talal then made visits to Saudi Arabia and Egypt, and in January 1952 the country formally joined the "Arab caravan" by signing the Collective Security Pact of the Arab League. After this Egypt's propaganda campaign against Jordan died down, and Talal's place in Arab opinion was strengthened by his declaration that he would not make any pact with Israel such as his father had been contemplating.

While thus mending his political fences abroad, Talal quieted opposition within Jordan by a series of constitutional reforms. In January 1952 he signed a decree putting into effect a new constitution under which, for the first time, the Cabinet was made responsible to Parliament rather than to the King. In addition Parliament was granted more authority over the budget and finances of the Kingdom, and the veto power of the King was strictly limited.

By Near Eastern standards Jordan had never been really corrupt; nevertheless, some improper practices had grown up under the somewhat casual eye of King Abdullah which were resented by the people as a whole. Talal, who was both conscientious and honest, set out to put an end to these abuses, including the Jordanian transit trade in the drug *hasheesh*, which kept several important Jordanian families in

comfort, if not in affluence. Various other scandals, including traffic in supplies to the Arab Legion, were investigated and stopped. Lastly, Talal traveled extensively and "the kindly King" made many new friends in all parts of Jordan. Rarely has a Near Eastern régime begun more auspiciously.

Unfortunately, this happy state of affairs did not last. By early spring the King's health began to fail. More and more often his melancholy eyes lost their understanding and flashed with senseless rage. By mid-May his symptoms became more violent. A series of doctors were flown to Amman, but they could do nothing for him. On the eighteenth of that month he left Jordan with Queen Zein and his children. Treatment in Europe proved ineffectual and at times he became dangerous. By mid-summer a number of distinguished doctors came to the conclusion that "His Majesty is affected with a mental illness which makes it impossible for him to rule, and bear responsibility." Reports from Jordanians who visited the King confirmed this diagnosis, which the Jordanian Parliament had no alternative but to accept. On August 12, 1952, Talal's son Hussein was proclaimed King of Jordan.

Because the new ruler was only seventeen the Throne Council of three elder statesmen, headed by Ibrahim Hashim, was reappointed. The young King spent the year in England, going from school at Harrow to Sandhurst Military Academy where he studied for about six months, sometimes addressed by the noncommissioned drill sergeants as "Mr. King of Jordan, Sir." In his absence Prime Minister Abul-Huda ran the country with a fearless hand. He was domineering, but he was honest and vigorous. All of the Prime Minister's forcefulness was needed to keep the country together, particularly at a time when its King was both a minor and out of the country.

Although yielding slightly to the new currents of thought which were reaching Amman from the West Bank, Abul-Huda nevertheless kept a strong checkrein on the opposition. Political parties were not allowed to organize without the permission of the government, and the Cabinet could suspend the license of any newspaper.

At this time Communist strength was growing among such groups as school teachers, poorly paid government workers and refugees. By capitalizing on the themes of imperialism, monarchism and Israel, the Communists won an increasing amount of support among middle-class intellectuals. Many liberals were confused by the formation of a

National Front Party, which included both Communists and Socialists, led by Suleiman Nabulsi whose National Socialists were the only legalized opposition party. Abul-Huda was able to slow up the distribution of Communist literature and the organization of Communist cells in schools and refugee camps, but radical strength gained ground in Jordan in spite of him.

On the second of May 1953 the Throne Council resigned and King Hussein ascended the throne. He was charming, in spite of his frequent tenseness, with a regal bearing, a surprisingly large head in proportion to his short stature, and serious deepset eyes. He had some of Abdullah's humor and much of his wisdom. Caught in the center of the Near Eastern cauldron, he was to age rapidly and well, always conscious of being the direct descendant of the Prophet Mohammed.

Because of his liberal tendencies Hussein chose as his first Prime Minister Fawzi Pasha al-Mulki, whom he had come to know well as Jordanian Ambassador to Britain. This former chief veterinary officer was much more liberal and easygoing than Abul-Huda, and his prime ministership was marked by a sharp lessening of governmental control. Under him various political prisoners were freed; new laws made it possible for the Arab nationalist group known as Baathists to be recognized as a political party, and several anti-government newspapers made their appearance. Taking advantage of their new-found liberty, the Communists, Socialists and Arab nationalists became ever bolder in their attacks on the government.

The straw that broke the political camel's back was an open attack on the royal family by *al-Jihad*, a Jerusalem newspaper. Following this in May of 1954 King Hussein dismissed Fawzi Mulki and called back the strong-handed Abul-Huda as Prime Minister. One of his first acts was to dissolve the Parliament and order new elections to be held the following October. The election campaign that resulted produced intense activity by the National Socialists and the Baathists, often aided and abetted by Communists and extreme Arab nationalists.

The feeling that the 1954 elections were rigged was so strong that seven parliamentary candidates withdrew their names in protest early on election day. Among them was the leader of the National Socialists, Suleiman Nabulsi, whose followers began demonstrating in the streets of Amman. They were joined by mobs from the tough sections of the city and by noon the demonstrations turned into riots; there was widespread violence, pillaging and burning, not only in the capital but in

Jerusalem, Ramallah and other important towns. Before the election day was over the Arab Legion had been called into town. At least nine persons were killed and several dozens wounded before calm could be restored. It was the first crack in the Hashemite-British control of Jordan, and a period of martial law was necessary to restore quiet. Once this was lifted Parliament met again and some of the more liberal legislation which had been passed under Fawzi Mulki was revoked. During the ensuing months life in Jordan appeared peaceful on the surface.

The next spring King Hussein married, taking as his bride an Egyptian cousin, the beautiful Princess Dina Abdul Hamid al-Awn, a great-grandniece of the leader of the Arab Revolt, Sharif Hussein of Mecca. She had a Master's degree from Cambridge University, was an Associate Professor at the University of Cairo, and appeared unveiled on the day of her wedding. There had been no such Hashemite Queen before her, and her presence on the Palace balcony kindled high hopes and deep resentments.

But the feelings aroused by the elections and against the strong stand taken by Abul-Huda toward radical and Arab nationalist groups continued under the surface. These political tensions were increased by the bad economic situation prevailing in the country. Transjordan alone had had a difficult enough economic life as a simple Bedouin amirate. Now, in addition to the approximately half a million residents of such towns as Jerusalem, Nablus, Ramallah, Hebron, and the countryside between, there were almost an equal number of homeless refugees to be cared for. While some of them brought goods and capital with them, the majority left their personal possessions behind. Suitable housing was unavailable, food supplies were inadequate, and employment opportunities almost non-existent. In spite of the generous and efficient aid provided by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency, most of these refugees continued to live in tents, caves or mud huts, while their standard of living remained abysmally low.

Under these adverse economic conditions the growth of anti-government feeling was not surprising. The situation was worsened by the refusal of the British to agree at that time to a Jordanian request that the military subsidy to the Arab Legion be paid in the future direct to the government of Jordan, a change which would have placed the real control of the Arab Legion in Jordanian hands. More fuel was

added in February 1955 by the Turkey-Iraq Defense Agreement, later to be known as the Baghdad Pact. When Great Britain joined the Pact in April the Egyptian press and radio opened up in a violent campaign to prove that its purpose was to divert attention from the Palestine problem and eventually to make the Arabs partners with Israel. Throughout the dry summer of 1955 this underground feeling against the British position in Jordan and the British-supported government in Amman continued to smoulder. On September 25 the spark was ignited, for on that day Egyptian President Nasser announced his arms deal, supposed then to have been with Czechoslovakia. Thanks largely to this move, Arab nationalism became a militant force, not only in Egypt but also in Jordan; and from that day onward the storm clouds darkened above the Hashemite Kingdom.

Storm over Jordan

The rains came early in the autumn of 1955. Gathering their moisture from the warm waves of the Mediterranean, the storm clouds swept into the peaceful skies of Jordan. Raindrops trickled down the weathered stones of Abraham's tomb in Hebron. They ran around the worn coping of the low door the Crusaders made in the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. They washed away a summer of dust from the gnarled olive trees in the Garden of Gethsemene under which, legend tells us, Jesus knelt in prayer. They darkened the scaffolding on the south wall of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and polished the arabesque tiles on the octagonal Mosque of the Dome of the Rock.

Down in the Valley of the Jordan the drops fell as a light mist upon the newly excavated stones of the round tower in ancient Jericho—stones which the experts say were set in place three thousand years before the Pyramids. They made slippery the little walk-way skirting the monastery that clings so precariously to the face of the Mount of Temptation. And they dripped lightly from the mouths of the caves where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found. In the south the stones of Petra turned a rosier red.

Then, gathering force against the hills of Moab, the rains soaked the uncovered mosaics on the floor of the ruined church that crowns Mount Nebo, where the dying Moses strained his eyes to see the Promised Land. They formed puddles in the pavement of the Forum in Jerash, the best preserved of Rome's Near Eastern towns. Little watercourses jumped from step to step down the old Roman Amphitheatre in Amman. They watered the wide gardens of Basman Palace where young King Hussein dreamed of Hashemite glory, and his beautiful Queen Dina was expecting an heir to the throne. And they

glistened on the leaves of the small garden behind the simple house on Jebel Amman where Brigadier General John Bagot Glubb—Glubb Pasha, for short—tended his four hundred birds, distributed most of his salary to needy soldiers and ran the Arab Legion with a cool firm hand.

Then, moving east across the railroad, they fell in ever lightening showers upon the marginal fields around the black fort in Azrak, where Lawrence of Arabia had reinforced the roof of the entrance tower with palm logs while he plotted part of the campaign that freed Damascus from the Turks. And they faded away in white mist above the pale sands and dark basalt rocks that form the desert of East Jordan.

But more than rain clouds came to the Holy Land that October. Nasser had bought arms from Czechoslovakia; Arab nationalism was on the march; and Jordan stirred restlessly. Turkish President Celal Bayar came to Jordan for a courtesy visit. Indoors all was polite speeches and sheep-eating, but the rumor that he had come to push the Baghdad Pact set off violent demonstrations in Jericho and Irbid, and earned him an Amman welcome of unprecedented iciness. After him came General Abdul Hakim Amer, the self-confident Egyptian Commander-in-Chief, who was received with banner headlines and cheering crowds. His "courtesy call" was widely interpreted as a move to strengthen pro-Egyptian and anti-Pact elements in Jordan.

Then, early in December, General Sir Gerald Templar, Chief of the British Imperial Staff, flew into Amman with an offer of substantial military assistance to Jordan and a strong suggestion that the Hashemite Kingdom join the Baghdad Pact. When he left eight days later, Jordan seethed for a week and then exploded. Circassian Prime Minister Said al-Mufti resigned rather than face so deep an Arab issue and was replaced by young Hazza Majali, a strong supporter of the Pact. In New York Jordan was elected a member of the United Nations, but the news evoked little interest in the streets of Amman, already beginning to fill with demonstrators. The security plans of the foreign embassies were dusted off, and a network of block wardens set up in order that every member of the non-Arab community could receive guidance and help in case of serious trouble. It was not a day too soon.

On Saturday, December 17, demonstrations started in Amman, Jericho, Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Nablus. When the police proved unable or unwilling to disperse the crowds, troops of the well-drilled Arab Legion were called in. But the people soon discovered that the

Legion had orders not to shoot, and by Sunday morning ever-growing groups were milling through downtown Amman. Guarded by fifty Bedouin tommy-gunners dressed in long brown robes and colorful red and white kaffiyas, the American embassy seemed safe from attack, and several of its officers went out on a neighboring housetop from which they could look down into the central part of Amman. From there they saw a crowd of about a hundred demonstrators move up Wadi Seir Road toward the Post Office, where five Legionnaires formed a thin cordon across the square. As it approached, the crowd began throwing rocks. The Legionnaires stood their ground, although repeatedly struck by flying stones. When the hail of missiles became too heavy the soldiers also picked up rocks and charged the crowd, throwing stones ahead of them. At first the demonstrators turned and ran before the determined soldiers, so long the unchallenged symbols of strength and order in Jordan. Then someone in the crowd shouted, "We are a hundred and they are five. Why are we running?" The crowd halted, picked up more stones and moved forward again. As the hail of rocks descended upon the Legionnaires one of them went down upon the pavement, while a second was badly cut by a stone striking his face. In spite of his wound he started to carry the fallen man to the safety of the Post Office; but before he could get there both of them were knocked down by flying rocks. The three remaining Legionnaires looked for a moment at their fallen comrades and at the menacing crowd bearing down upon them; then they loaded their guns and fired low over the heads of the crowd, which broke and ran to shelter. As the echo of these shots died away orders were snapped out by officers of the Legion all over town. From roof tops and street corners came the metallic sound of rifles being loaded. There was a moment of deep silence, and then a low roar came from the crowds; in that instant the demonstrations changed to riots. There was only scattered shooting throughout the rest of that Sunday as additional Legionnaires rolled into town in their brown desert-worthy trucks. But by nighttime the city was an armed camp, with tents in most of the vacant lots and groups of machine gunners on the flat roofs of many houses and office buildings.

Early the next morning the downtown section of the city was packed with milling crowds of students, workers and refugees among whom small groups of tough heavily armed agitators could be clearly discerned. Fist fights and rock throwing started a little after ten

o'clock, and by eleven the wadis of Amman were echoing to the sound of gunfire. There would be periods of calm and then the shooting would break out again, usually ending in the rattle of machine-gun fire that died away, only to start up ten or fifteen minutes later in another part of the city.

That afternoon and Tuesday morning the rioting grew fiercer, until word reached "the street" that the strong-minded but unpopular Prime Minister Hazza Majali had resigned. Within a matter of minutes the shooting and the rock-throwing ended, and the demonstrators staged victory parades through the center of the city. The first round was over, but reports pouring in told a grim story of the toll it had taken. The offices of the British Bank and the British Council were heavily stoned; the American consulate general office in Old Jerusalem was attacked and many windows were broken; the UNRWA records office in Hebron was destroyed; and the American-owned Tuberculosis Sanitorium, operated by the Presbyterian Church near that city, was ransacked. The Umma College at Bethlehem was attacked and its headmaster injured; the Mennonite distribution center in Hebron was gutted and its residence sacked; the Turkish consulate office in Jerusalem was battered, as were the French consulate in Jerusalem and the British consulate in Nablus. One of the most surprising incidents was the attack on the Jericho farm and boys' orphanage run by the well-known Palestinian refugee Musa Bey Alami, where the water pumps and the poultry farm were smashed. The official countrywide count listed ten dead and seventy-five wounded, but these figures were clearly too low.

Once the shooting had died down elder statesman Ibrahim Hashim formed a caretaker government, and an uneasy peace hung over the Holy Land. Many Westerners went on Christmas Eve to Bethlehem, where the traditional service was held in the Shepherds' Field, with the evening star partly hidden by rain. Then, after dinner, as many visitors as could get in went to the Christmas Mass in St. Catherine's Church next to the Grotto of the Nativity. On New Year's Eve everyone seemed to realize that the troubles were just beginning, and there was an "eat, drink and be merry" spirit, culminating in a champagne supper at the French embassy with oysters from Beirut and a floor show by members of the diplomatic corps.

With the holidays out of the way all thoughts turned again to politics. A Popular Conference to formulate "the demands of the

people" met on January 6, 1956, and the political pot boiled over again the next day. That morning, a Saturday, was marked by orderly demonstrations of school boys and girls, college students and government workers. At noon the parades ended and the Legion pulled out of Amman. This was the signal the extremists had been waiting for. Well-organized groups surged out of the alleys of Amman and began picking off the "symbols of the West." The motor park of the Economic Development Board was wrecked, the British Bank and the main offices of UNRWA were stoned, and the Land Resources Office of Point IV was sacked and burned.

Surprisingly enough, the telephone system continued to operate and brought word that the Hotel Philadelphia had been stoned in the middle of the afternoon, and that there was a second and more determined attack which was repulsed by gunfire after the leaders of the mob had penetrated as far as the hotel lobby. By sundown the situation was out of hand throughout most of the town, and the Cabinet, which had been in emergency session much of the afternoon, reluctantly called in Glubb Pasha and instructed him to bring the Legion back into Amman. Within an hour the rumble of trucks and the sound of shooting told that the troops were moving into the city again. By nine o'clock most of the main streets were clear, and the guests who wished to leave had been taken from the Hotel Philadelphia in a convoy of jeeps.

The next morning it was learned that the rioting was nationwide and was still continuing; four days passed before the Legion could restore order. During that time some fourteen Point IV installations, from the Syrian border to the Gulf of Akaba, were attacked by mobs. The missionaries also suffered seriously, particularly the Southern Baptist Hospital in Ajlun; and the Quaker Village Development headquarters at Dibbin lost five buildings out of seven, a blow which caused them to withdraw from Jordan. No Americans were hurt, but it took gunfire by Legionnaire guards to stop a concentrated attack on the office of the American consulate general in Old Jerusalem, where a number of women and children had gathered for safety. A score of British installations suffered also; several British civilians were injured; and a British army officer attached to the Arab Legion was killed at Zerka, the headquarters of that force. A rigid curfew was imposed in Amman until January 11, when people became sufficiently hungry to forego rioting and market during the short period allowed them.

The members of the American embassy staff were gratified at being awarded a State Department citation "For meritorious service, loyalty and devotion to duty under adverse conditions. For displaying great courage, discretion and initiative as a unit during riots in Amman, in December 1955 and January 1956." It was the first such unit citation ever given to an embassy.

By January 14 the curfew was lifted entirely, and life began to be more calm. The representatives of the world press, who had been unable to get into Jordan before, poured in now. A new government under strong-man Samir Rifai set about returning the country to "normalcy"; and the extremists set about getting rid of Glubb Pasha.

During the next six weeks a violent campaign was directed against the hard-working commander of Jordan's only stabilizing force. Every week saw a new accusation: "The Legion did not have enough ammunition to fight Israel"; "the Legion planned to abandon the West Bank if Israel should attack"; "Glubb's real mission was to perpetuate British rule in Jordan forever." Day after day the campaign built up, and the public was only a little distracted when, on February 13, Queen Dina gave birth to a baby girl. There was a small celebration but widespread disappointment that she had not produced a male heir to the throne.

At last the pressure became too great and on March 1, to the complete surprise of the British, young King Hussein dismissed Glubb Pasha from the command of the Arab Legion. With him went fifteen other key British officers, including the Chief of Staff and the head of its Intelligence. Glubb's departure was the signal for jubilation by the Nationalists, some dancing in the streets, and shooting in the air by happy demonstrators.

King Hussein gained greatly in popularity as a result of his ousting of the legendary Glubb Pasha, but the efficiency of the Arab Legion, now known as the Jordan Arab Army, declined in the struggle over his successor. After devious infighting, by May 25 dashing young Lt. Colonel Ali Abu Nuwar, who had been a major six months before, had outmaneuvered his opponents. He became a major general and was appointed Chief of Staff.

Before the month of May had ended Syrian President Quwwatli made a state visit to Jordan, which resulted in a joint communiqué announcing closer ties between Jordan and Syria in both military and

economic fields. The supporters of the "Arab tide" took heart from this and from the action of the government releasing many political prisoners, who had been detained since the riots of the previous December and January. Several of these were well known as trouble makers, and it was not surprising that on July 14 the Egyptian Military Attaché in Amman was fatally wounded by a bomb. He had been accused of organizing *fedayeen* (guerrilla) operations, and his death focused attention on the rising inter-Arab tension.

But the country's concern over infiltrators was soon diverted as the strange drama of the Suez Canal crisis began to unfold. By mid-August rallies in support of Nasser were being held, and a nation-wide strike and demonstration in favor of Egypt and against the British and the French took place on August 16. Although some 6,000 marched that day in a parade in Amman, there was no violence, giving rise to the rumor that Nasser had requested his supporters not to attack the British and French embassies.

Suddenly, at the beginning of September, British subjects began leaving Jordan. No specific reason for this move was given, but it cast a long shadow over social and economic life in Amman as each day saw more families at the airport, until over 500 British dependents had departed. By the middle of September the French community had also started to move, and local concern over the implication of this double departure grew steadily.

In mid-September the Israel border flared up again as several attacks on Jews were answered by a strong Israeli "police action" against the Jordanian fort of Ar-Rahwah. Twenty-one Jordanian police and national guards were reported killed in this battle, which was followed the next day by another "punitive action" against the police post of Gharandal in the Wadi Araba south of the Dead Sea, where ten more Jordanians were killed. King Hussein promptly flew to Baghdad to firm up Iraqi military support in case of an all-out attack, and the press and public characterized the battles as the most serious for the past three years.

On the night of September 25, in retaliation for Jordanian firing at a crowd of civilians near Ramat Rahel, the Israelis carried out an even larger "police action." The police post at Husan southwest of Jerusalem was demolished and some thirty Jordanian soldiers and national guardsmen killed. Censorship was imposed on military news, and in spite of these heavy casualties the action was acclaimed in Jordan as an

Arab victory. Egypt took advantage of this engagement to fly a second instalment of arms and ammunition to Jordan, and virtually the entire strength of the Jordan Arab Army was moved to the West Bank, where it took up positions near the frontier. Almost each night saw shooting along the western border, with each side branding the other as the aggressor.

During the first week of October the Israelis made it clear that they could no longer tolerate this state of affairs, and on the night of October 10 a large Israeli force carried out a "retaliatory raid" in and around the village of Qalqilya north of Jerusalem. The fighting continued throughout most of the night, and both sides suffered substantial losses in the largest engagement between Arabs and Jews since the end of the Palestine War.

Against this back-drop of excursions and alarms the election campaign in Jordan gathered momentum, and on October 21 the country held what were widely acclaimed as its first free general elections. The polling went off without major disturbances. Many conservative and pro-Western groups stayed away from the polls, and anti-Western forces took control of the new Chamber under the leadership of National Socialist Suleiman Nabulsi. By now Jordan was world news. Whereas only one foreign correspondent covered the Jordanian elections in October of 1954, thirty-seven American and European journalists were on hand to report the 1956 vote. The Parliament met on October 25, and Amman celebrated the new anti-colonial mood by staging a general strike on Sunday, October 28, during which some 2,000 persons broke most of the windows in the elegant French embassy on Jebel Amman and were only restrained from sacking the building by the most heroic efforts shown by the Jordan police in many years.

It was a great surprise when, on October 29, instructions were received by the American embassy to evacuate dependents and non-essential civilians at once. The move went smoothly and was only just in time, for during the night of October 29 the attack on Suez began.

A strict blackout was now enforced, with national guardsmen descending promptly on any house that showed a light, and a great darkness enveloped Amman once the sun had set. A spell of bad weather with much fog and rain added to the general gloom. Air raid shelters were built in all the parks and many vacant lots, and several air

raid alerts were sounded. Everyone lived by his radio as the attack on Suez moved to its November 6th conclusion.

The new Parliament and the government of National Socialist Prime Minister Nabulsi set out at once on a new policy. In a speech on November 27 Nabulsi outlined the determination of his government to end the Anglo-Jordanian Treaty, to bring about the departure of all British forces from Jordan, to look to the Arab states for economic aid, and to seek a federal union with Syria. At this time also news came out of the forced retirement or dismissal of various upper- and middle-grade officials. Although the changes were described as "in the interest of efficiency," a high percentage of those departing from government service were persons closely identified with the British régime or known as friends of the West.

December saw the arrival of Saudi Arabian troops in Jordan as a token of Arab unity and to help in case of an Israeli attack. Another sign of the way the wind was blowing was the departure, on December 10, of the Iraqi brigade which had been camped near Mafrak. But their going did little to quiet the campaign against Iraqi Prime Minister Nuri Said and his "British-controlled" government; a two-hour protest strike was held in honor of the "struggling people" of that country.

Meanwhile the idea of closer ties with Syria continued to gain in popularity. Nabulsi's position on this was made clear in a statement he gave to Hanson Baldwin of the *New York Times* which read in part, "We have never thought in the past, and things are making it more clear now, that Jordan can continue to live forever as Jordan. Jordan must be connected militarily, economically and politically with another Arab State. . . ."

With Nabulsi's permission Soviet and Red Chinese movies began to appear in the cheaper theatres, and there was greater activity in such left-wing centers as the People's Popular Library in Amman. Another sign of the anti-Western drift was the appearance of several left-wing weeklies, including an organ of the Communist-dominated National Front.

Friday, December 31, was celebrated as the anniversary of the riots against the Baghdad Pact, "the first important step on Jordan's road toward independence." Nabulsi used this occasion to make another violent speech against the British treaty and imperialist plots against Arab nationalism. Soon afterwards he told a group of foreign journalists that Jordan would accept arms from the Soviet Union.

Using well-known tactics, a group of leftists took over a refugee conference which was held in Jerusalem in mid-January and produced a series of "conference decisions" which were in striking agreement with the known line of the Jordan Communist Party. Soon thereafter the TASS news bulletin began free distribution to Jordanian newspapers, libraries, radio stations and high government officials.

Before the end of January the Arab Solidarity Agreement was signed in Cairo and greeted enthusiastically in Jordan. Among its articles was the statement that Egypt, Syria, and Saudi Arabia would give Jordan twelve and a half million pounds annually to replace Britain's subsidy.

Although the anti-Western and pro-Communist tide was rising steadily, certain key individuals in Jordan showed their courage by standing firmly against it. They were led by King Hussein who only two months before had celebrated his coming of age. On the last day of January the King sent a strongly-worded letter, which was simultaneously published, to Prime Minister Nabulsi expressing his conviction that if Communism should gain a foothold in Jordan all would be lost. He stated that the country must resist subversive tendencies and be guided by the "message of Islam" and "Arabism." By taking this stand Hussein became the first Arab chief of state not only to come out in strong opposition to Communism but also to emphasize the fallacy that Communism and Arab nationalism were identical. The King's words were clear and straight from the shoulder. He said, in part:

> We draw attention to the fact that Arab nationalism is at the very present facing a peril that threatens to destroy the fruits of the long bitter struggle. For, amidst the present cold war raging between the two camps in the world, principles and doctrines contrary to our principles and beliefs are beginning to infiltrate into our country. These aim at replacing an imperialism which no longer exists in our Arab homeland with an imperialism of a new sort and from which we cannot release ourselves. . . .
>
> We believe that, if we allow the Communist doctrine a foothold in our country, we would be losing all our heritage as a nation with ideals, aspirations, and history.

The King had thrown down the gauntlet to the leftists and extremists in the Nabulsi Cabinet, and there were reports of secret meetings of Communists, Baathists and National Socialists to organize

popular opposition to the "misguided young King." One phase of this was a series of anonymous threats against Jordan's conservative newspapers unless they ignored the King's stand on Communism. Unfortunately, many papers bowed before this pressure; those that did not laid in a store of pistols and machine guns.

Meanwhile Nabulsi continued to claim that there were no Communists in his government. He even kept some of his followers from attending Parliament so there would not be a quorum present to debate Communist infiltration in the Jordan government. The forces of extremism, however, were not easily checked, as was shown by the actions of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Jordanian Parliament. Using a known leftist technique, this committee, on February 19, "unanimously" recommended to the Parliament the approval of two statements of policy; one was to stop the activities of the pro-Western Syrian Socialist Nationalist Party; the other was to restrain the supporters of the "Imperialist Baghdad Pact." The committee announced it made these recommendations because of a "flood of telegrams and petitions." Although investigation showed that this "flood" was inspired by left-wing groups in Jordan and many of the signatures were fictitious, the maneuver was successful, and the technique of parliamentary action based on "popular demand" began to be used more and more frequently by the Nabulsi government.

The rising tension showed itself in nation-wide demonstrations and rallies on March 1, held to celebrate the anniversary of the removal of Glubb Pasha and the "Arabization" of the Jordan Army. The orators outdid each other in painting word-pictures of Glubb Pasha as the center of all evil and a masterful organizer of plots. Amman was tied up all day as the demonstrators marched back and forth cheering, shooting into the air, and denouncing Western imperialism.

On March 15 by an exchange of notes the 1948 Anglo-Jordanian Treaty was terminated, and a three-day holiday was proclaimed by the Cabinet to mark the occasion. On each of these days large crowds milled about in the streets and cheered the organized demonstrators. The Left used the occasion to come out in force and to show the extent to which they were armed and could mobilize the mob. During the parade of Friday, March 22, hundreds of demonstrators from the left-wing parties, carrying rifles and submachine guns, marched past the King on his reviewing stand. Shooting in the air to show their happiness, the demonstrators filled the sky above Amman with more than

four thousand bullets. Street clashes broke out there and in Nablus during these celebrations, with most of the fighting taking place between members of the conservative Moslem Brothers and the extremists of the National Front.

As March drew to a close a Cabinet crisis was certain, but the National Socialist Prime Minister faced it with confidence. He had carried out the promises of his ministerial statement and ended the Anglo-Jordanian Treaty; he had concluded an Arab Solidarity Agreement which was supposed to end Jordan's financial worries, although only Saudi Arabia ever paid its pledged share; and under him the country was moving toward federal union with Syria. He knew that Syrian agents had already entered Jordan and, if peaceful means failed, were prepared to incite an uprising against the King.

On April 1 General Ali Abu Nuwar came back from a "business trip" to Damascus and spread the word that large quantities of Soviet arms were available for Jordan if she desired to accept them. The next day, in spite of the King's well-known opposition to any such move, the Cabinet voted to recognize the Soviet Union. It was a head-on clash between the pro-Western King Hussein and the followers of Nabulsi. Early on the morning of April 8 the First Armored Car Regiment left its Zerka headquarters and took up positions covering all the roads leading in and out of Amman. Traffic was not stopped and both the troops and the local populace were told it was merely a training exercise. Subsequent events show that it was a drill ordered by General Nuwar without the knowledge of the King, who learned of it later that day and realized its significance. It was a rehearsal of the plan set for the next week to overthrow King Hussein.

An *Iftar*, or *Ramadan* after-sunset banquet to break the daytime Moslem fast, had been announced for the evening of April 10, to be given by the King for the top ranks of the government. But Hussein had taken all that he could stand from Nabulsi and the extremists. At three o'clock that afternoon the angry monarch sent the chief of his Royal Divan, Bahjat Talhouni, with a message requesting the resignation of Prime Minister Nabulsi. The Nationalist Socialist recognized this as more than a request, and he and his Cabinet resigned at once. The next day the King asked the sixty-two-year-old Palestinian leader, Dr. Hussein al-Khalidi, to form a new government. Dr. Khalidi was holding talks with possible ministers when he received an ultimatum from the National Front and the National Socialists refusing to partic-

ipate in any government which was not formed according to their demands. Dr. Khalidi was a man of strong will, but faced with this opposition he returned to his rose garden in Jericho, leaving the troubled young King to look further for a Prime Minister.

In the interest of a possible compromise the King, on April 12, asked the former Minister of Interior and Defense in Nabulsi's Cabinet, Abdul Halim al-Nimr, to form a Cabinet. Nimr was the leader of the moderate wing of the National Socialists, but he insisted his Cabinet include extremists. To emphasize this demand the Communists and Baathists started a demonstration in Amman after the Friday mosque services. The King put down the demonstration and with it an end to al-Nimr's efforts to form a Cabinet.

The next two weeks were the most critical in the history of the Hashemite Kingdom. On Saturday, April 13, Hussein asked the veteran Circassian, Said al-Mufti, to form a government. Almost immediately Said Pasha received a message that Major General Abu Nuwar, the Commander-in-Chief, wished to see him. On arriving at the Army headquarters he found Generals Ali Hiyari and Mohammed Maayta in the office as well. Nuwar told him that the only possible choice for Prime Minister was the National Socialist Abdul Halim al-Nimr. Furthermore, Nuwar said, unless a government was organized by nine o'clock that night by al-Nimr, he could not guarantee that he would be able to restrain the Army from taking "serious action."

Said al-Mufti went at once to the King, told him what had happened, and said he could not form a government under these circumstances. Hussein had a final conversation with al-Nimr, who proved to be even more uncompromising than before. The King thereupon ended the talks, but the anti-Western forces were so sure of themselves that at 9 o'clock that evening, Radio Damascus announced al-Nimr had formed a government in Amman and even listed the names of other members of the Cabinet.

During the two days of discussions about the next Prime Minister, the King had received confirmation from several friends that a plot against him was being organized in the army. He endeavored to check further, while putting his faith in the two Bedouin regiments which he knew were most loyal to him. Saturday Akif al-Fayez, the handsome son of Paramount Shaikh Mithqal of the Beni Sakhr, hurried to the Palace to tell the King some strange information which he had just received from his fellow tribesmen in the army. Members of the Beni

Sakhr had come to Shaikh Akif and told him that two regiments of Bedouin infantry had been ordered to go on a practice march that night to the oasis of Azrak. Because it was the month of Ramadan and the men had been fasting all day the Bedouin soldiers objected, whereupon they were told that in order to make the exercise easier they could go without their heavy packs.

This was the tip-off that the plot was to be sprung that night, for the only possible reason for ordering the loyal Bedouin regiments to march eighty miles into the desert—without their packs, at night, in Ramadan—was to get them out of the way. Hussein immediately sent word to the officers of these regiments to keep their men in Zerka and secretly ordered officers he knew were loyal to him to take over command of the armored cars around the Palace.

As the evening wore on, word reached the King that fighting had broken out at the army headquarters in Zerka and at the nearby Khaw Camp between units loyal to him and groups that favored Nuwar and Nabulsi. A rumor had been spread there that the King had been assassinated, and Nuwar's followers were urging the Bedouin to join with them in setting up a government headed by al-Nimr.

The King summoned Nuwar to the Palace and, without telling the General what he knew, asked about the rioting in the army camps. Nuwar told him it was not important and said he would go and restore order. Rather than let Nuwar take command of the insurrection, Hussein replied that he would drive to the Khaw Camp himself, and in spite of Nuwar's protests Hussein set out by automobile after nine o'clock with his personal bodyguard, his uncle Sharif Nasser, and the protesting General Nuwar.

When they got to the bridge over the Jabbok River at Ruseifeh, the King and his party were met by detachments from the loyal Bedouin regiments, coming to Amman to check on the story that the King had been killed. When he stepped out of his car in perfect health the Bedouin cheered loudly, but at the sight of General Abu Nuwar their cheers turned to cries of anger. They accused the General of plotting against their King and of planning to assassinate him if necessary, and they asked Hussein's permission to kill Nuwar on the spot. The young General seized the King's coat in the traditional Bedouin gesture of one seeking protection, and Hussein sent Nuwar back to the Palace under guard.

Then he and his remaining four-car escort drove on through the

night to the Khaw Camp, where some thirty soldiers and officers had already been killed or wounded in the fighting between the King's men and the Nuwar faction.

On reaching the center of the camp where his dramatic appearance in the middle of the rioting caught his opponents off guard, the King jumped out of his automobile. Mounting to the top of an armored car he made an impassioned speech. He reminded the crowd that he was a descendant of the Prophet Mohammed. He said that as long as he was their King he would rule in their interest, but he would rule as he saw fit. If, however, they did not want him as King, this was the time to declare themselves. At this Hussein's supporters gave a tremendous shout of approval, and those who had been wavering followed suit. Some twelve officers who were known to be leaders of the anti-King forces were then arrested, and within a relatively short time the Bedouin regiments and the other supporters of the King were in control of the Khaw Camp. Hussein thereupon returned to his car and with his bodyguard reinforced drove back to the Palace.

There he found General Nuwar. After a stormy scene he permitted the General, his wife and his father to leave the country for Syria where, as later events showed, Nuwar continued to plot against him.

The King again asked Said al-Mufti to form a moderate Cabinet. After a few hours of feverish effort, the Circassian leader returned and reported failure, in part because of the way the crisis was being explained to the people by the extremists. The King realized that he must counter this propaganda, and early that afternoon he tried to broadcoast the true story of the events of the past twenty-four hours. In this he was at first thwarted because the Hashemite Broadcasting Station at Ramallah was in the hands of the opposition; but he improvised a station in Amman for his exposition of the crisis caused by disloyal elements in the army and government. His clear explanation, his thanks to those who had stood by him, and his eloquent plea for further support swung a considerable number of doubters to the King's side.

That evening he learned that the Syrian troops who were stationed in the northeastern part of the country around Mafrak were about to march south. Hussein at once ordered his army to move against them along with some units of the Saudi Arabian forces who were also in Jordan. He then telephoned President Quwwatli of Syria and told him that any Syrian move to the south would be opposed by force.

Quwwatli said it must be only a night maneuver, and that he would order his troops back to their barracks immediately.

Once again the King asked Dr. Hussein al-Khalidi to form a Cabinet, and this time the Palestinian leader was successful. Shortly after dark on the evening of Monday, April 15, a "cabinet of notables" was sworn in, but with its new Minister for Foreign Affairs none other than ex-Prime Minister Suleiman Nabulsi. This produced only an uneasy political truce, while the situation in the army worsened. On April 18 General Nuwar tendered his resignation from Damascus, and Major General Ali Hayari succeeded him as Commander of the Jordan Arab Army. Two days later Hayari also motored to Damascus, where he resigned and sought political asylum. In less than a week the Jordan Army had lost two commanding generals and three out of six of its brigade commanders, while seven other key officers were imprisoned, along with a considerable number of lower ranks. These ex-leaders and other opponents of the régime who had fled the Country promptly started a propaganda barrage from Damascus.

On April 22 the extremist leaders still in Jordan called a "National Conference" in Nablus. Although representatives of most other parties were present, leftists captured the meeting and drafted its decisions, the first of which was rejection of the Eisenhower Doctrine and all imperialist schemes. Other demands to be made on the Khalidi government included federal union with Syria, purging the government of all "imperialist agents," the exile of certain Palace personalities, the reinstatement to duty of all army officers who were in jail or exile as a result of the recent crisis, and the ousting from Jordan of the American ambassador and his military attaché.

In order to put force behind these demands the extremists called for a nation-wide strike, with demonstrations to be held on April 24. As soon as the Cabinet received the resolutions Dr. Khalidi took them to the Palace, which he found filled with Bedouin chieftains pledging their support to the King. In fact the hills east of Amman were already dotted with black goat's hair tents. Meeting followed meeting in the crowded halls of the Basman Palace and continued late into the night, as the King listened to the advice and suggestions of robed Bedouin shaikhs and politicians in Western dress. It was noticeable that he seemed most impressed by the suggestions of ex-Prime Minister Samir Rifai.

The stores in Amman did not run up their steel shutters on the

morning of April 24; no taxis gathered in the center of the town, and most citizens stayed indoors. Bedouin infantry took up stations around government buildings, key points of the city, and foreign embassies. In addition to being in full battle dress the Bedouin had their faces blackened so that they could not be identified if they had to fire on the mob. Soon the streets were filled with demonstrators, most of them armed or carrying anti-Western banners. By noon more than three and a half thousand demonstrators were packed in front of the Prime Ministry and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. There they were addressed by a series of speakers who praised the demands of the Nablus Conference. Urged on by shouts and cheers, the crowd was getting restless when, early in the afternoon, a spokesman for the Foreign Ministry came out and talked with the leaders of the mob. He told them that the government's answer could be expected the next day. To this the leaders said they would keep the peace for twenty-four hours but, if the demands of the Nablus Conferenec were not met by nine o'clock the next morning, demonstrations would occur of such a nature as to "shake the city." Soon after this the crowds dispersed and their leaders started a series of meetings in preparation for the events of the next day.

Meanwhile at the Palace the young King was again in conference with his trusted advisers and the shaikhs of the great Bedouin tribes. Late in the afternoon it was announced from the Palace that the American President's special emissary, Ambassador Richards, would not visit Jordan to explain the Eisenhower Doctrine. Rather than lowering tension this statement was taken by the extremists as a sign that the young King was bowing before the "leaders of the street." There was exultation in many quarters and the word was spread around that "tomorrow will be our day." Additional arms and ammunition were distributed that night to all those who supported Nabulsi. It was clear that if demonstrations ever got under way they could not be stopped without widespread bloodshed.

Once more, as he had done the night he put down the insurrection at the Khaw Camp, and again when he had organized his troops against the "maneuvers" of the Syrians, the young King moved fast and firmly. First he appointed the elder statesman Ibrahim Hashim as Prime Minister with the forceful and pro-Western Samir Rifai as Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs. Then, at 2:15 in the morning, an announcement was made over the radio that a curfew

was imposed in Amman and the other main cities. Loudspeaker trucks repeated this information to the wakeful inhabitants, as reinforced Bedouin troops set up machine guns and barbed wire barricades at all strategic corners and began patrolling the streets in groups of four. At four o'clock in the morning the new government of Ibrahim Hashim and Samir Rifai was sworn in and martial law was clamped down on Jordan. In frequently repeated radio messages to his people King Hussein explained the reasons that had forced him to take these drastic steps. National Socialist Prime Minister Nabulsi was his chief target and was blamed for spreading destructive principles and co-operating with the Communists.

Meanwhile the Hashim-Rifai government was moving with lightning speed. Political parties were dissolved, the police and the constabulary were merged with the army, vehicular traffic was forbidden, and the populace was ordered to stay indoors. At the same time the arrest of Communists and extremists was begun. Many were caught but some of the ringleaders fled to Syria, a few of them dressed as women.

That morning, when the demonstrators came out of their homes prepared for a day of action in the streets, they were met by Bedouin Legionnaires with blackened faces and fixed bayonets who drove them back indoors. A few groups of rioters managed to assemble, but the tough desert fighters had them running for cover within half an hour. The long-heralded mob seizure of Amman never took place because no mobs were allowed to form.

For six more years the autumn rains brought their moisture to Jordan, sometimes in profusion, sometimes almost in drought. And for six more years life went on much as before in the lands beside the river.

In part they were years of nation building; new roads stretched across the hills and wadis, slums were erased, schools expanded and water brought to the parched earth, particularly in the valley east of the Jordan. A new and lively queen with a British background walked in the palace garden, and brought forth a son and heir. Businessmen prospered, more mansions and offices were built in Amman and a movie was made in and around South Jordan's Tubaiq hills that in places matched the splendor of Lawrence's great prose.

And then suddenly, or so it seemed, in the early spring of 1963, Egypt, Syria and Iraq came together, and the United Arab Republic was reborn.

Once again the pressure grew for Jordan to rid itself of Hussein, and to join the U.A.R. Again, the air over the Kingdom crackled with invective. The speeches in Jordan's Parliament took on an anti- Hashemite tone. Demonstrators appeared, mobs formed and rioters surged through the streets of Amman, Jerusalem and a dozen uneasy towns on both banks. Back came the loyal bedouin of the Arab Army, yesterday's Legion, in dusty battle dress, bayonets fixed and faces blackened. Stray shots became volleys, and the roll of the wounded and killed climbed.

The crowds had the numbers; the men of the Arab Army had the force. As the deaths mounted, a new cabinet took over and the King promised elections. Gradually the tension subsided, with Hussein still on his throne.

But the battle lines were drawn. Hussein wanted to strengthen Arab unity, but he believed he should remain as Jordan's King. Nassar wanted to see Jordan in the ranks of the United Arab Republic, and therefore, without a King.

Whether the struggle over monarchy or republicanism would be long or short, and who would win in the end, no man could say. The only certain thing was that much history remained to be made where the Jordan flows.

THE END

Sources of the Work

FROM THE DAYS of the Patriarchs to the Acts of the Apostles the source *par excellence* for the story of these lands is the Bible itself. I have used the King James Version of the Old and New Testaments, principally on account of the majestic beauty of its language.

Some works have been of invaluable help for almost the whole historical length of the work. Outstanding among these are Philip K. Hitti's *History of Syria* (New York: Macmillan, 1951) and his *History of the Arabs* (London: Macmillan, 1946). Aside from the notes on my own travels two guide books have furnished constant reference to places and sites: Sir Harry Luke's and Edward Keith Roach's *Handbook of Palestine and Trans-Jordan* (London: Macmillan, 1934) and the fifth edition of G. Olaf Matson's *Palestine Guide* (Jerusalem: Joshua Simon, n.d.). For a physical description of many aspects of the land itself C. M. Doughty's *Arabian Deserts* (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1921) remains unsurpassed.

Miss Kathleen L. Kenyon's "Excavations at Jericho—1956" in the *Palestine Exploration Quarterly*, July-December, 1956, was the source of much of the Prologue. For this and for the first four chapters, Nelson Glueck's *The Other Side of the Jordan* (New Haven: American Schools of Oriental Research, 1940) and his *The River Jordan* (London: Lutterworth Press, 1946) were of much help, as were two fine atlases: Wright and Filson's *Westminister Historical Atlas of the Bible* (London: S.C.M. Press, 1953) and the *Atlas of the Bible* (London and New York: Thomas Nelson, 1957). I used frequently Werner Keller's *The Bible as History* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1956) and Theodora Wilson's *Through the Bible* (Collins: London and Glasgow, 1938).

The literature on Petra (Chapter V) is rich indeed. I recommend to the reader who wishes to go further into the study of this fascinating city the excellent work of Sir Alexander Kennedy: *Petra—its History and Monuments* (London: Country Life, 1925). My own three visits to Petra were the source of much of the material in the chapter, but I am also indebted to Father Eugene Hoade's *East of the Jordan* (Jerusalem: Franciscan Press, 1954); M. A. Murray's *Petra—The Rock City of Edom* (London: Blackie and Son, 1938); John Lewis Burckhardt's *Travels in Syria and the Holy Land* (London: J. Murray, 1822) and Alois Musil's *Arabia Petraea* (New York: American Geographical Society, 1927).

For Chapter VI the best source is the Old Testament Apocrypha, especially the four books of Maccabees. I also made extensive use in depicting episodes of the life of Alexander of Edith Hamilton's *Echo of Greece* (New York: W. W. Newton and Company, 1957).

Stewart Perowne's brilliant analysis in his *Life and Times of Herod the Great* (Nashville: Abingdon Press, 1959) furnished much of the material for Chapter VII.

Other than works already mentioned two of the most useful in writing Chapters VII and IX were *Jerusalem Journey*, by H. F. M. Prescott (London: Eyre and Spottiswood, 1954), a modern work on Friar Felix Fabri's medieval Palestine travels, and George Jeffery's *Church of the Holy Sepulchre* (Cambridge: University Press, 1919). My frequent visits to Jerusalem and Bethlehem were the inspiration for a great deal of the material.

Other than the personal acknowledgements made in the front of this book, I am especially indebted to three published works for the writing of Chapter X: Millar Burrow's *Dead Sea Scrolls* (New York: Viking, 1955) and his *More Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls* (New York: Viking, 1958) and J. M. Allegro's *People of the Dead Sea Scrolls* (New York: Doubleday, 1958).

William Whiston's *Life and Works of Flavius Josephus* (Philadelphia: John C. Winston, n.d.) was the source of much of Chapter XI. G. L. Harding's *Official Guide to Jerash* (Amman: Department of Antiquities, 1954) is all that a guide book might be. Again, my visits to the cities of the Decapolis were of great help. Standard anthologies were used for the quotations from the ancients.

Professor Hitti's books already mentioned gave a large part of the background to Chapters XII and XIII. D. C. Baramki's *Guide to the*

Ummayad Palaces (Amman: Department of Antiquities, 1956) was of particular value. One of the modern classics on the area, Christina Grant's *The Syrian Desert* (New York: Macmillan, 1938) should also be mentioned.

The Crusades have as well been the subject of many books: Steven Runciman's three-volume *History of the Crusades* (Cambridge: University Press, 1951-1954) must, as of now, take first place among the sources available to the layman. I consulted several other works as well. Among these were: H. A. R. Gibb's *The Damascus Chronicle of the Crusades* (London: Luzac, 1932); Hillaire Belloc's *The Crusades: the World's Debate* (London: Cassell, 1937) and Harold Lamb's *The Crusades* (Garden City: Doubleday Doran, 1930).

From Chapter XVI onward until the last two decades of the story I am indebted to the late George Antonius. His *Arab Awakening* (London: H. Hamilton, 1938) will stand as a prime source for all modern writers on the subject of Arab nationalism. James Parkes' *History of Palestine* (London: Gollancz, 1949) was also frequently used here.

The nineteenth century literature on travel in Palestine and Transjordan is vast. Of unique interest to Americans is William Lynch's *Narrative of the United States' Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea* (Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard, 1849). Those who do not wish to read its 509 closely-printed pages may have a fine summary in Elizabeth Palmer's "When the United States Navy Sailed the Dead Sea" in the *Foreign Service Journal*, July, 1958. Mark Twain in *The Innocents Abroad* (New York: Harper's, 1869–still in print) added humor to a keen sense for reporting. Lawrence Oliphant's *Land of Gilead* (Edinburgh: 1880) and Robert Curzon's *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant* (London: Barker, 1955) concern the parallel experiences of British travelers during this century. Two present-day residents of Jerusalem have added to this account: Bertha Spafford Vester's *Our Jerusalem* (London: Evans Bros., 1951) contains experiences over a seventy-five year span; Stewart Perowne's *The One Remains* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1954) is a kind of lyric to the city of Jerusalem. All these mentioned have contributed to the writing of Chapter XVII.

On Lawrence of Arabia the best reference is himself. The *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (New York: Garden City, 1938) is a literary monument as well as a prime source on latter-day Jordan. Among other

books that have been used in preparing Chapter XVII two stand out: *T. E. Lawrence by His Friends*, edited by Lawrence's brother, A. W. (London: Cape, 1937) and Lowell Thomas' *With Lawrence in Arabia* (New York: Century, 1924).

For the last chapters, XIX through XXII, my own experience as Deputy Chief of Mission of the American Embassy, Amman, from the fall of 1955 to the winter of 1958 is drawn upon. A number of published works have also helped me greatly to round out the modern story. The ones most frequently used were: *Memoirs of King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan* (London: Cape, 1950); John Bagot Glubb's *Story of the Arab Legion* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1948); Sir Alec Kirkbride's *A Crackle of Thorns* (London: J. Murray, 1956); Ann Dearden's *Jordan* (London: Robert Hale, 1958); James Morris' *The Hashemite Kings* (New York: Pantheon, 1959) and particularly on Bedouin life—George L. Harris and others' *Jordan* (New Haven: HRAF Press, 1958).

Index

Aaron, 16, 17
Abbassids, 215, 216
Abbey of St. Anne, 108
Abd al-Malik, 197
Abdul Hamid II, 263-264, 266, 268
Abul-Huda, 364-368, *passim*
Abdullah, 217, 309-317 *passim*, 332, 341 350-364, *passim.*
  enthronement of, 345
  assassination of, 360
Abraham, 1-7, *passim.*
Absalom, 34, 35
Acropolis, 171
Actium Games, 85
Adonijah, 35, 36
Adwan, the, 327
al-Afdal, 227
Agriculture,
  Transjordan and Palestine, 71
Ajlun, 34
Akaba, 291-6, *passim*
Akif, Shaikh, 383
Aksa Mosque, 200-201,
  see also Dome of the Rock
Alcimus, High Priest, 147
Alexander the Great, 66-69, *passim*
Alexander, Prince, 90
Ali, Mohammed, 262-263
Allenby, General, 287-306, *passim*
Amalric, King, 243
Amer, General Abdul Hakim, 348, 371
Amman, Bronze Age city, 32-34
  present-day city, 370-387
Amorites, 15, 18, 19
Amrah, Qasr, 201-203
Anthony, 52, 78, 79
Antigonus, 72, 77
Antipater, 89-92, *passim*
Antonia, the, 84
Arab Legion, 339-49, *passim*
Arab Solidarity Agreement, 379
Aretas IV, 53, 54
Aristobulus, 78, 148
Aristotle, 66
Ark of the Covenant, 30
Arnon River, 18
Asher, 8
Augustus, 52, 81, 82
Avenue of the Columns, 173-176, *passim*
al-Awn, Dina Abdul Hamid, 368, 375
Azrak, area of, 296-297, 299, 300, 305

Baal, 20, 184-186
Babylon, 3
Babylonian exile, 43
Baghdad, 217
  Persian influence on, 218
Baghdad Pact, 369, 371, 378
Baldwin, 229-233
Baldwin II, 234-238
Baldwin III, 242
Baldwin IV, 244, 245, 247
Baldwin V, 248
Barton, Colonel, 287
Basilica of Agony, 113
Basilica of Constantine, 95-100, *passim*
Basilica of Justinian, 200
Bathsheba, 33, 34
Bayar, Celal, 371
Bayrum Chuvush, 254
Beersheba, 4
Beitin, 2, 8
Beni Sakhr, 326, 337-338
Benjamin, 8
Bethel, 2, 7, 8
Bethesda, 108
Bethlehem, 93-100, *passim*
Bethpage, 109
  stele of, 109, 110

Bilhah, 8
al-Bint, Kasr, 58
Bira, 8
Blyth, Dr., 283
Bohemond of Taranto, 229
Brook Zered, 16, 18
Burckhardt, John L., 16-17, 45-46

Caiaphas, 114
Calvary, 120, 124
  Chapel of, 128
Canaan, 2, 3, 5
Canaanites, 2
Cave of Machpelah, 6, 9-10
Cell of the Anchorite, 63
Chapel of the Angels, 126
Chapel of Derision, 123
Chapel of the Manger, 97
Chapel of the Nailing of the Cross, 124
Chapel of the Parting of the Garments, 123
Chapel of the Raising of the Cross, 124, 125
Charlemagne, 218
Church of the Assumption, 115
Church of the Holy Sepulchre, 119-130, *passim*, 205, 258, 273-278, *passim*.
Church of the Nativity, 100, 101
Church of Zion, 111, 112
Churchill, Sir Winston, 307, 308, 315, 316
Circassians, 264-267, *passim*, 306
Cleopatra, 52, 77-81, *passim*
Collective Security Pact of the Arab League, 365
Columbarium, 58
Committee of Union and Progress, 268
Constantine 7, 186
Convent of the Sisters of Zion, 116
Copper, in the Middle East, relation to Copper Age, 38-39
Corinthian Tomb, 61
Covenant, library of, 135, 136
Crusades, 219-33, *passim*
Curzon, Robert, 272-275, *passim*

Damascus, 67
  document of, 138
  fall of in 635, 193
Damascus Gate, 254, 255
Darius, 67, 68
Dead Sea, 3-5, 280
Dead Sea Scrolls, 135-147, 153-155
  discovery of, 138-144
  translation of, 144-145

Decapolis, 166
Decentralization Party, 268
Deir, 63, 64
Deraa, 306
  Governor of, 301
Desert Mechanized Force, 340-346
Daimbert, Papal Legate, 229
al-Din, Nur, 241-244
Disraeli, 275
Dome of the Rock, 5, 36, 110, 197-199, *see also* Aksa Mosque
Dophkah, 13
Doughty, Charles M., 47
Dragomen, 276

Edom, 30
Edomites, 49, 50
Edward I, 8
Elam, King of, 3-4
Emmaeus, 220
Ephron, 6
Esau, 7-9
Ezion-Geber, 39-40

Farouk, King of Egypt, 361
Feast of the Discovery of the Cross, 187
Feisal, King, 310-312, 315-317
Franciscan Order, 283
Fulk V, 237-238, 240-241

Gad, 8
Gadara, 168, 169, 170
Garden Tomb, 130, 281-282
Gaza, 67, 68
Gaza Government, 356
Gethsemane, 112-114
Gideon, 25
Glubb, John Bagot, 330-349, *passim* 359, 371, 374-375
Godfrey de Bouillon, 225-226, 228-231
Golden Gate, 87
Gomorrah, 4-5
Gordon, Charles, 281
Greece, influence of on Asia, 68-70
Grotto of the Annunciation, 277
Guy, King, 250-252

Habakkuk Commentary, 146
Habforce, 341-343
al-Habis, 58
Haddad, Sabra, 328-329
Hadrian, 7, 173
Hadrian's Gate, 255
Hagar, 4
Hajj, 211, 212, 217, 261
Hammurabi, 3
Hanun, 32

Haram al-Khalil, 6-7, 86
Haran, 1, 7
Harding, G. Lankester, 140-144, 149
Hashim, Ibrahim, 354-355, 366, 373
Hayari, Ali, 385
Hebron, 4, 6-7, 29, 260, 357
Hejaz of Arabia, 4
Hejaz Railway, 266, 267, 291, 311, 320
Helena, Queen, 186-187
Heraclius, 192, 193
Herod, 6-7, 52-53, 76-92
  death of, 92
Herodium, 82, 84, 93
Hippodrome, 175
Hiram, 36, 37, 40
Hisham, 204, 205, 207
Hittites, 15
House of St. Joseph, 100
Howeitat, 327
Hugh le Puiset, 239
Humphrey, son-in-law of King Amalric, 246-247
Hussani, Hajj Amin, 354-359
Hussein, 360, 366-367, 375-376, 379-385, 387-388
El-Hussein, Ali Ibn, 295, 300, 351
Hussein, Sharif, 309-310, 316-317, 332, 350-351
Husseini, Musa, 357, 363-364
Hyksos, 12
Hyrcanus, 78

Ibrahim, Pasha, 262-263, 273-274
  revolt against, 263
Incense Trail, 48, 52-55
Inn of the Good Samaritan, 105, 106
Irby, C. L., 46, 47
Isaac, 5, 6, 7
Isabella, 246, 247
Ishmael, 4, 6
Israel, 8, 31, 34
Israelites, 12-14, 16, 19, 22-24, 30, 33, 49
Issachar, 8

Jabari, Mohammed Ali, 356
Jabbok, 9
Jacob, 6-11
Jannaeus, Alexander, 51
al-Jazzar, Ahmad, 261, 262
Jehovah, 1, 5, 7
Jerash, 171-178, 188-189, 271
Jericho, 23, 205
Jeroboam, 42
Jerusalem, 70, 98-99, 111-112, 117, 156-163, 191-194, 253-254, 260, 278, 283
  Moslem entrance into, 194
  Crusader's siege of, 222-225
Jesus, 102-103, 106, 109-110, 115-119, 131, 154, 179
  baptism of, 102-103
Joab, 33
John the Baptist, 153, 154
John, leader of the Jews in defense of Jerusalem, 164
Jordan River, 156
Joselin, 236
Joseph, Biblical reference, 8-10
Joshua, 22, 23
Judah, 8
Judah, Kingdom of, 43
Judas Iscariot, 107

El-Kader, Amir Abd, 296, 297
Kando, 139, 141
Kennedy, Sir Alexander, 48
Kerak, 243, 270, 272
al-Khalidi, Hussein, 381, 382, 385
Kharanah, Qasr, 209-210
Khazueh, 64, 65
King's Highway, 16-18, 30, 167
Kinnder, *Cairo, Petra, and Damascus in 1829*, 47
Kirkbride, Alec, 303, 313, 314, 350, 351, 354
Kittim, the, 146, 147
Knights Templar, 235

Laban, 8
Lawrence of Arabia, 287, 289-308, 311, 315-317
Lazarus, 106
Leah, 6, 8
Levi, 8
Lisan Peninsula, 3
Lot, 1, 4
Lynch, William F., 271, 272

Macadam, Lt., 340
Maccabee, Eleazar, 73
Maccabee, Judus, 73, 74
Maccabee, Simon, 74, 105
Maccabaean revolt, 73, 74, 75
Madaba, 190
Magdalene, Mary, 179
Maghar an-Nasara, 62
Maiumas, Pool of, 178
Majali, Hazza, 373
Majlis, 320
Mamluks, 253-254
Mamre, 3, 6-7
al-Mamun, 198
Mangles, James, 46, 47
al-Mansur, 216, 217, 218
  (Abbassid Caliph)

Marianne, wife of Herod, 77-79, 81
Martineau, Harriet, 47
Masada, 82
Medain Salih, city of Petra, 50
Meleager, 170
Melisande, 237, 238, 240
Miles of Plancy, 244
Milk Grotto, 100
Millets, 256, 259
Mteir, Shaikh, 296
Moab, 20, 21, 314, 315
Mohammed V, 268
Moreh, plain of, 2
Moses, 12-21, *passim*
Mount Gerizim, 2
Mount Moriah, 4-5
Mount Nebo, 21
Mount of Olives, 110
  Rock of, 131
Mount of Temptation, 105
Mu'awiyah, 195, 196
al-Mubarqa, 217
al-Mufti, Said, 382, 384
Muhajireen Quarter, 264
al-Mushatta, 209
Musil, Alois, 201
Mutual Defense Pact, 348

Nabateans, early inhabitants of Petra, 50-52
Nabulsi, Suleiman, 359, 367, 377-381
Naif, Prince, 363-365
Naomi, 25, 26
Naphtali, 8
Napoleon, 261, 262
al-Nasara, 328
Nasser, President, 369, 371, 376
Nathan, the Prophet, 33
National Front Party, 367, 378, 381
Neapolis, 184
Nebuchadnezzar, 43
Al Nimr, Abdul Halim, 382
Nusayr, Musa ibn, 203
Nuwar, Ali Abu, 381, 384
Nymphaeum, 176

Obelisk Tomb, 61
Octavian, 80, 81
Old Testament, 5
Omar, 194, 195
Omar II, 204
Omayyads, palace of, 206-208
  family, 210-211
  culture, 213
  society, 214-215
  fall of, 215

Ophir, 40
Organic Law, 352
Othman, Caliph, 195
Outer Siq, 45

Palace Tomb, 61
Palestine, 2, 5, 6, 7, 15, 78
Palmyra, 1, 343
Peake, F. G., 305, 333, 339, 340
Persian Empire, 67, 68
Peter, the Apostle, 180-181
Petra, 16-17, 45-51, 54-57
  archaeological research of, 47-48
  fall of, 51, 54-55
  Greek penetration of, 55
  religious practices of, 56
  present day travel to, 57
Pharaoh's Peak, 35
Pheroras, 90, 91
Philistines, 25, 27
Phillip the Arab, 185
Phoenicians, 2
Pilgrims Way, 109
Place of Baptism, 102
Place of Sacrifice, 59, 60
Plutarch, 67, 68
Pompey, 51, 75
Prison of Christ, 122, 123
Promised Land, 6
Punon, copper mining town of antiquity, 17

Qabartay tribe, 264
al-Qahir, 219
Qubeibi, 130
Qumram Monastery, 132-137, 143, 148-152
Quwwatli, 375, 384

Rachel, 8, 9, 93
Rahab, 23, 24
Ra'iyie, 318
Ramallah, 8
al-Rashid, Harun, 218
Raymond du Puy, 235, 248, 249
Rebecca, 7
Rehoboam, 42
Rephidim, 17
Reuben, 8
Reynald of Chatillon, second Crusade, 244-246, 248
Rifai, Samir, 362-363, 375, 385
Robert of Flanders, 220
Robert Short-Breeches, 228
Roberts, David, 47
Robinson, 47

Saad, Joseph, 140-142
Saladin, 243, 246-251
Salome, 53
Salome (Herod's sister) 81, 89, 90
Samuel, 27
Samuel, Herbert, 314-317
Sani, the, 318
Sarai, 1-6
Sargon II, 42
Ibn-Saud, King, 352-353
Saul, 27-29, 181-184
Scone, 8
Sebastiyeh, 86
Seetzen, 271
Seleucid Empire, 70
Selim I, 253, 254
Selim II, 255
Sheba, 40, 41
Shechem, 2
Shwaya, the, 317
Sihon, 18, 19
Simeon, 8
Simon, 164, 165
Sinai Peninsula, 2
Sirhan, 327
Sleyb, 318
Sodom, 3-5
Solomon, 24, 34-36, 41-42
Solomon's Temple, 36, 37
  rebuilding of, 86, 87
  description of, 88
Sophronius, 194
South Theater, 175, 176
St. Jerome, 187
St. Longinus, 123
St. Stephen's Gate, 107
Stephen, 181
Stephanie, 246, 247
Stiftung, 286, 287
Storrs, Ronald, 291, 306, 310
Strabo, 50
Sukenik, E. L., 139
Suleiman the Magnificent, 198, 254, 255
Susa, 69
Syllaeus, 53, 89
Syria, fall of, 193
Syrian Socialist Nationalist Party, 380

Taamirah, 321
Tafileh, Battle of, 302
Talal, 363, 364, 365, 366
Tamarisk trees, 13
Tancred, 221, 222, 223, 228-230, 234
Tara, 8
Tayi, Auda Abu, 292-294
Tell, Abdullah, 358, 363
Templar, Gerald, 371
Temple of Artemis, 173, 175, 189
Temple of Zeus, 173, 189
Ten Commandments, 13
Ten tribes of Israel, 42
Terah, 1
Thantia, 188
Thomas, Lowell, 308
Tigris-Euphrates Valley, 6
Timotheus, 137
Titus, 156, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165
Tomb of the Blessed Virgin, 115
Tomb of Christ, 120, 121, 126
Tomb of the Roman Soldier, 59
Tomb of Sectius Florentinus, 62
Tomb of Lazarus, 279
Transjordan, Amirate of, 317, 352,
  independence of, 345
True Cross, 193
Turkey, rule of, in Middle East, 256
  economic progress under, 257, 258
  religious arrangements, 259
Twain, Mark, 276-280
Twelve Stations of the Cross, 117
Tyre, 67

al-Umar, Zuhair, 260-261
Umm al-Biyara, 65
Umm al-Jimal, 189, 190
Umm Qeis, 168-169
Ur, 1
Uriah, 33
Urn Tomb, 61

Valley of the Iron Workers, 62
Vasco de Gama, 257
Vespasian, 165, 166
Vester, Bertha, 280
Via Dolorosa, 117

Wadi Musa, 44
al-Walid, 201, 203
al-Walid II, 208
Walter, 239
Warner of Grey, 231
Westminister Abbey, 8
Wilhelm II, 284, 286
  visit to Jerusalem, 284-286

Yazid I, 196
Yazid II, 204

Zaal, Auda Ibn, 333-334
Zadok, 148
Zebulon, 8
Zein, Queen, 364-365
Zilpah, 8

Princeton Theological Seminary Libraries
1 1012 01376 5260

JORDAN
IN
MODERN
TIMES
LEBANON
Sur
(Tyre)
Bani
El
Yarmuk R
Jenin
Nablus
Jordan River
Nahr es
Salt
Ramallah
Latrun
Jerusalem
Bethlehem
Hebron
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
DEAD SEA
El Lisan
ISRAEL
Tafila
Ma'an
EGYPT
Aqaba
GULF OF AQABA

a
S Y R I A
Jebel
weida
ed
a
Druz
qa
Qasr el Asraq
Qasr Amra
S A U D I A R A B I A
D A N
Jebel
Ithriyat
Undefined
Boundary
SAUDI ARABIA